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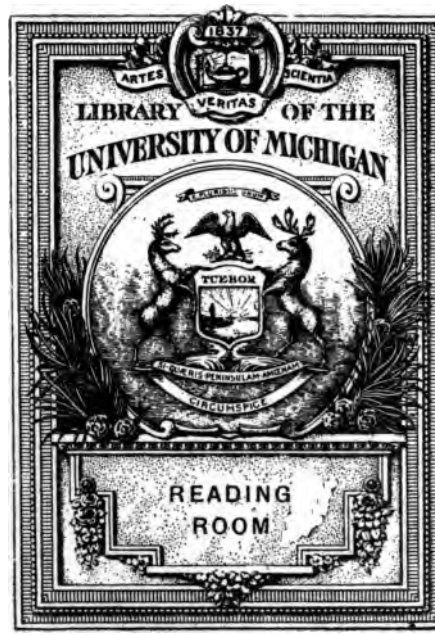
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CHILD

COURTENAY DUNN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THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CHILD

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CHILD

A BOOK FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

BY
DR. COURTENAY DUNN

NEW YORK
JOHN LANE COMPANY
MCMXX

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"Had Gulliver narrated of the Laputans that the men vied with each other in learning how best to rear the offspring of other creatures, and were careless of learning how best to rear their own offspring he would have paralleled any of the other absurdities he ascribes to them."

Herbert Spencer.

DEDICATED

TO

ADRIAN, ROLAND, NOEL, VENETIA,
JANE, CICELY,

AND A LITTLE BOY CALLED

DAVID,

WITH THEIR FATHER'S LOVE

FOREWORD

AFTER writing a book the next difficulty is (however easy it may appear to the reader) to find a title for the said book, and with so pretentious a volume as this one a few words of introduction and explanation are perhaps more than usually expedient.

As a preliminary canter it is as well to say that the greater part of my life has been spent in acquiring as extensive a knowledge of childhood as it is possible to obtain upon such an inexhaustible subject. My grandfather and father were both medical men, and, as I ran about the consulting rooms, I was very early in life familiar with sick children; indeed long before I was a man in years I knew better how to treat a sick child than many a newly-fledged M.D. who in all his glory had never examined one of these.

It may seem astonishing, but a few years ago reference to children's ailments was seldom seen in medical examination papers—I believe things are but little better now. The consequence is that a great many medical men labour under the impression that the medical treatment of children does not require much learning, and similar false ideas are rife among those who deal with children in other concerns of childhood.

In the present little book I have endeavoured to keep as far as possible at a distance any allusion to childish ailments.

As a literary work I claim nothing for this small

effort of mine, it is simply what it pretends to be—a history of childhood which for the greater part has been grubbed up from ancient and scarce books, obscure pamphlets and papers.

In the making perhaps the most exacting consideration was what, and what not, to include in order to make the little book both clean and complete, and of its omissions I can but plead that I preferred leaving alone that which was superfluous, or that which would leave an unpleasant taste in the reader's mouth.

A reference to every quotation in my little book would have made the size of the volume prohibitive, nevertheless each reference has been most carefully examined and its genuineness proved as far as it is possible to prove anything.

Although written as an introduction to child study, it is in this, as in all else, that in practical acquaintance one gains real knowledge (I am the father of seven children); at the same time this practical knowledge cannot be obtained unless one has some further insight into the natural history of the child.

To the contributors to "Notes and Queries," "The Antiquary," "The Athenæum," the Editor of the New Oxford Dictionary, Dr. Rouse, Messrs. Herman Cohen, Walter Johnson, Walter Rye, Col. Pitcher, and to many parted by broad seas whom I may never hope to meet but in the sweet beyond, the success of my little book is in great measure due. Nothing perhaps has affected me more than the labours of men, until that moment strangers to me, so freely and generously bestowed.

Fairview, Torquay. COURTENAY DUNN.

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CHAPTER I

HIM BEFORE HE WAS

"Only a baby small,
Dropped from the skies:
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes."

I

HIM BEFORE HE WAS

ONE night, some years ago, I was sitting quietly thinking of a certain baby who was coming on a permanent visit, when the impulse suddenly came to give rein to my fancies and imagine to myself what were that same baby-to-be's experiences and meditations, and so I pictured to myself the baby-to-be as an embryo in the first stage, an insignificant film of network consisting of protoplasm, feeling very comfy; well-fed, nursed and clothed by nature herself; he had been less undoubtedly, but no one knows and it could not have been much. By and by the quivering little net becomes a little round cell, very small, it is true, but baby-to-be begins to fancy himself as quite a superior piece of living matter, and probably having little knowledge of other conditions of life, is perfectly satisfied with his present condition, which does not continue long before there comes a kind of a don't-know-what shock.

"My goodness gracious me, why I'm splitting up," he exclaims, and before baby-to-be can say "Jack Robinson" he is severed by an invisible sword into two as equal parts as would have delighted his future friend Euclid (had he been aware of it), and now he has begun a life of changes enough to raise a chameleon's *envy*.

Short is his respite, he has hardly time to admire his present, to him, incomparable appearance, when again he splits, turning into a four-celled animal, perhaps looking back on his previous conformation with a tinge of disdain; but as wonders will never cease, so neither apparently to baby-to-be will splitting, and just as he is getting tired of it all, and wondering how much more of this sort of thing his constitution will stand, and having already been split up into a simply terrific number of different segments, looking more like a mulberry than anything else to the fanciful eye of the embryologist, nature varies her joke and he receives another shock in the shape of a more definite change, and in astonishment exclaims, "My word! Why, I'm going to be a starfish!"

But this deduction, born of youth and inexperience, is incorrect, for nature keeps on modelling and remodelling, undoing a little bit of her work here and adding a little more to it there, until one fine morning just as baby-to-be is getting used to it, and perhaps dwelling on the advantages of Torquay or some other celebrated seaside resort as a place of future residence, he arrives at the conclusion that his ultimate destiny is not that of a starfish, and later on he feels quite confident in that he is not going to be a fish at all, but what is he going to be? Why "a frog who would a-wooing go," and doubtless he is gratified at his rise in the scale of nature, looking down upon such inferior beings as fish and a life on the ocean wave, begins to consider the geographical distribution of ponds, and flies as a *bonne bouche.*

But whilst all these ephemerally interesting subjects

are humming through that little brain-that-is-to-be, Nature, never sleeping (although baby-to-be may be), patiently continues her original design, and one morning, after a good night's rest, baby-to-be awakes flabbergasted to find that the master-magician has successfully performed still another feat.

"Dear me, this is curious," says baby-to-be as he feels himself all over. "I'm—what am I?" and pausing to think, for baby-to-be is in a dilemma, at length arrives at the conclusion that he is without doubt going to be a mammalian, but whether he is to be a mouse with a taste for cheese; or an elephant with prodigious tusks and a trunk long enough to tie a knot in; a lion with a liking for raw victuals; a great big whale; or even, perhaps, a baby pink and cuddlesome, remains still a puzzle to him.

Guesswork of such a magnitude as to upset the calmest of dreams of any baby-to-be's slumber rapidly follows, for from change to change he passes until at length (after driving him almost mad with idle speculations) the wondering little soul is satisfied with the knowledge that he is finally going to be a real live baby. A baby, it may be, only the size of a farthing Dutch doll, and a baby who does not yet know whether he is going to be a he or a she baby, but little Hans en Kelder has the proper pride for a person in his sphere of life, and reckless of the future cares-to-be, is rejoiced to find himself right at the tip-top of the animal world, and possibly a future disbeliever in Darwinism, Evolution, Mendelism, and similar speculations.

Such indeed are, in fact, the various phases through

which we have all passed, and through which countless numbers must yet travel. As far back in life as a little fragment of net has been discovered, we are now waiting for the philosopher who is to describe a yet earlier stage of existence.

By the worst of ill-luck we can obtain no assistance by questioning the baby until too late.

The theories of Evolution and Darwinism are very old indeed, almost as old as babies themselves are. They were discussed by the ancient Jews and the Talmud doctors. Philo ascribes an ascidian origin to humanity. That Adam had a tail which was cut off to make Eve is to be found in the Talmud.

Let the scoffer at the theory of Evolution consider what his ancestors were but three or four hundred years ago; then calmly consider whether man was in the beginning, or even æons ago, what he is to-day; and let him also think of the development of the rest of the animal world.

> "Think, too, that all man's life through a great
> Dark laboureth onward."
>
> LUCRETIUS.

Few, however, in these days will give much credit to the statement in Bulwer's "Man Transformed; or the Artificial Changeling," that there were Irishmen with tails "neare a quarter of a yard long." Passing belief also is Captain Samuel Turner in his "Embassy to Tibet," where "species of human beings with short, straight tails, which were extremely inconvenient to them, as they were inflexible, in consequence of which they had to dig a hole in the ground before they could *sit down.*"

Some twenty years ago a London physician, still I believe in the land of the living, caused a little flutter of excitement by expressing his opinion that a disease known as Acromegaly was nothing less than a crab-like countermarch, and that patients affected by this disease, instead of going to the dogs were going to the monkeys.

"Apart from man," says Schopenhauer (the gentle pessimist who cooed like an angry dove), "no being wonders at its own existence."

Of this of course we have no proof with the exception that Schopenhauer was a philosopher, and philosophers are always right (at least they say so), but even now there are comparatively few who think that among the serious problems prevalent one of the most important, not only to parents, but to mankind *in toto*, is the natural history of the child.

The study of children for many centuries past has occupied in one form or another the attention of the greatest minds of their day, and there it has stopped. Until quite recently the world in general remained quite content with the knowledge that children were born, clothed, fed and educated—in some haphazard and uninteresting manner; and in the majority of cases it fell to their lot to struggle somehow to manhood. What connection children had with bygone ages or their existence in substance, or in spirit, in whole or in part on this planet after death were blind subjects to the ordinary individual and too trivial in importance except to a small number of philosophers, who in ancient days had usually a very rough time of it—the unhappy authors of original theories often

meeting with a hurried exit in a most painful manner from a disapproving world.

In fact, were the father or mother of the baby questioned as to his or her knowledge of the child, *that* answer, however flowery, would have (when carefully scrutinized) amounted to little more than Topsy's "spect she growed." Of the Anthropology, Anthropography, Ethnology, Ethnography and other obscure and faddy sciences dealing with humanity ordinary fathers and mothers know practically nothing.

So if you want to catechise a father, ask him what the christening cost. At present man is too highly organized a creature to imitate the stickleback, to man that part of the harem yclept the nursery is as a sealed book, and did he once poke his nose inside that sacred door protestations would avail nothing—they would say, "It was not the baby he wished to study," and probably the child student would suffer calumny sufficient, and the nurse receive warning on the spot. Science is rarely generous to its devotee.

Alas! it is a queer world, and so it happens that even in the reign of his gracious Majesty George V. rational methods of rearing and educating children are only recognized by a small minority of persons, although so far back as the days of the Tudors good old Roger Ascham expressed a strong and decided opinion on the neglect of parents in the care of their children. It may be that babies, like all things mundane, are sometimes a bit of a nuisance, especially in the case of twins, as with all unnecessary duplicates; and yet withal the babyhood of man, even to the confirmed misanthropist, cannot be without interest, if only in what we may call

original sin, and to the ordinary man in the street there are numberless items of the most absorbing interest to be found in every phase of child-life which require but a small amount of mental exertion.

Most of us, at any rate, have seen a conjurer performing, among other tricks, the production of a rabbit from the borrowed hat of some confiding person in the audience, and we know very well how that rabbit (and the many other articles he produced from the hat) came there; but when we come to study the first appearance of man, that expert conjurer, Mother Nature, is a great deal too cunning to disclose the whole of her secret.

Albeit what with the microscope, dissecting case, incubator, and a few other scientific paraphernalia there have been provided for us by deep thinkers more startling disclosures than all that the great Maskelyne ever dreamed of!

CHAPTER II

HIS ANCESTRY

"Our ancestors are very good kind of folk; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with."

SHERIDAN.

II

HIS ANCESTRY

QUITE late in man's history it was generally believed that by killing an enemy, and perhaps devouring a portion of his body (a warrior's heart for bravery—a wise man's brain for cleverness), or by other means, it was possible to appropriate the enviable qualities of the dead man. For this assumption we might allow some slight grounds, but it seems incredulous that the collaterals of Bertrand de Gourdon, who shot Richard I., should long afterwards bear the name of Richard with the object of securing to themselves the dead King's virtues. Under the impression that the one would be inoculated by the other's blood, Scandinavian foster-brothers, when they arrived at the age of fifteen or sixteen, were accustomed to make incisions in their arms with knives and, binding the limbs together, allow the blood to mingle. This conceit, however, effected no change in their social standing, the noble remaining a noble; the peasant, a peasant still.

A curious custom among French and Highland families was that of fostering their offspring on people of lower rank, the children leaving home about eight or nine. The foster-parents agreed to give the children an equal share with their own of their personal estate at death; the parents, on the other hand, contracting to protect the foster-parents, and in later times paying some small matter for board. At the

present day in many country districts it is the custom when a widow marries for her children, if she has any, to assume the stepfather's name.

The practice of adoption, with succession to the property of the adopter where there was no heir, is of the greatest antiquity, and was recognised by the ancient Hindus, the Jews, and the Romans. This system still holds good in the French civil code and other Continental codes founded on the French—where a childless man may, with certain limitations, adopt a child who shall inherit his property. These children are commonly called "fiction children," because in primitive days they were supposed to acquire the adopter's blood, together with his property, and, as a rule, they were actually near or distant relatives of the adopter. By ancient law foster-children could not marry into their foster-parents' families, *i.e.*, because they were probably blood relations.

In the charter of William the Conqueror to the City of London these words occur:

"And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day."

In Ireland formerly the eldest male kinsman succeeded to the property of the deceased. This system is known as Tanistry, and is still recognised by the Mohammedans.

The right of pre-emption was very strictly enforced in many towns and villages in the twelfth century. It was the custom that if a person sold his lands to a stranger his nearest heirs might take possession of *those lands, with* or without the purchaser's consent,

if they offered the amount of the purchase money.

A child's head is frequently found in Welsh coats of arms. In the coat of the Vaughan family are three children's heads entwined about the necks with snakes. Gwillim says: "It hath been reported that possibly (but not probably) some one of the ancestors was born with a snake about his neck."

Perhaps it was a caul?

The Babington arms portrays the upper part of a child's body protruding from a barrel—Bab-in-tun.

The Duke of Leinster derives his crest of "a monkey" from a tradition that, when the castle was on fire, the servants rushed out, leaving the infant heir to be rescued by an ape.

The Stanley crest—an eagle, with wings extended, preying on an infant lying swaddled in a cradle—owes its origin to the following pretty story:—

Lord and Lady Latham, both being about 80 years of age, were childless, and without the slightest expectation of being otherwise. One day an eagle brought a baby boy to her nest which she had built in the park. When the aged couple heard of this, they ordered the child to be brought to them and adopted it. The child was baptised and called Oskell. He became the father of Isabella Latham, with whom Sir John Stanley eloped. Oskell forgave the runaways, and left them his property.

Burke gives another, but not so pretty, romance.

The Stanleys are notable for their long continuity of descent.

May I be forgiven if I make a digression in order to advert to the various tales related of eagles carry-

ing off children, and (usually) the mother climbing the mountain and rescuing her darling, which are simply fables from beginning to end, invented to make a good story—the best, perhaps, is "The Dillosk Girl," by Geo. Cruikshank. The eagle of the Alps is a vulture, and far too weak to carry a decent-sized baby many yards. In Stratford-on-Avon Church is a misericord with an eagle seizing a child depicted on it.

A remarkable example of determination of purpose exhibited itself in the case of the five daughters of William Barlow, Bishop of Chichester, all of whom were married to Bishops, as we learn from an inscription on a monumental stone in Simonburn Church, Northumberland.

Evidently these young ladies, finding it impossible to become real live Bishops themselves, married them instead.

Here let us note that parish registers were instituted by Cromwell, under Henry VIII., in the year 1538, and that very few of that date survive—the greater part having been burnt at one time or another; several have been stolen; some have served the village grocer as sugar bags, or the shoemaker for foot measures; the curate's wife (what will not women do?) made kettle-holders from these notices of births, marriages, and deaths. As the registers were common vehicles for jotting down important events happening in the district their untoward fate has been a serious loss to the country's history.

What with forgeries and mutilations the parish register is often very untrustworthy evidence. It has *played a great part* in the Law Courts, for instance:—

The Stafford Peerage case, 1825; King and White, 1829; Lloyd and Passingham, 1809; Ansell and Gompetz, 1837; and the Shipway Pedigree case of 1898.

The putting out of children to nurse—baby-farming, as it is still called—is a very ancient practice. From the time of the Tudor kings to the present day, with but a brief pause, all large towns boarded out their infant paupers.

References to this one time extensive business are very frequent in the parish registers, which plainly show how large the death rate must have been among this class, who are registered under titles such as "nurse child," "an hospital childe," "a parish child," an "aspetall chyld," etc.

In a parish register for 1595 we come across the following notice:—

"Francis Tailor, a commõ keeper of children, was buried."

The Greystoke register, of Ap. 13, 159 2/3, records the burial of a child of a "spayner at tohylbarrow"—"spayner" probably meant a person to whom children were sent to be weaned.

"Dallas children."—In a letter of Dr. O. Plunkett to the Internunzio at Brussels the word "dallas" is thus explained:—

"Some wicked priests becoming nutritors (fosterers) took to their care the children of Protestants, that thus they themselves might be defended against their ecclesiastical superiors. These children were called 'dallas.'"

The story of a son of Richard III. has been the subject of one or two historical novels. This son was born in 1469, and was educated at Lutterworth. At

the age of fifteen he was taken to visit the King in his tent at Bosworth Field. After the battle he made his way to London and apprenticed himself to a bricklayer, in which employment he was found by Sir Thos. Moyle engaged in building the house at Eastwell Place —he was nearly eighty at this time. Richard Plantagenet, as he was called, was knighted by his father at York in 1483—Jesse says that it was John of Gloucester. His death is recorded in the Eastwell register as "Richard Plantagenet," and he "was buryed the 22nd daye of December anno et supra ex Register de Eastwell sub anno 1550."

The Plantagenets' tomb is of Betterden marble under a sepulchral arch.

Henry VIII. had a male child by Elizabeth Blount, whom the King created Duke of Richmond and Somerset, and Cardinal Wolsey undertook the duty of his godfather.

At the Free School of Shrewsbury is an entry in an old Latin Bible which runs as follows:—Henry Roido' Dudley Tuther Plantagenet filius Q.E. et Robt. Comitis Leicestr. Nothing more can be ascertained concerning this child, and many believe that the insertion was malicious and without foundation.

Foxe (the Martyrologist) accused "Bloody Mary" of attempting to procure a child of low birth to adopt as her heir.

There have been numerous claims of relationship to the Protector from long-established residents in the United States, but so far as human knowledge can penetrate there is no conclusive evidence in any one case. *Very strangely the* maker of the first American flag

was a person named (Mrs.) Betsy Claypole, she was, however, neither kith nor kin to the Protector. Oliver Cromwell (who was ninth cousin to Charles I., one remove) had a daughter married to a man named Hartop, who lent money to Milton. It could not have been a very serious marriage failure, as Hartop lived to be one hundred and thirty-seven years of age.

Oliver's son, "Mr. Cleveland," was not so lucky as his brother-in-law, and suffered death at the hands of the family surgeon. The unfortunate "Mr. Cleveland"—so runs the story—was subject to apoplectic fits, and the man of medicine, supposing him dead, proceeded to perform a post-mortem examination, which soon put an end to all doubt.

We cannot but think that of the thousands passing through the streets of our towns there must be an enormous proportion who are directly descended, legitimately or otherwise, from royalty, and the uncleanly tramp perchance may be the scion of a noble house. Not only are all men equal in God's sight, but they are also genealogically equal in the mind of the student.

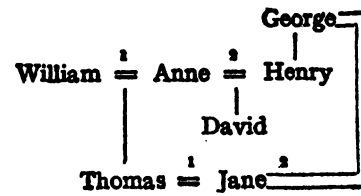
Worth noting is the following curious case of involved relationship quoted by Dr. Wordsworth ("Journal of a Tour in Italy," 2nd ed., vol. ii., 237-8), from Sir E. Sandy's *Europoe Speculum*, Lond., 1673, p. 43:—

"As a specimen of the confusion introduced into families by the Pope's matrimonial dispensations, it may be observed, in the words of Sir E. Sandys, that 'King Philip the Second might have called the Archduke Albert—his *brother, cousin, nephew and son;* for all these he was to him either by blood or affinity; being uncle to himself, cousin-german to his father, husband to his *sister, and father to his* wife.'"

The Church of Spain also had a most convenient method of estimating the value of a pedigree—the proud chip of the old block who was a Catholic and whose pedigree could be traced beyond the time of the Moorish conquest claimed to have blue blood in his veins. If not quite so highly distinguished he might have red blood, or if of a more inferior race it might be white. Gentile heretics and infidels were the owners of black, but unstinking blood. The Jews, who were hardly considered human, were the only persons in whose veins ran stinking black blood.

Instances of what foolish young people may say and do when under the influence of the tender passion are not wanting in real life, but to marry one's grandmother, however great may be the natural affection existing between the contracting parties, is by no means of frequent occurrence. There are, however, instances of such happening. Wherever there is mischief to be done, if it is possible there is a boy in it, some say always a woman, too, and it has been left to a child of tender years to set a fashion to his elders which few (however they may envy him) can ever hope to copy.

This limb of a boy, some many years ago, was actually precocious enough to become his own grandfather. This is how he managed it:



Anne (a widow) married Henry, son of George: Jane, her daughter-in-law by her first marriage, married George. The widow Anne being mother (in law) to her husband's father, and grandmother (in law) to her husband Henry, her son David was therefore her great-grandson. Necessarily the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or great-uncle, therefore David was his own grandfather. The boy was a scholar at Norwich School, and, if alive now, must be an old man.

Poor David! One can imagine that he as stoutly denied the relationship as certain persons in Corfu (according to Southey's "Omniana") did who were generally believed to be the direct descendants of Judas Iscariot. Very respectable people in Normandy, Caen, and Rouen still (I believe) suffer from the same imputation; perhaps the imputation induces them to remain good, but it is an unenviable one.

Undoubtedly a large proportion of "claimants" have not had the slightest justification for their claims; yet from what we can glean there were cases in which it appears probable that the pretenders were the legitimate heirs.

Jack Cade hardly finds a place here, as he was a man, and so far as it is known left no children to follow in his footsteps, but the same cannot be said of Lambert Simnel, who was only fifteen years of age at the time of his invasion.

As for Perkin Warbeck, opinion is, and always has been, divided as to his pretensions.

The most romantic of all injured princes is the little French Dauphin.

Whether Beauchesne's account of his imprisonment is true in whole or part, it has been sufficient to make thousands give a sigh of relief at the fate of the little Dauphin's tormentor, Simon, who went to the guillotine in the same tumbril as Robespierre.

There were not wanting pseudo-Dauphins—I believe there were about thirty claimants in all to the title of Louis XVII.—the best authorities agree that the poor little Dauphin died in the Temple when a little over ten years of age.

Some of the pretenders deserve notice, and among these is Hervagault, who stuck to it to the last that he was Louis XVII., and died in prison. Maturin Bruneau underwent five years' imprisonment for pretending to be the Dauphin, after which he disappeared from human ken.

Richemont, whose trial took place in 1834, was a thorough scamp, and was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. It was at his trial that evidence was given by a very old man, Lasné, the faithful keeper of the Temple, in whose arms the Dauphin breathed his last.

The Rev. Eleazer Williams was an American product who was reared by, and at one time was chief of, the Iroquois Indians. The pretensions of this gentleman to the throne of France were very slight.

Augustus Meves, who died in Bloomsbury in the year 1859, was another Louis XVII. He left two sons, who called themselves Bourbon.

Karl Wilhelm Naundorff also lived in England at one time; at Camberwell he distinguished himself by *manufacturing* explosive shells and fireworks until the

neighbourhood revolted—and summoned him for being a nuisance. An attempt was made to shoot him, and thinking life none too secure in England he went to live at Delft, where he passed the remainder of his life.

Some years ago his two sons, who called themselves Bourbon, and claimed the French throne as descendants of the Dauphin, brought an action (which if they had won would have probably caused a revolution) against Henri Rochefort because he had said in his paper that Louis Charles de Bourbon and his brothers had no right to the name, but merely that of Naundorff. They lost the case. It was alleged that the late Prince Imperial was an adopted child.

Apart from heredity being a royal road to prison walls and the headman's block, it is easy to trace genius, in some cases persisting generation after generation, as in the Cecil, Churchill, Darwin and other families, whose members have through a direct male line attained eminence in their respective spheres of work—environment, says the economist, is the true cause. Yet we find genius absent in a generation or two, though often again reappearing.

Is it possible that some æons ago one primitive ancestor of a present great sculptor was a mighty artist, who chiselling in the grime of his paleolithic studio, excelled all others in his carvings on deer's horn, or the blade bone of a mammoth, and that some infinitesimal mind cell from the brain of this early artist has been a real living molecule lying dormant in a series of bodies during many ages, being passed on from flesh to flesh, more or less quietly slumbering

through generation after generation, until at last blossoming and ripening in the soul of the modern R.A.?

Alas! we do not know what ultimately becomes of the very flesh covering our bones, nor do we understand the connection between life, soul, mind and body, but we may conclude that not only do we live again in our children, but there are also co-existing, both in ourselves and in them, we do not know how many mind cells of our ancestors. In fact throughout life we demonstrate in ourselves the traits of our forbears, and the child, whatever may have been his lineage in the past few centuries, unmistakably exhibits in addition the customs and habits of primitive man. Indeed it is not going too far to say, some of the traits of the lower animals as well.

For instance, young children invariably at one time or another sleep on their stomachs, a condition found among monkeys and other animals. The habit is common among the negro races, and is held in great contempt by the Mohammedans, who refer to the former as monkeys.

Besides which that most distressing habit all little rascals have of picking with their finger nails little pieces of paper from the walls, Buckman says is a survival of the habit of bark picking of their early progenitors, for the purpose of finding insects to eat. These atavistic traits are rarely appreciated unless it be by the most scientifically inclined parents, and the youngster generally finds cause to lament the idiosyncrasies of his early ancestors, which stick to him as closely as the monster did to Frankenstein.

There is, however, one great dissimilarity between

young children and monkeys—monkeys are dreadfully afraid of every description of dead animals, whereas as a rule children will readily handle dead birds or rabbits.

In considering the rearing of children we must cautiously investigate the life histories of the near relatives, if solely in their bearing on health, in order to assess the eugenic conditions of the infant, and it follows that it is as fully important (if not more so) that the medical attendant should be as conversant with the family history of the newly-born babe as that of an adult, in order that he may be in a position to warn the parents as to the possibilities of the transference of those diseases of which near relatives had been victims and be himself prepared to act in preventing the baby from adding another to the list.

Moreover, in every case we must rely in some measure on heredity for the future welfare of the child, as by the law of ancestral inheritance each parent contributes one-quarter, each grandparent one-sixteenth, and so on, whence it follows as a general rule that the brothers and sisters resemble one another more than they resemble their own parents, what may be described as unity in multiplicity caused by a redistribution of mind and matter.

We also find them with remarkably similar tastes, voices, gestures and speeches, which in some cases may owe in part their origin to the intimate companionship of young childhood. A similar resemblance is frequently found in husbands and wives who have lived together for a number of years.

Passing by we may note that a well-known African

traveller vouches for the statement that in Abyssinia, where divorce is a household institution, the children of one father by different mothers hate one another, but the children of one mother by different fathers get along well enough together. Perhaps this is owing to the maternal influence.

More unaccountable still is the somewhat curious fact, of which there seems absolutely no solution, that in the case of two brothers if one of them is a genius, it is usually the elder, but neither in mental nor physical characteristics can we draw hard and fast lines, we know so little as yet.

The grandmother of Dickens (the great novelist) was nursemaid in the family of Lord Crewe, and held in high esteem for her ability to pitch tales for the benefit of the youngsters.

Whilst I am discussing family likenesses my *amicus curiae,* who has a love of the horrible, insists upon my quoting the case of the notorious Count Belecznai, who was executed for murder, as were also his two elder sons. The youngest son would probably have shared the same fate had not he fortunately been a precious bad shot, for he made a most deliberate attempt.

Major-General Holdcroft Blood, son of the Colonel Blood of infamous notoriety, was actually accused of theft, according to an old memoir, which makes this remark of him:—

"He was in a rising posture till being unhappily accus'd for robbing a post-boy of some letters that came from Spain, he was tryed for his life at the Old Bailey and acquitted; and his Majesty King William was satisfy'd of the innocency and usefulness of the gentleman that he was quickly promoted to

higher commands than before."—"A Compleat Hist. of Europe," 1707, printed for H. Rhodes 1708, p. 477, 8vo.

Whether the child is strong or weak, or whether the preservation of the child is (as far as human intelligence can divine) for the benefit of himself, his parents, or society, yet at the same time the average parent is earnestly solicitous to preserve the life of his off-spring, even under the most unfavourable circumstances. Moreover, whether the subject is labouring under the disadvantage of inherited disease, congenital deformity or premature birth, in ninety cases out of a hundred in which death or life-long misery occurs the victims, under rational treatment, could have been saved and made useful members of society.

Truly, bar accidents, it is the healthiest and strongest that survive, and are most serviceable to mankind, but we must bear in mind that some of the world's greatest men were invalids—Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon were epileptics; Richelieu, Keats and Mozart were tuberculous. Even Herbert Spencer was an invalid during a great part of his life, and so we might go on naming eminent character after eminent character who, according to some ultra eugenists, should never have been allowed to live.

Men have risen to high positions in the State, become great scholars, divines, etc., whose parents were ne'er-do-wells and vagabonds. Even those descendants of the notorious "Jukes" family who were separated from their unrighteous stock, and brought up by foster-parents in a purer atmosphere, lost their little cloven hoofs, and became *sans peur et sans reproche.*

CHAPTER III

HIS EARLY LIFE—LEGAL INFANCY

Poterat ridere prius puer qui nascitur, quare a fletu incipit vivere? ridere non dum novit? quia caepit ire in istam vitam.

A child at birth could have first laughed; why does it begin life with weeping? Laughter it knows not yet; why already know tears? Because it embarks on life *as you call it.*

III

HIS EARLY LIFE—LEGAL INFANCY

WHAT we know as infancy is that period of child-life which belongs to the suckling period, the first year or the first three years of so-called separate existence, according to different authorities, and it is the most helpless and precarious link in the whole chain of life. Its length is the origin of man's superiority over the lower animals.

Immense as is the rate of mortality (120 per thousand), apart from the fact that more children are born during the winter time, and apart from many other causes, when we take into account that birth is not by any means the beginning of the baby's history, but that he belongs to an innumerable ancestry from whom he has acquired at times even their very liability to disease, we cease to marvel.

At birth the amount of oxygen in the respiratory centre is diminished; this excites the centre itself so that the newly-born child involuntarily breathes. We may note in passing that it is some time after birth before the lungs properly expand, the delay assisting the fatality which attends newly-born babies who are unfortunate enough to catch cold. The next event to happen is "a cry"—a cry which, however sweet it may be to the mother's ear, is disappointing in that it has no individual tone, and is no different in voice, therefore, than "*Jinks's*" or any other baby.

The old Sairey Gamp will anxiously watch the baby as he expresses his opinion of the world into which he is born, and will say that if, at the same time, he lifts up an open hand, that he is born to command; but if he clutches with the thumbs turned in, he will be unhealthy and of a cringing, slavish disposition. The Venetian matron believes that crying babies will have fine eyes and broad shoulders.

With regard to foretelling the sex of the child: if a boy is born on a waning moon, a girl will be the next child to solace the parents, and *vice versa.* But should a boy be born on a growing moon, then the parents can look forward with confidence to a boy appearing on the next occasion. These beliefs still hold good in many parts of England.

Every Welshwoman knows, or let us hope that she does, that if the tide begins to rise at the time when the birth of a child is imminent, the anxious parents will be blessed with a boy.

That in a *gentleman's* family the girls come first, and then the boys, is a bit of Italian folk-lore, and the Italian mother also believes that if her nose bleeds before the baby is born, whatever else may happen, the baby will be a little boy.

In the hands of the superstitious the Bible has for ages appeared to be a most appropriate instrument for divination. The last chapter of the Book of Proverbs consists of thirty-one verses, each of which is supposed to have a mystical reference to the corresponding days of the month, and prognosticates the fate of a child born on any day.

To be born at midnight is to be very distinguished

in Holderness, where children who are happy enough to do so are able to see sights which others are unable to do. In Finland, if a child should happen to be born during Mass on Sunday morning, when the priest is at the altar, he can see more than ordinary people.

Let people born on Tuesdays be very careful, as one hour out of the twenty-four is a most unfortunate time to make one's début. It is a matter of considerable regret to learn that no one seems to be quite certain as to which hour is the evil one.

Worse still is the fate of a baby born in the interval between the old and new moons, as it is fated to die young.

No ordinary thing in life is without superstition attached to it, and so minor a matter as paring the nails, or cutting the hair for the first time, was in bygone days a serious undertaking. Through Germany, Scotland and England there prevailed the belief that if the child's nails were cut during the first year he would turn out a thief, and even now many mothers and nurses bite the child's nails and burn the bits or throw them away, but the old wiseacres used to bury them under an ash tree, and the child then became a first-rate singer!

As to cutting a child's hair for the first time, that was the most unlucky thing one could do for a Sussex baby unless the operation was carried out under a waxing moon. In the rest of England similar beliefs were held, and on the Continent they went one better, and refused to even wash the child's hair during the first two years of life, as a clean scalp at that age was considered prejudicial to health.

Generally throughout England superstitious mothers burn the baby's hair, because if it is thrown away the birds might find it and build it in their nests, a proceeding which would prevent the owner rising on the Last Day.

In Scotland the mothers tell the children that the baby's hair should be burned, because else they will become bald. In Oxfordshire and Ireland they bury the hair.

However abstemious the natives of Donegal may be in themselves, their babies as soon as born are compelled to take a dose of spirits, and are immediately afterwards suspended by the upper jaw from the nurse's forefinger—their excuse for this proceeding is that it prevents head-fall.

Never take a child into a cellar before the end of its twelfth month, or it will be nervous for the rest of its life; nor should it be allowed to look in the mirror or it will become proud.

The mother must swallow the first tooth shed by the child to ensure a new growth of teeth.

If the baby cuts its teeth early, it will grow up to eat its father and mother, but if lucky enough to cut its teeth late it will support its parents in their old age. This is a bit of Chinese folk-lore. From the same source we learn that when a child walks early it will have to work hard for its living. *I walked early,* but I am not a Chinaman. In many parts of the country if a child's teeth are wide apart in the jaw, it is believed to be a warning to him to seek his fortune far from his native place. Other places believe that to wash the child's hands during the first

year will ensure the child's both living and dying poor.

To possess blue veins across the nose is a bad omen for the baby, as it will not live to see its one and twentieth year; nor will a baby with short ears live long, say the Venetians, so that it is necessary in such a case for the mother to pull them.

Babies who live over seven days will probably live seven weeks, and if they live over seven weeks they will live seven months; and unless something very extraordinary happens the children who survive seven months of this world's troubles will live seven years. There is a great deal of truth in this.

Up to the end of the first two weeks of life the child loses considerably in weight, often a matter of eight or ten ounces, owing to the shock occasioned by the event of birth, the somewhat necessary (and I am afraid often unnecessary) rough handling of the doctor and nurse, the exclusion from food for the first few days of life, and the physiological action of the milk when first secreted in the breasts, etc.

It is not our custom yet to place the newly-born baby in a dug-out hole in hot sand, as the natives of Tasmania used to, and those of New Guinea do to this day. I am not suggesting that it should or could be followed in every case, but if the child is a weakling and the parents wish to preserve it, which is sometimes the case with parents, then immediately after birth the child should be removed to a light, airy apartment already warmed and prepared for its reception. It is highly important that the room should have a southern aspect, the windows should be kept opened, and if there

is any suspicion of congenital weakness then a tube of oxygen gas should be at hand ready for use.

It is a well authenticated fact that shortly after a child is born it can grasp an object, and support the whole weight of its body for a short period by clinging to the fingers of an adult.

In the early period of life all children are ambidextrous. The habit of using the right hand in preference to the left is purely a matter of education, or in some few instances arises from a minor injury which occasions the choice of one hand for prehensile acts. In Scotland it is considered very unlucky if the child first uses the left hand to grasp an object.

The monkey is ambidextrous, and so are many primitive races; of Europeans from two to four per cent. are left-handed.

During the first twelve months of life the child tests all things within his reach by the mouth. It is his "chemical and physical laboratory," and with very few exceptions infants acquire a habit of sucking a finger or thumb, usually the latter, a habit which is often very difficult to cure. The child himself usually abandons the practice before the end of the second year. If continued after that time, it then begins to be harmful, and is very often the chief if not the sole cause of adenoids. It may, and sometimes is, continued past puberty, in which case the member becomes atrophied, and the child is invariably phthisical.

Thumb-sucking is one of the causes of attacks of *infantile diarrhœa*, slight attacks of which few, if any,

children escape, as if the fingers are withheld the child will by hook or by crook get some other object to suck or lick.

Freud says that children who are habitual thumb-suckers become as adults habitual kissers, or, as men, have a marked desire for drinking or smoking.

Twins—Twindles, Twyndles—are always anxious subjects to rear, perhaps more especially so when they are what is called a " pigeon pair," or " free martins," that is brother and sister twins.

It is a popular fallacy that the female of the pair will not bear children. As twins both of the same sex are presented to the world in the proportion of about once in every two hundred and fifty births, and free martins more rarely still, combined with the fact that few of them live to maturity, and if they do, do not always marry; there is a great deal of difficulty in arriving at reliable statistics.

Triplets, trines, trinnettier, or trinnatier children, as they are indiscriminately called, are more uncommon still, and I do not believe that the world can show triplets who have reached the age of one-and-twenty.

An interesting case is the following, which is taken from Walpoole's " British Traveller ":—

When Henry VII. went on a hunt to Barton-under-Needward, in Staffordshire, a poor labouring man was presented to him who was the father of triplets—three fine boys. The King took compassion upon them and ordered them to be sent to a Public School and afterwards to the University at his own expense. One of the boys was John Taylor, a celebrated canonist, who became Master of the Rolls, and Ambassador to France. Of the other two, however, there is no record.

There must be few people indeed who have not been kissed as children, and the reader will probably call to mind that at Rome it was the custom for the nearest friend to kiss the dead or dying person for the purpose of transferring the departing soul to the living.

Later, in Rome, men kissed their wives to find out whether they had been drinking.

Dr. Winsenuis declared that the custom of kissing was unknown in England until the year 449, when the Princess Rowena, daughter to Hengist, King of Friesland, pressed her lips to the cup and saluted Vortigen with a little kiss.

Erasmus, in a letter to Faustus, sets down in writing his opinion of Englishwomen, and the great pleasure he took in kissing them. From his account we learn that he was happy enough to live in a time when the women of this country were not beautiful alone, but that they both received, and returned, the kisses of their male friends and acquaintances; a custom apparently not in fashion at that time on the Continent.

John Selden (1610), in *Jani Anglorum faces altera,* alludes to

"The officious kiss, the earnest of welcome which is as freely admitted by our women from strangers and guests, which take some particular notice of as [it is] the custom of the country."

Noukios, in the time of Henry VIII., says:—

"Not only do those who are of the same family and household kiss them on the mouth with salutations and embraces, but even those who have never seen them [before]. And to themselves this appears by no means indecent."

Much as one may appreciate kissing, or being kissed *by a baby,* or other object of affection, the kiss never-

theless has its origin in cannibalism, some trace of which it is not uncommon to find, especially in women, who take a mild delight in playfully biting the baby's cheek. On the other hand, all babies strongly object to being kissed, perhaps instinct tells them that the fond mother wishes to devour her child, not only in kisses.

When Captain Speke in Africa was about to kiss at parting a dusky daughter of a chief whose guest he had been, the young lady shrieked for fear and fled—she thought he was a *cannibal.*

Again many parents quite properly object to their children being kissed by others than near relatives, from the fear of their catching some infectious disease, and, remarkably enough, many diseased persons are particularly fond of kissing young children.

During the first epoch of infancy master baby is quite happy in playing alone, he is learning the mysteries of dropping—and breaking—breakable articles, and the smashing of the best china on the floor has a great attraction for the terrible infant. Wait but a little while, and he is wallowing in the mud, putting dirt and stones in his mouth, and splashing in the puddles of dirty water in the garden.

Eternal confusion to the prim nurse who would dress him in a pinny white as the driven snow, and keep him like a doll in a toy-shop! That's not the baby for me; I want the baby with a dirty face, a wholesome grimy, fun-loving piccaninny, who enjoys romping, and who is making the most of life.

Whichever colour of the rainbow he may be, and however much his mummy loves him, the little savage

must learn much without outside assistance, and what he learns without a helping hand can only be by three different methods.

(1) Trial and success or failure.

(2) Imitation.

(3) Intelligence.

In the trial and success method, the child learns when stretching out his hand to grasp a desired object, that it requires some practice before he can accurately gauge the distance to accomplish his design. It then dawns upon him (when he has grasped the object) that it has a certain definite form, and he obtains some experience of its shape, size and other qualities.

Nos. 2 and 3 explain themselves, and are as interesting to the child student as the former.

The almond, cakes, rice and water, dates and cocoanuts are waved over the heads of children shortly after birth in India. In Greece, China and Japan a tray containing an egg, money, pen, tools, etc., is placed before the child, and whichever the infant first touches is an indication (as they believe) of his future career or fate. Bad is his luck if he touches an egg, for he will be good for nothing, *but* in Lincoln or York, at the first house a child is taken to, it is given an egg, salt and bread. Several opinions have been expressed at one time or another of the custom of presenting or offering a baby an egg—probably it is to wish the child a long life. In olden times cakes were offered to the moon when a child was born, and the mothers nicknamed their babies "cake-bread." Cakebread was the name of a notorious female dipsomaniac in the 1890's.

If the Bantu mother eats an egg before the baby is born, the child will be bald through life, and walk like a hen.

The infant Zeus was fed with the honey from the sacred ash, and from bees. The same food was that first given to babies by the ancient Germans.

Among the Hindus, the father puts his mouth to the right ear of the newly-born child and murmurs, "Speech, speech!" three times, then names the child. Then he mixes clotted milk, honey and butter, and feeds the babe with it out of pure gold.

In the Highlands the nurse gives the newly-born baby the sap from the ash tree as its first food. In several parts of the kingdom butter and sugar is the child's first food.

The future welfare of Mr. Baby depends often enough upon the locality in which he is born. In one particular island in Scotland so great was at one time the mortality from tetanus that the expectant mother was, if possible, carried to the mainland for the purpose of increasing the census. One baby, and only one, as far as I can gather, had the unusual experience of being born in a balloon in mid-air. This occurred above the wicked city of Paris, and as it was a French baby ought not perhaps to count for much —no English baby, let us hope, would be born in anything less exclusive than an aeroplane. Hans Christian Andersen was born on a bed, the frame of which was originally a bier.

Poor little babies born during periods of national danger and distress are not the most fortunate if statistics go for anything, for in France during the Rev-

olution of 1798 a large proportion of children were either born, or became lunatics, or idiots, and in the Revolution of 1848 an abnormal number of children were prematurely born. If this conclusion is correct, then England must have enjoyed exceptionally favourable circumstances in 1698, when there was a tax upon births, which leads one to infer that there was not only a sufficiency of births, but that the babies born were healthy ones.

Perhaps the secret of the increase in the number of the Jews is due to the circumstance that having a son is the deeply coveted wish of every Jewish woman, in the hope that hereafter one of her descendants might become the Messiah. Before the end of another century the Jew will rule absolutely in Christendom, due to the decreasing birth-rate among Christians.

Throughout the northern part of Europe the children are told that it is the stork which brings the little baby brother or sister.

Danish ladies are otten compelled to keep their beds because the naughty stork which brought the new little brother or sister has, with no doubt the best of intentions, bitten the mother's legs.

The word stork has nothing whatever to do with the Greek word στοργή (the natural affection of parents and children). The ancient German name for a stork is Adsbar, or O debaro, and means literally, child- or soul-bringer.

Children—or cildra, the old English word—remained in common use for boys at school for many centuries. Child is also an old provincial name for a female child (Shropshire, Cornwall, Lancashire).

The word "boy" is mentioned only on three occasions, and girl only on two, in the Bible. The etymology of the word "boy" is obscure, and that of "girl" unknown.

Of baby songs of all lands there is an immense number, though many parents prefer to court the muse and compose their own. There is, however, too little space in the present volume to even enumerate a respectable selection of such lyrics.

Who was the author of "The hand that rocks the cradle"? Miss Kate Roberts said that the poem was written by William Ross Wallace—she obtained her information from Thomas J. Leigh, then an old man of seventy-one, and she quoted one verse:—

"They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power, and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Probably the real author of the poem was W. S. Ross ("Saladin"), and it appeared many years ago in the now defunct "Agnostic Journal." Not, perhaps, the place every one would expect to find it in.

A SONG FOR WOMEN TO SING

They say man rules the universe,
That subject shore and main
Kneel down and bless the empery
Of his majestic reign;
But a sovereign, gentler, mightier,
Man from his throne has hurled—
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world,

In deep mysterious conclave,
With philosophic minds
Solving portentous problems,
His bootless task man finds;
Yet all his dreams of dare and do
To heaven's four winds are hurled—
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Amid the reel of gore and strife,
Behold the hero stand,
Behold the blade of victory
Clenched in his dying hand:
That hero hand for ages rules,
Mail rent, and standard furled—
But the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Great statesmen sway the nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The Nation's doom hangs on the babe
In that wee blanket curled—
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

'Tis ours to bring back Eden.
To vanquish hate and crime,
'Til all curses turn to kisses
On the rosy path of Time.
Proclaim it 'neath the spangled sky,
The flag of God unfurled—
The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

"SALADIN."

CHAPTER IV

HIS NAME

"A tower of strength is an honest name."
BULWER-LYTTON.

IV

HIS NAME

In whatever part of the world a baby is born, it is necessary that it should undergo a naming ceremony. Among some races the name is changed at puberty, or at manhood.

The inhabitants of northern Britain named their sons only when they had performed some brave act, or given some indication of their disposition and character. The names of ancient Britons preserved by writers of antiquity are significant in the British language, and indicative of personal characteristics. The Gippsland blacks name the parent after the child, *i. e.*, the father of Sammy, or whatever his name may be, as they believe that by mentioning the name of a person, directly, his life will be shortened.

The origin of the name Adam, I have heard, was as follows:—

The first man that was created was called Adam.

The man God loved best was called David.

The last man that will be born will be the Messiah.

The Hebrew word is spelt in three letters, A D M, the initials of the above, hence the reason why the first man was called Adam.

We learn from the Koran that when Eve was expecting her first-born the Devil came and did just what one would expect of a person of his reputation—asked

her whether she knew what she carried, and how she should be delivered. She went to Adam in a fright; he, however, was as much in the dark as Eve, and did not know what to think. They were helped out of their difficulty by the reappearance of the Devil, who promised that, by his prayers, he would obtain a promise from God that she might be safely delivered of a son in Adam's likeness, if they would promise to name him Abdo' Chareth, or the servant of Hareth (which was the Devil's name among the angels), instead of Abd' Allah, or the servant of God—which Adam had designed. This they did—the child was born, named, and immediately died.

The names of the two children whom Jesus took up in his arms were Jedida and Benjamin. The former is, singularly enough, a name rarely given to children, and nine out of every ten parents who name their children Benjamin do so with the idea of naming him after the son of Jacob.

By the ecclesiastical law the minister must not allow wanton names to be given to children, and wanton names may be changed by the Bishop at confirmation. The frequently quoted case of change of name, Thomas Bugg, alias Norfolk Howard, is an entire fabrication from beginning to end.

"If-Jesus-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned" was the full baptismal name of Dr. Barebone, generally known as "Damned Dr. Barebone," which, as his morals were none of the best, appears to have been more appropriate than his entire baptismal prefix.

Napoleone Orsino, Count of Monopello (about

1370), is a curious coupling of names, as there is, so far as I am aware, no connection between the Count, Orsini, and Napoleon Bonaparte.

In the register of Youlgreave, Derby, 1739, the vicar's entry runs as follows:—

"Baptised Charity, the daughter of the Lord knows who."

In the register at Hill Croome, dated June 13, 1716, is the entry of a man yclept (Christian name) Tell no (surname) Lyes.

Oliver Cromwell's birth and baptism are registered as follows, at All Saints' Church, Huntingdon:—

"Anno Domini 1599, Oliverus filius Roberti Cromwell generosi et Elizabeth huxoris ejus. Natus vicesimo quinto die April is et Baptisatus vicesimo nono ejusdem mensis." Then follow, "England's plague for many years," written in another hand.

Daughter was a frequent affix to a surname in the sixteenth century. Geffreydaughter in the register of Leigh in the year 1662.

What in the name of all that is good was the reason of any one selecting "Devil" as a surname? Perhaps because it was uncommon, yet it was quite a fashionable one in mediæval days among the higher classes on the Continent—let us hope that the connection with the original owner went no further.

Very fantastic, in many cases, is the name bestowed upon the little *intepunk,* as the dwellers in Holderness are in the habit of calling the baby, the new-fangled title in many cases causing an extraordinary amount of feeling among the female relatives of the bairn.

It is a very common thing to find one or more members of a family bearing the same Christian name.

James IV. of Scotland and his brother, the Duke of Ross and Marquis of Ormonde, were both called James.

All the male members of the Metcalfe family were yclept Theophilus, and most of the female Theophila. The sixth Earl Fitz-William named all his eight boys William, but we do not bargain for Caroline as a boy's name, yet there was the Hon. Caroline Scott, H.M. 29th Regt., A.D.C. to H.R.H. Duke of Cumberland in 1749. Another notable person, the Lord Mayor of London in 1680, was Sir Patience Ward; but when John Croke, Speaker of the House of Commons about 1596, gave his son a female name he took a course, which has since been frequently followed, by spelling the name backwards, which then read Epolenep. Penelope was not the mother's name.

I had nearly neglected to mention that the last king (?) of the house of Stuart, Henry IX. (Cardinal York), bore the name of Henry Benedict Maria Clement. The third son of the fourth Duke of Hamilton was called Anne, after the Queen, his godmother. The fourth son of the first Earl Poulet was also named Anne.

Why the parents of these exalted persons elected to employ the female gender of the above names for their children instead of substituting Marius and Annas, which are the male synonyms, it would be hard to discover.

Ethel is an Anglo-Saxon word signifying noble, and is masculine in gender.

Noah was the name of a girl in Chichester, who may have been named after Noah, one of the daughters

of Zelophehad (Num. xxvii. 2), not the patriarch, but the rarity of it as a female appellation is, at any rate, noteworthy. To have the surname of Peace, and possess three daughters respectively named Faith, Hope and Charity, surely falls to the lot of but few mortals —let us hope that they were very good little girls.

Mailliw is a common way of spelling William as a female name, but girls more frequently own boys' names than *vice versa,* sometimes they are hermaphroditic, as witness Miss Nicholas Ann Aitken. By the way, Flora Macdonald's name was not Flora at all, but Flory, and she always signed herself *Flory* Macdonald.

It is common enough to come across children christened "Earl," "Duke," "Lord," "Lady," etc., and in remote parts of England to this day the seventh son is named "Doctor," and the seventh daughter "Doctress," and when old enough are frequently consulted on medical matters by country people. Nevertheless, uncommon as many names are, only once have I come across the name of Lilith. What was the mother's idea? I could never learn; she was certainly not a Jewess, because when a birth is expected the Jews are careful to inscribe on the walls of the lying-in chamber, "Avaunt Lilith." Lilith, one of the Devil's wives, and mother of the worst devil ever conceived, is a spirit inimical to children. Nor can much better be said for the wits of the parent of *Herod* Gurney, whose tombstone is still in existence, I believe, in Winick Churchyard, Northamptonshire.

What excuse can be made for a woman whose Christian name was Verily, who having so small a collec-

tion of female names in her cranium actually selected "Verily Verily" as her daughter's cognomen?

Hilda is not derived from Hild—a battle—says Skeat, but is a bad monkish-Latin form of a native English word, which must be very disappointing to those parents who have given their daughters this pretty name under the impression that it was a martial one.

Nor does the fault always lie with the parents, and it must be with some surprise that a stranger hears for the first time the names of some of the old West Indian soldiers, who at one time upon enlisting were named after distinguished naval and military officers. This, however, was stopped in the late Queen Victoria's reign, but there must be many copper-coloured West Indians now living bearing very distinguished names.

Easy to please must have been the parent or parents in the following instance, for they ran nearly through the whole alphabet, unless, which is unlikely, they had so large a female circle and named the child after them.

Ann, Bertha, Cecilia, Diana, Emily, Fanny, Gertrude, Hypatia, Inex, Jane, Kate, Louisa, Maud, Nora, Ophelia, Quince, Rebecca, Starkey, Ulysis, Venus, Winifred, Xenophon, Yeni, Zeus—child of Arthur Pepper, a laundryman, and his wife Sarah, born December 19, 1882, West Derby, Liverpool.

To learn that Christ is a favourite name for Hungarian boys causes little wonderment after the foregoing examples, but we fail to fathom why in the sixteenth century infants baptised by the midwife were called "creatures of Christ," or "children of God,"

nor why the latter term should have been commonly applied to illegitimate children—*filius*, or *filia populi*, or *mundi*, as these children were called in the following century, seems more appropriate.

Upon the other hand, according to "the Americans," the United States possessed families who had apparently insuperable difficulties in finding Christian names appropriate to their offspring.

A Mr. and Mrs. Stickney were driven to such a desperate course as to name their three sons, One, Two, Three; and their three daughters First, Second, Third.

Another family managed all right with the first baby's name, and triumphantly called him—Joseph.

When the next baby came the parents must have peeped in to futurity for they named him—And.

Their anxiety was relieved by the appearance of another child, whom they called—Another. Had they been still further blessed with more children, it is said that the parents had decided to call them—Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding.

One happy couple met with a great surprise. They had a child which they called Finis. Then they had three more children born to them, a daughter and two sons. They were equal to the emergency and named them Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement respectively.

The superstition attached to the caul is very ancient, and was prevalent in the days of the Roman Empire —it is firmly believed in Burmah.

Sir Thomas Browne says that in his day a caul was worth from £2 10s. to twenty guineas, a desideratum

to a poor family. Not many years ago I remember seeing one advertised in "The Bazaar," I believe, at £2. In Germany it was held that a child born in a helmet, or caul, could see spirits; in England the child was powerful against the supernatural, and the same ideas prevailed if a child were born under a lucky star, with a tooth, or a grey lock. In some parts of England, however, a child born with a tooth was supposed to die early. A caul was variously known as a haly, sely, or silly how, that is, a holy or fortunate cap.

I suppose that every one knows, without receiving further information from me, that the value of a caul lay in its virtue of being a positive safeguard against drowning; and as few sailors could, or can, swim, a caul became a most desirable acquisition. Suffolk mothers, who were lucky enough to have borne children in a caul, carefully kept them, believing that as they became moist or dry it was an indication whether the child was ill or well in whatever part of the world the children might be. A lawyer in France who possessed a caul could not escape being eloquent.

Belchild was a name given indiscriminately to a grandson, son-in-law, stepson, or godchild.

Imp (an abbreviation of *impubes,* one who has not arrived at puberty) was a word in very common use. "Royal imp" has been used in a prayer for the son of a monarch ("beloved son Edward our prince, that most angelic imp."—"Pathway unto Prayer," Bacon), and in Bishop Parkhurst's letter to the Norwich aldermen (1573) we find "special care of the youth of the diocese, as the imps that by God's grace may succeed us."

Slang is the most attractive language to nursemaids of every degree, and practically every part of the baby's body is dubbed by the fond mother or nurse with a nom de plume, the fingers and toes being specially provided for. Passing over "This little pig went to market," or "This little cow gives good milk" (the Chinese equivalent), a lucid and ingenious stratagem for amusing the child and at the same time teaching it the distinction between the different digits on the feet and hands, the following are the more ordinary nursery names for them:

TOES

Great Toe, or Tom Toe	Tom Barker. Toe Tipe. Harry Whistle.
Second Toe	Long Rachel. Perry or Penny wipe. Tommy Thistle.
Third Toe	Minnie Wilkin. Tommy Tistle (Thistle). Harry Wibble.
Fourth Toe	Milly Larkin. Billy Whistle. Tommy Thibble.
Little Toe	Little Dick. Trippingo (Tripping go). Little Oker Bell.

FINGERS

Thumb	Tommy Tomkins. Bill Milker. Tom Thumper.
Forefinger	Billy Wilkins. Tom Thumper. Ben Bumper.
Third Finger	Long Larum. Long Lazy. Long Nation.
Fourth Finger	Betsy Bedlam, Cherry Bumper, Tem'tation (Temptation).
Little Finger (Pinkie)...	Little Bob. Tippity, Tippity-Townend. Little man o' war, war, war.

A child born with webbed toes is bound to be lucky. Reference to the works of the late (always to be

lamented), Professors Max Müller and Skeat throws no light whatever on the above curious names.

All the fingers were sacred to deities—the thumb to Venus; the index to Mars; the third finger to Saturn; the fourth to Sun; the fifth to Mercury.

What has not served as a cradle, and what has not served as a cradle song.

A cradle is mentioned among the earliest writings.

Probably it was at first designed so that it could be either carried on the back or laid on the floor, and was made of reeds, or twigs, as many cradles are to-day; its derivation indeed is old English: cradol, cradel—a little basket.

I suppose the reader knows that if during the mayor's term of office there is an addition to his family he is presented with a silver cradle as a solatium. This silver cradle is really a piece of silver plate. In ancient times a cradle of clay was presented to the parents on the event of a birth, perhaps because it was cheap!

In the seventeenth century miniature cradles of clay were manufactured and given as a joke to newly-married couples, or to the child as a christening present.

The silver cradle presented to the Mayor of Belfast in 1882 was in the shape of a canoe.

Tradition says that the pulpit of the Venerable Bede (who probably never used one) was put aside after being demolished for the purpose of being made into a cradle. The same veracious authority states that Baxter's pulpit actually served as "the bedrock of humanity." The cradle must not be rocked when

empty, or it soon will be, nor may it be carried by two persons, because two would move a child's coffin.

In some parts of Greece in ancient times it was customary for mothers to make a cradle of a thing bearing some resemblance to whatever sort of life the children were designed for; such as conveniences to winnow corn, which were designed as omens of future wealth.

Of elder wood a cradle should never be made. Tradition says that once upon a time the elder-mother pulled a baby by the legs and annoyed it in a variety of ways until it was taken out of its elder wood cradle.

A man's coat laid over the child or its cradle is a fine counter-charm to the fairies' spells.

The establishment of the royal nursery in 1779 was a somewhat extensive one, consisting as it did of the following:—

Governess, Lady Charlotte Finch; salary, £600.
Sub-governess, £300.
French teacher, £300.
English teacher, £100.
Eight wet nurses, who had an annuity of £200 p.a. each.
Dresser to the Princesses.
Dry nurse to the Princesses.
Dry nurse to the Princes.
Two rockers.
Nurserymaid.
Washerwoman to the Princesses.
Washerwoman to the Princes.

At one time in the history of our beloved country it was the custom for the nurse to take the child a day or two after birth to the parsonage to have it registered. She was given a shilling for making the

entry in the register, and if she were a cross between a Bacchanal and a Christian her scruples vanished at a convenient public-house, and she arrived at the parsonage gloriously drunk, with the result that she forgot both the sex and name of the child. Hence it happened that many children were registered as belonging to the opposite sex. In a Beverley register a writer records, after an entry of the baptism of three children, that he has blotted out the register because the mother came to the parson "with a lye in her mouth," and he did not believe that they had been baptised anywhere.

I really do not know where to find "a sickening cake" in these days of degeneration, although it is not so very many years since they were common enough. Certainly I have never cut one myself.

The sickening cake was a comestible containing nitrogeneous and indigestible ingredients in no way differing from the ordinary article of confectionery. At the birth the first slice was cut into small pieces by the doctor, and was used as "dreaming-bread" by unmarried ladies. To use it as a successful charm, the bashful virgin must place her piece in the foot of her left stocking, and throw it over her right shoulder. Which is quite a simple matter! More difficult, however, is it that the anxious enquirer should retire to, and get into, bed backwards without speaking, and fall asleep before twelve o'clock, when in her dreams her future partner will appear. I have never known this charm to fail—or be successful!

"The christening bit" consists of pieces of cheese, biscuit and gingerbread, the presentation of which to

the first stranger met after a christening ceremony is an old Edinburgh custom.

The christening cake ("fuggan cake," so-called in Cornwall) is, or was but a few years ago, made for, and presented to, the first person the christening party met on its return from the ceremony. In most parts of the country it was believed that the child would inherit the good or bad qualities of the man or woman who received the cake. It was a very extensive practice.

The christening tongs are like ordinary sugar tongs in shape, and represent a stork standing upright—when open, the body (which is hollow) discloses the image of a baby. It is, of course, of Teutonic origin, the connection between stork and baby being sufficient proof.

It seems a weird thing that the counterpane which covered the bed of Charles I. the night before his execution, and which is made of rich thick blue satin embroidered with gold and silver thread, serves as a christening mantle to the Champneys of Orchardleigh, near Frome.

The important ceremony of christening has always been an occasion for rejoicing, and the following is a good example of the customary high jinks of the day:

"A Bill of Fare at the Christening of Mr. Constable's child, Rector of Cockley Cley, in Norfolk, January 2, 1682."

(1) A whole hog's head souc'd with carrots in the mouth, and pendants in the ears, with guilded oranges thick sett.
(2) 2 Ox^{s} cheekes stewed with 6 marrow bones.
(3) A leg of Veal larded with 6 pullets.
(4) A leg of Mutton with 6 rabbits.

V

HIS ENVIRONMENT

WHEN children were ill, and when doctors were called leeches, wise women, white witches, and cunning men physicked unfortunate children with horrible compounds too disgusting to even think about. The nastier a drug was, the more potent. But whether a good shot or arising from practical knowledge on the part of the ancient physicians, their prototypes are now prescribing similar animal extracts.

Of favourite drugs for children some of the most popular were—the maidenhair fern, the polypods, and the hart's tongue. Among the more disagreeable were—earthworms for bruises, hare's brains as a sedative; swallows smashed to a jelly, a sovereign remedy for all aches. Live pigeons ripped up and the palpitating bodies placed on the feet were of great virtue for fevers. Beer with a white hot flint stone dropped into it; the sole of an old stocking; goose dung; rotten apple; and even candle drippings were among the nasty messes that unfortunate children were compelled to swallow as a penalty for being ill.

Charles II. was no doctor's friend. As a child of nine or ten his objection to physic was so great that his mother felt compelled to write as follows:—

"Charles, I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I heere that you will not take physicke. . . . If you will not, I must come to you, and make you take it, for it is for your healthe."

When we consider the extraordinary virtues snakes were supposed to possess, that adders are now scarce creates little astonishment; indeed it is surprising to find reptiles of any description more numerous here than in the Green Isle.

Many unfortunate persons were supposed to be bewitched, and of these many were doubtless suffering from consumption. Perhaps the baby had an attack of indigestion, commonly known as the gripes; or a fit of convulsions—whichever it might have been the terrified mother often believed that her baby had been bewitched, or, as she called it, "overlooked," and woe betide the unfortunate mite if she thought it had been stolen by the fairies and a fairy child substituted. That poor baby was in for trouble—he might survive the priest's prayers, but the dreadful old wise woman, or white witch, was a terror. Sometimes, without giving him a choice in the matter, his natural guardians sat the supposed fairy child on a hot shovel, or ducked him several times in the river or pond, and so ended his career.

Quite a favourite antidote in Ireland was to force bushmore (digitalis, a rank poison) and gruel into the changeling.

The patroness of sufferers from aching molars is St. Appolonia, and the following extract from the "Conflict of Conscience" (1581) was a one-time popular charm:—

"It is for a prayer mastres my demandyng,
That is sayd ye hawe of Saynt Appolyne,
For the toothake wher of this man is in pyne."

On the authority of Shakespeare we learn that even philosophy was beyond affording adequate assistance, still it is said that Pascal cured his toothache by learning mathematics, a method unadvisable in the case of very young children.

The Irish charm for toothache will appeal to all lovers of uncleanliness, I put it down with the pride of one recording so estimable a device—*don't wash on Friday.*

My deluded parents were unfortunately ignorant of this magic spell, therefore I suffered occasionally from toothache. St. Paul's thorn in the flesh is supposed to have been toothache, and as it was a very frequent complaint among our forefathers there was a great number of charms. The cause of the complaint was almost universally believed to be a worm.

"If your teeth you hap to be tormented
By some little wormes therein do breed,
Which pain (if need be tane) maybe prevented
By keeping cleane your teeth, when you do feede;
Burn Francomsence (a gum not evil scented),
Put Henbane into this and Onyon seed,
And will a tunnel to the tooth that's hollow,
Convey the smoke thereof, and ease shall follow."

Another rhyme connects St. Paul, or St. Peter, with the toothache cured by Our Lord, and the venerable sorceress (who concocted the rhyme) claimed to cure this ill, because she was one of the few

who were able to find the lines in the Bible, a fact she accomplished by first placing them there.

A superstitious mother would, directly after the child was baptised, wash out her baby's mouth with the holy water to prevent teething troubles and future toothache, for nothing else is teething troubles but toothache.

The Bulgarians believe that if you hold a bit of iron between your teeth, when the Sabbath bells are ringing the pain will cease.

The mother's remedy, from the time when wedding rings and thimbles were first invented, is to rub the child's gums with one or another of these useful articles.

In 1717 there was published "A Philosophical Essay upon the Celebrated Anodyne Necklace." This necklace consisted of artificial beads, looking like small barley corns, and there was a ready sale for them, the price being five shillings only. George Primrose, who went to Amsterdam to teach Dutchmen English, without recollecting that he should first know something of Dutch himself, says: "May I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an underturnkey than an usher in a boarding school."

Other charms for toothache were—driving a nail into an oak tree; biting off the ground the first fern that appears in spring; and a second, confirmation.

In very ancient days the teeth of bears and other animals were bored and made into necklaces, probably to assist in teething.

For whooping-cough the most curious charms which I can think of were—passing the child through a

stone with a hole in it; passing a child round a special stone, *i.e.*, the Crick stone at Madron, Cornwall; passing the child under a donkey's belly; donkey's hair dried, and made into a powder and swallowed: the donkey's hair was taken from the back of the neck, where there is some resemblance to a cross—for a boy, the hair was that of a female donkey; for a girl, that of a male.

Universally the idea of the transference of disease was in favour, so the mother cut off some of the child's hair, and putting a hair or two between pieces of bread and butter gave it to a dog—which often made the animal cough, and the parent imagine the disease transferred to the dog! Sometimes the child was passed over a fire, or through the split trunk of a tree —the same charm being used for rupture. After a child had been passed through a cleft tree, his life was supposed to be intimately bound up with the fortunes of the tree. Devout parents carried the child into three separate parishes, fasting, on Sunday morning.

A toadstone ring (the fossil palatal tooth of a species of ray) was supposed to protect new-born babies and their mothers from the power of fairies.

To prevent the child becoming a changeling the Chinese mamma burns a dried banana skin to ashes, which she mixes with water, and then paints a cross on the baby's forehead.

Thrush is cured (?) in Scotland by the mother repeating the second verse of the eighth Psalm on three consecutive mornings. In some parts of the country the mother puts the head of a fish or frog in the baby's mouth to transfer the disease to the lower animal.

For fevers, "Abracadabra" repeated over the patient was a potent remedy, and some of the child's hair in a piece of bread and given to the donkey to eat is supposed to have cured a great many of scarlet fever. Hiccough is very easily subdued, the sufferer has only to cross the front of the left foot with the forefinger of the right hand whilst repeating the Lord's Prayer backwards. Try it.

The Irish used a draught consisting of sheep's dung, water, porter and sulphur for measles. In 1878 a great many young children were permanently relieved from all further ills by the above prescription.

Among the cures for bad eyesight are—snails crushed and applied as a poultice to the eyes; eye-bright (euphrasia) powdered, and mixed with sugar, taken internally. But if you have a stye, then by all means rub it with the cat's tail.

The ears of babies are pierced, and gold wire inserted soon after birth, in Spain, with the object of preserving the eyesight. At manhood the gold wires are removed. Eye troubles are very rare in Spain.

In Portugal the ears are pierced when at the age of three weeks; in Italy at eighteen months; in France at three years of age.

To protect the baby from the influence of the fairies, leave an open Bible beside the child's cradle.

The plague spoon is a cowry shell set in silver. Medicine taken from this spoon was an infallible remedy.

Castor oil, which delights not the palate of the little Englishman, finds favour in the sight of the

Berbers, who anoint their limbs with it, and with which the fellahin of the Said flavour their bread and vegetables.

The Egyptians of the Pharaonic age preferred it before all others for anointing their bodies, and for culinary purposes. Truly hath it been said that there is no accounting for taste.

The precautions taken by mothers against the malevolent designs of the evil eye are almost incredible. The little piece of lace or muslin which the sedate nursemaid or nurse places on the baby's face when out for an airing is a survival of this superstition, and if the English nursemaid does not know this, the Sutherland mothers and nurses do.

So particular are the precautions taken among the Moors to preserve male children against the evil eye that the mortality is enormous—it is much less in the case of girls, who are considered less valuable, and receive less attention.

Before looking at a baby in Greece the mother may request you to spit on it three times, as a preventive in case you possess the evil eye. The same custom obtains in many countries.

The origin of using spittle as a charm is very obscure. We know that Our Lord used it in anointing the blind man's eye with clay; we know that the lower classes spit upon money for luck, spit on the ground for luck. In Connemara as soon as a baby is born the nurse spits upon it. Among the Mandingoes when a child is named, which is at eight years of age, all the company spit three times in his face. In the

ordinary Roman baptism of to-day the priest exorcises with spittle the ears and nostrils of the infant.

Possibly the reason why spitting is held in such disrepute in Protestant countries arises from the Reformation.

In Turkey, among both Christians and Mohammedans, when a child is born it is immediately loaded with amulets, and a bit of soft mud, properly prepared by previous charms, is stuck upon its forehead to obviate the effects of the evil eye.

The skin of a hyena, the kernel of the fruit of the palm tree, necklaces, the key of the house door, etc., hung over the cradle—all these act as remedies against the evil eye.

The coral is an amulet—note the shape—while the silver and bells symbolise Diana. The coral is supposed to turn pale when the wearer is unwell.

The wolf's tooth attached to the body of an infant prevents its being startled—and acts as a preventive of teething troubles. In Naples a sprig of rue is a charm (against the evil eye) frequently seen on the breasts of infants.

The profusion of jewels worn by Hindoo, Arabian and Turkish children are all charms against the same evil.

One of the oldest charms is the *mano in fica* worn by little Italian children. It is called turpicula res —an ugly thing. It is hung round the child's neck, where it also serves to cut the teeth. It is a model of a wrist and hand with the thumb thrust between the index and middle finger.

This is not the place for a fuller description of

charms and amulets, which may be found in works specially devoted to that subject.

Red was a medicinal colour of great repute. John de Gaddessden, author of the "Medical Rose," cured the son of Edward II. by wrapping him up in scarlet cloth and hanging scarlet curtains round the bed.

Red is an obnoxious colour to evil spirits all over the world.

Père Elisée, surgeon to Louis XVI., declared that the reason why so many English children had water on the brain was the infamous custom of shaking and tossing them before the head was properly supported by the muscles of the neck.

Another quite original idea occurs in "Hope Evermore," a temperance tale published in "Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper," 1858. The writer says, "No child of Apple Blossom's had died of *water* on the brain since Bob had given up *drink*."

The author had a remarkable idea of what a healthy child should look like, as he describes a three months' infant as follows:—"Its sweet round face was as *clear and white as porcelain,* and it had large, loving *black* eyes and *rosy,* dimpled lips."

From the description it appears quite likely that this child also had water on the brain.

King's evil, or scrofula, was a very common disease indeed. Charles II. touched 92,107 persons, and in doing so possibly lost some of his personal virtue. Cromwell, whose virtues are questioned, failed miserably, but of seventh sons and seventh daughters and other true and spurious practitioners of healing, the number must have been enormous—nor were they

always unsuccessful. It is well to remember the marvels of faith! Dr. Johnson was touched by Queen Anne.

Often one finds among a mass of folk-lore some grains of common sense. In the old Cornish, Norfolk, and Sussex belief that a kitten and a baby in the same house cannot thrive, there is a good deal of truth. The cat tribe are peculiarly susceptible to phthisis, diphtheria, and other infectious diseases. The blood of a black cat is said to be good for shingles.

At the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century overlying a baby was a serious matter as regards the church:—"Also if there be any women that doo oppresse there children in leyng of them yn the bedde wt them. If ye knowe any suche ye shall p'nt them." (*Ante* Reformation archdeacon's charge and inquisition, relating to the diocese of Salisbury.)

The custom of dressing boys as girls with the design of circumventing evil spirits was at one time practically universal, being followed in Aran, Ireland; in Maker Island, Zuyder Zee; in Egypt; in China; and in situations widely distant, and among peoples differing almost as much in social habits. In Achill Island as late as the year 1900 (even if not now observed) boys were dressed as girls up to the age of fourteen in order to escape the boy-seeking-devil!

It may be asked, "Has this dressing of boys as girls anything to do with the genesis of the kilt?" I think we can safely answer that it has not. The breacan feile was a piece of tartan four to six yards in length and two yards wide, which was adjusted somewhat like the Roman toga, but that it was folded

round the waist in plaits, and bound round the middle with a leathern belt, so that while there were foldings behind, the cloth was doubled in front. The upper part was fastened on the left shoulder with a brooch or pin, the two upper ends hanging down; while usually the longer one, that on the right side was tucked into the belt. The dress is said to have been introduced into Scotland from Flanders.

The first modern kilt and plaid in the British Army is said to have been manufactured by General Wolfe's regimental tailors. They were possibly copied from those of Thomas Rawlinson, an Englishman, who it is affirmed introduced the short kilt into Scotland in 1728. The word "kilt" is of Scandinavian origin, from the Danish "kilte," to tuck up.

The Teutons of Germany, the Celts of Gaul, the ancient Welsh and Irish wore the kilt. It characterised the Celtic parts of Great Britain with the exception of Cornwall and Devon, and it is the most comfortable of costumes to wear.

In Wesley's time all the male population over three years of age wore cocked hats. Wesley said, "I don't like my preachers to wear round hats; they look too buckish."

Until Elizabeth's reign schoolboys wore neither caps nor hats.

Hats were abolished at the Bluecoat School about 1865.

In 1840 little boys wore nankeen trousers, white waistcoats, green coats, frilled shirt collars, turned open over the shoulders, white stockings, and pumps.

Little girls wore low necked, short-sleeved frocks,

with their hair in pigtails, their legs in frilled trousers, and white socks, and their feet in sandals.

In early times perforated teeth and bones probably took the place of the button of to-day.

The little boy who was a true English boy drank his beer at breakfast, dinner and supper. This beer, however, was a right good wholesome drink which the publican of to-day has no idea of.

In 1760 the thanks of the governors of the workhouse of Dublin were presented to Lady Arabella Denny for her unremitting attention to the foundling children, but particularly for a clock put up at her ladyship's expense in the nursery which struck every twenty minutes, at which intervals of time the infants were to be fed, unless they were asleep. They must have had stomachs of iron.

Nowadays a boy usually takes a certificate of good health to school with him, but there was a time when one condition of admission to the "Freemason's School" was that the applicant *had suffered from small-pox*. I am afraid it would be a very exclusive school in these days which admitted boys on that condition.

The plague was a cause of considerable anxiety in the schoolmaster's mind. As late as the year 1721 a boy at Eton was flogged for not smoking tobacco as a preventive. It would be superfluous to make known the number of youths who have undergone discipline for a very different reason. Smoking undoubtedly has a very serious effect in the case of boys. On the whole it is better for him to suck too much of Callard & Bowser's butter-scotch, or some other good sweet.

On Christmas Day the little Englishman was allowed a good time, but the poor little French boy was forbidden to eat meat in order to escape fevers; no plums, and, therefore, no mince-pies or plum-pudding, or ulcers might follow; and as a climax, to avert fevers and toothache, he was compelled to take a bath!

In the ninth century eggs were prohibited in Lent, but chicken—owing to the belief that fowls and fish had a common origin—was allowed.

In the reign of Edward I. the most costly fish, in Lent, was the porpoise, which fetched 6s. 8d. in Billingsgate. The boy who tasted this fish came of decent people. The whale, grampus and sea-wolf were other fish in demand.

In Edward III.'s reign herrings cost nearly a penny apiece during Lent.

Fish diet was supposed to be the cause of leprosy, and although it has been frequently stated that in the indentures of apprenticeship, both in England and Scotland, the appearance of salmon on the table was restricted to two or three times a week, unfortunately no one has been able to produce one of these indentures.

The Puritans, not satisfied with the scarcity of vegetables, forbade their children eating potatoes because they were not mentioned in the Bible!

The little French or German boy knows the taste of horseflesh, the little English boy knows it only under its more euphonious designation of "Ham and chicken," or "turkey and tongue" paste. Few of them are aware probably that before Christianity

became the predominant religion of the land the little heathen English boy was probably very fond indeed of horseflesh—when he could get it. It was a very common article of food down to the close of the eighth century, when it was prohibited by one of the Popes. So just as a broad brimmed hat became the symbol of Quakerism, so the eating of horseflesh was for many centuries connected with paganism, and until recent years, with the exception of Icelanders, no Christian would touch it.

According to the late Professor Autenrieth it is possible to make a palatable quartern loaf out of a deal board.

During war time in northern Europe sawdust has served the useful purpose of ordinary flour, and might still be in vogue but that it is impossible to deprive it of its special flavour. Still there were no doubt times when hungry boys and girls carefully scraped the crumbs off the table.

Earthworms, slugs and snails have all at one time or another taken a place in the diet-sheet of children. As I write now there is a shop in Bristol where edible snails are on sale. Slugs are well known as being most nutritious. In 1774 in Scotland a woman was convicted of witchcraft. The suspicion was caused because her family, although very poor, were in such good condition. She was actually tortured, and confessed to witchery. Fletcher of Saltoun went to the jail, and promised her liberty if she told the truth. She had fed the children on snails, of which they found barrels filled at her home.

Pig's marrow was abstained from by the Egyptian

priests (and Englishmen) under the impression that it would drive them mad.

Westminster boys were proficient in the art of making toast. When coal came into common use we lost what was previously a national dish, and one which every schoolboy could, and most of them did, cook at one time or another—roasting eggs in hot wood ashes. It is only with a wood fire that one can do this, but it is a dish worth trying, and was a very common one among the Winchester boys as late as the earlier part of the nineteenth century.

In German nurseries the children believe that Easter eggs are laid by hares, and in Lincolnshire the hare itself is the Easter emblem. The hare, according to the legend, was a bird which Ostara (the Anglo-Saxon Eastre, or Eostre) transformed into a hare. In grateful remembrance of its former state it lays eggs on the festival of Ostara.

The "Manus Christi" (that is, drops of treacle) was a dish much appreciated in the days when sugar was a luxury of the rich. The mothers of very few boys were rich enough to make them jumbols, a sweet-cake very much like the almond paste on the wedding cake, which was shaped like a knot and iced over.

But the poor boys trapped small birds, which made the most delicate of dishes (as I can testify), and they "victualled free" on hedgehogs, snails, and other small fry which for the majority of us are undiscovered dishes, and very likely to remain so.

Of fish of all kinds even a century ago the boy had a much greater share than his fellow of to-day.

Fish was then much cheaper and far more plentiful than now. In the very early days the little Briton chose his meals, breakfast to supper, from a very inextensive bill of fare. According to Dio Nicœus fish was not used as a food. Milk they drank, and they made cheese. Geese and hens were forbidden.

The boar, the wild ox, and the wolf were welcome dinners to the little savage whenever the hungry natives were lucky enough to snare, trap or even kill them in combat.

The boy, in answer to the question what he drank, in the Saxon Dialogues in The Cotton Library, replies—

"Ale if I have it, or water if I have it not."

The little Briton lived in a little round house which if old enough he might have helped to build. The foundations were of stone; the walls of timber, wattle and reeds; the roof was conical and had an aperture in the top which served the double purpose of window and chimney. The floors were sometimes paved with thin layers of stone, and there were small excavations for fireplaces.

Later on arose a Solomon who cunningly suggested windows in the walls of the houses, and was no doubt looked upon almost as a supernatural being in consequence, until his glory was dimmed by a jealous rival who called Solomon's windows "rude holes in the wall," and suggested their being covered with canvas to keep out the bad weather. Then King Alfred (who invented many things besides English cookery), invented the lantern because the candles

burnt out too quickly, and this gave the idea of glazing windows to another genius, but where no one knows. Glazed windows were common enough in the sixteenth century—in the Royal Palaces and the mansions of the nobility glass in casements was fixed into the stone windows as early as the thirteenth century. It was imported by the Flemings, and cost about 4½d. per foot, a sum equal to about six shillings of our day, so that there were good reasons for objecting to stone throwing upon principle.

A romantic case of feeding is that of little Phelan. On June 16, 1812, while H.M.S. *Swallow* was in action against the French, a sailor on board named Phelan was mortally wounded. His wife, who was helping the wounded below, rushed on deck, and supported the dying man in her arms. Almost as he gasped his last breath, a shot took the woman's head off, and the pair fell to the deck dead. Their baby, a boy of a few weeks old, was adopted by the ship's company, and was suckled by a Maltese goat which was luckily on board.

We have failed totally in finding any reference to pigeon's milk ever having been in request as an article of diet in the rearing of infants, but one day by a stroke of luck our education was brought one step nearer its completion by the unlooked-for tidings that "bull's milk" was, and still is, an every-day dish for both adults and children in the West of Ireland.

It should be explained that "bull's milk" consists of meal and water, which is allowed to ferment, afterwards being commonly used as a sauce to potatoes.

According to the N.E.D. the first mention of a feed-

ing bottle for babies is 1858. The feeding bottle is much older than that. Feeding bottles have been found among old Roman remains in England. Baxter speaks of a suck-bottle in 1643. The feeding bottle in 1830 was often made of china, prettily decorated, and a calf's teat was used as a mouthpiece before the introduction of rubber. In the middle ages we find the breast-formed suck bottle, of which several examples are still in existence.

Of foods given to babies, at one time and another, and under exceptional circumstances, the list is a formidable one, but we wonder at times whether there is any truth in the stories of children being adopted and suckled by wild animals. It seems feasible that a wild beast who has lost her young (as a means of relieving the tension of her udders) should welcome any animal to her dugs. Cases of children artificially fed by animals are by no means rare. A few years ago there was—if there is not now—a Foundling Hospital in Italy where goats were employed to suckle the tiny inmates, and a very curious experience it was to notice a child, lying on the ground, start to yell, and a goat come trotting to its side to suckle the hungry infant. Withal we must treat with grave suspicion the Indian wolf-children. There were, and perhaps now are, idiot children living a lower animal life, and going upon all fours, but these cases are probably those of neglected idiots—not children reared by wolves, or other wild animals.

Bancroft in "The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America" throws a light upon the manner in which the children of the ancient Mexicans were

reared, which was obtained from a series of ancient Aztec paintings.

Children of three years of age were allowed half a loaf of bread for each meal. During the fourth and fifth years, the boys were accustomed to light labour, and the girls were instructed in using the distaff. At this age they were allowed a whole loaf or cake of bread.

During the sixth and seventh year, the boy follows the father to market, carrying a light load, and while there picks up the grains of corn, and other trifles that happen to be spilt about the stalls. The girl is represented as spinning under her mother's directions. The children are now allowed a cake and a half of bread per meal, and this quantity continued until the thirteenth year when the allowance was increased to two cakes of bread. From thirteen to fifteen the boys were engaged in bringing wood from the mountains, or catching fish; the girls, in grinding corn, weaving or cooking. At fifteen the boys were delivered to the priests to receive religious instruction, or were educated as soldiers by an officer called Achcauhtli.

CHAPTER VI

HIS LANGUAGE

"In the childhood of nations speaking was singing."

JEAN PAUL.

VI

HIS LANGUAGE

It may be true that primitive man had no ideas and, therefore, wanted no language, but whether singing preceded speech, as (among others) Darwin believed, or not, we all agree that crying is the first means employed by infants to express their various wants that is understood by adults, and with a little patience we can distinguish between the definite cries of pain, temper and hunger in children (although they vary enormously), long before we can interpret gesture and speech.

The *errors* of syntax, etc., which a child commits in learning English are often not errors at all, but the ordinary mode of expression in some other language.

Psametichus wishing to learn what was the original language of man, shut up two infants where the language of man was never heard. On being brought before the king they said *bekos* (toast).—Herodotus, ii. 2.

James IV. of Scotland, and Frederick II. of Sweden tried the same experiment.

Then we have another problem before us. Many of the European and other languages belong to the Aryan family, others do not, and the same applies to the various languages of the Hebrew race (let us note that there is no necessary ethnological connection be-

tween those who speak a language derived from the Aryan); but whether the parents of the child belong to the Aryan, Semitic, Ural-Attic, Indo-Chinese, Dravidian, Malayo-Polynesian, or even the Kaffir family, or whether the baby be black, brown, yellow, or white in colour, its language is similar. So from these premises, some persons conclude, that there was in remote times one universal language, and that is probably the baby language used by our own children during early infancy.

This, so large a speculation as it seems at first sight, does not wholly satisfy the questioning of some enquirers, and we are asked if we are to conclude that the little "squeaks" and "grunts" of baby animals is the language of their primitive ancestors also? and that if the theory of evolution is correct, is it possible to form an idea of what was the language of the first talking animal?

Alas! all attempts to teach animals, even monkeys, to use anything like human language have been again and again without success. Just as the monkey began to talk he died, it proved too much for him. My own experiments on monkeys, kittens, and puppies were hopeless; I got no result that, put the best complexion on it I might, could be called successful.

It seems as if there were some form of aphasia, the animals (in the case of full grown dogs and monkeys) at times appearing to fully understand, but being utterly unable to express themselves in human language, just as we observe the baby (before it has learned to talk) make ineffectual attempts in its own language to copy ours.

"The rise of man he loved to trace
Up to the very pod, O!
And, in baboons, our parent race
Was found by old Monboddo.
Their A, B, C, he made them speak,
And learn their qui, que, quod O!
'Till Hebrew, Latin, Welsh and Greek
They knew as well's Monboddo!"

James Burnett, who as a Scottish judge, sat as Lord Monboddo (born 1714, died 1779), was the originator of the simian descent of man.

Notwithstanding all this, let babies and monkeys take unto themselves some grains of comfort in that it has been said that Corneille, the great French classic, could not even speak his own language correctly. Of course we admit that man's articular language is due to the formation of his chin.

As regards my own personal investigations in the case of my children, I discovered that although it was extremely difficult to distinguish any difference whatever in features as babies between my seven children when asleep, or from their photographs at the age of twelve months, at the same time the baby language used by each, as well as the gestures, had certain very marked differences.

Nor in the case of twins when they speak what we know as "twin language" do they *exactly* resemble one another.

But in every case the child must understand before he speaks at all, and know a language before using one. His great difficulty lies in getting others to understand him. This occurs much less frequently when talking to another baby, especially if that baby him-

self speaks the same "mother tongue," than when endeavouring to make himself understood by an adult.

The baby's troubles do not however end here, for having already acquired a language of his own, he must perforce climb still higher in the scale of life and learn yet another language, that of his parents, which before the end of his third year may contain as large a vocabulary as the ordinary country labourer's, that is to say, 300 or 400 words. With adults, few people use more than three to four thousand words, so the baby does not seem to have lost much time.

Whether the baby speaks plainly or not the little tongue wags freely during his second year, so much so that at times it is an unceasing clatter, often detrimental to sedentary comfort.

A period of logorrhœa (very rapid speaking) is an event not to be lightly treated, owing to the possibility of stammering, or other faults of speech resulting from it. The condition is met with among savage tribes and lunatics. In older children it points to some slight, or serious, mental deficiency.

Another peculiar mode of talking common to babies is the amalgamation of the whole sentence into one word. This is also a trait found among savage races.

It is the opinion of nurses that babies which have dimples have short tongues and will lisp. If a baby girl puts out her tongue, and makes a spluttering noise, it is a sure sign of rain; if a boy, it will blow hard. This is Chinese.

When they first begin talking the language of their parents, babies make use of either the beginnings of words—as for instance, "ba" for ball, "ca" for cake,

"ca" for cat—or the endings—as "ake" for cake, and "bup" for butter, etc.

Nor do they use the neuter gender, the child invariably referring to anything as "he" or "she." Whether this is another primitive trait, as it is usually supposed to be, or on the other hand due to ignorance of sex or some difficulty in pronunciation, has yet to be determined; and we have to take into account that there are modern languages in which the neuter does not occur.

Besides this there are (as every one knows) many words that babies know well enough but find great difficulty in pronouncing, and it is very funny to watch a little imp making ludicrous attempts to find some other than the appropriate word to express his meaning, and at last giving Minerva the slip by either breaking off the sentence, and leaving his hearers to guess at the fag end, or succumbing to circumstances by using a word that he already knows, or at the worst inventing a new one.

Language, it is said, was given to man to conceal his thoughts. Perhaps this explains why young children when living together, and if not otherwise prevented, invent a language of their own commonly known as "twin language," because it is so frequently used by twins. It is a language which, although perfectly understood by themselves, as a rule defies *in toto* the deepest philologists to interpret it and often forms a habit very troublesome to cure.

In our own language it is well to take into account the fact that in many cases there is not only a want between the sound and the sense in nomenclature, but

at times a word from its sound appears to be almost the reverse of its meaning; hence we get slang terms which sound more appropriate. And it is also owing to this influence that, until he has sufficient command of words to express his requirements in the language of his parents, the child will often use one word to signify many and this word is always one that the child learned early.

From the conquest to the reign of Edward III. Norman-French was the common language of the upper and cultured classes.

Shelta, or Chebru, the Caird's language, is a secret language spoken by tinkers, beggars, and other nomads throughout the British Isles. Its existence has only been known a matter of forty years. Shelta, although only known and spoken by the lowest classes, is really a cryptic language of great antiquity, and to a large extent a systematic perversion of the pre-aspirated Gaelic spoken before the eleventh century. Thus it may be best described as a "jargon," since it is not a language in the precise sense, but a form of speech manufactured from a true language—viz. Gaelic.

Good English has been defined as the standard speech of London, Oxford, Cambridge, and the South, but it must come as old news to everybody that our language is changing not alone in the introduction of new and the exclusion of old, words, but also in the pronunciation of existing words in daily use. There is no need to be alarmed, however, because our language has always been changing. So recently as the early part of the nineteenth century the aspirate was dropped

by all classes of society in the Midlands and South of England, the sound still being in use among the Northerners; and now we find, among other strange changes, the sound of h, in words beginning with wh, silent among the educated Southern English.

Whether or no our language is retrograding to that universal form used before the confusion of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel, it seems probable that our great grandchildren will speak a language as different to that which we speak as ours is to that of our great grandparents.

Nothing is more astonishing in considering the long infancy of the child than the rapidity with which he learns the language of his parents, but it is not often that the child speaks as many as six or eight words at the end of the first year, and indeed there are cases where some quite normal children do not speak until the beginning of their third year.

But if we are anxious for the child to talk early and well we must in conversing with him never allow to be used the ordinary infantile language which silly women will persist in talking to babies. It may be pleasant enough to the ears of ordinary mortals, but baby language naturally lasts sufficiently long, and when we imitate the baby's language instead of encouraging the child to imitate ours, we prolong the life of infancy beyond its ordinary limits to the child's future detriment; besides which the child will almost as readily learn such simple words as "thank you," "good-bye," as the primitive "ta," and "sa" which is his own baby language.

Nor is it wise to bother the child too much by try-

ing to teach him to talk every five minutes of the day, if he is wanted to speak early and well.

Children are very much like other animals, and require, besides sleep, a period of relaxation, therefore allow them the privilege of turning over in their little minds the new and curious matters that have happened to them during the day in their own child-world in which we have now no part.

Among the various appellations for father and mother, pa, ma, mamma, mama, mam, daddy and mammy have never found their way into serious literary English, although pappa is to be found in Homer (13k6—l. 57).

But pappa, or papa, and mamma, or mama are interchangeable in different races.

Dada, in French, is a child's name for a horse. Hence it comes to be used, like the English *hobby*, for a favourite idea or pursuit, a crotchet.

CHAPTER VII

HIS SCHOOLDAYS

"Culture is the passion for sweetness and light, and (what is more) the passion for making them prevail."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

VII

HIS SCHOOLDAYS

THE MAISTER

He gied us Scripter names tae spell,
But what they meant we couldna' tell;
He maybe didna ken his sel'—
The Maister.

What funny dogs we used tae draw
Upon our sklates, an' ships an' a,
Till keekin' roond wi' fright we saw
The Maister.

He gied oor lugs a fearfu' pu',
Said he wud skelp us black an' blue;
I doot he wudna try that noo—
The Maister.

We mind them weel, his lang black taws,
They nippit sair like parten's claws;
A crabbit little man he was—
The Maister.

He birled me roond like Nanny's wheel,
Said he was tellt to lick me weel;
He seemed tae like tae hear me squeal—
The Maister.

His plump roond cheeks as red's the rose,
His twinklin' een an redder nose,
Showed that he suppit mair than brose—
The Maister.

He opened aye the schule wi' prayer,
An' psalms an questions gied us mair
Than that we thocht was proper there—
The Maister.

An' after time, an' siller spent,
We left as wise as when we went;
It wasna muckle that he kent—
The Maister.

It's forty years noo since that day,
An' time whase besom's aye at play
'Mang other things has soopt away—
The Maister.

JOSEPH TEENAN.

FROM the far away days of Horace, who calls his old schoolmaster "*plagosum orbilium,*" until a few years ago, the schoolmaster was universally the most unpopular of men. Even now the profession of child teaching does not meet with the recognition it deserves, seeing that the hope of the future generation depends upon it.

St. Augustine says:—

"I was put to school to get learning of which I knew not what use there was; and yet if I was slow to learn I was flogged. For this was deemed praiseworthy by our forefathers. Many before us passing through the same course, had appointed these troublesome ways, multiplying labour and sorrow upon the sons of Adam."

His faith was actually shaken because he prayed to God to escape a flogging, yet flogged he was.

As a boy he preferred games, and hated both Greek and Homer.

St. Thomas Aquinas was called "the stupid boy," and it requires a very small stretch of imagination to

picture his schooldays as exceedingly stormy. The education of Archbishop Usher, of Armagh (1580-1656) is unique. He was taught to read from the Bible by two *blind* aunts, who knew it off by heart.

Erasmus, who at the age of nine went to Daventer School, had but a poor opinion of Hegius, his tutor, for he says that as little was taught, he learnt little.

Lamb and Coleridge found little pleasure in their masters or their school, which can hardly surprise one after reading the ancient history of the Bluecoat School.

Cowper was so indignant at the methods of education that he wrote the "Tirocinium," though not whilst at school as has been asserted, but (wisely) when at Cambridge.

Southey did not wait until he got to a University but wrote an article on flogging in the Westminster School Magazine called appropriately enough, "The Flagellant." The writer reaped his reward and was expelled by Dr. Vincent.

Shelley was caned at Mill Hill School by Mr. Foote, the master, and repeatedly flogged by Keate. Among others, poor little Crabbe, the future poet, when sent as a scholar to Bungay was so young that he did not know how to dress himself, and the first morning he whispered in great confusion to his bedfellow, "Can you put on your own shirt, for—for—I'm—afraid I can't."

Browning disliked his school because there was a weekly routine of combing and oiling the boys' hair.

Mrs. Reader (the mistress) was fond of hymns which she chanted at the least provocation. The

weekly hairdressing afforded an exceptional opportunity, and was usually reserved for her favourite hymn, "Sweet is the work, my God and King," which she sang to a tune known as "Portugal New." When it came to anointing the head she smeared the oil on with the appropriate lines:—

> "While countless blessings on me shed
> Like holy oil upon my head."

Francis Galton regarded his schooldays with little satisfaction. He complains that when sent to a school at Boulogne, for the purpose of acquiring a good accent, he learnt instead a detestable and limited patois.

However, the authorities made up for their educational shortcomings by using the birch *ad libitum*.

On one occasion the monotony of schoolboy life was relieved by a gaunt haggard young French boy who, to create a sensation among his fellows, swallowed a live frog in a most artistic manner.

Galton went afterwards to King Edward's School, Birmingham, where he was not much more comfortable. "Grammar" (he says) "and the dry rudiments of Latin and Greek were abhorrent to me, for there seemed so little sense in them,"—and we wonder how many thousands of weary boys have thought the same?

From "The Paston Letters" we get a glimpse of a backward boy:—

"To prey Grenefeld to send me feythfully by wrytyn who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lernyng. And if he hathe nought do well, nor wyll nought amend, prey hym that he wyll trewly belassch hym till he wull amend; and so ded the last maystr, and the best that ever he had at Caumbrege. And

sey Grenefeld that if he wyll take up on hym to brynge hym into good rewyll and lernyng that I may verily know he doth hys dever I wyll geve hym x marcs for hys labor for I had he werfayr beryed than lost for defaute."

Lady Arabella Stuart must have been a female prodigy, for when she was but twelve years old, Queen Elizabeth told the wife of Chateauneuf, the French Ambassador, that she spoke French, Latin and Italian very well.

Over and above the risks to life and limb that the little scholar ran when safely housed beneath the pedagogue's roof there were serious dangers from germ laden passengers and desperate highwaymen in the days when boys travelled to school by the coach, and travelling in winter time was no joke, especially a long journey.

When George Cruikshank was taken to school by his father in the coach an alarm of highwayman was raised, and consternation prevailed among the passengers.

Cruikshank's father was, however, a man of resource, and as the highwayman rode up to the coach door, he told little Cruikshank to point the bell end of his tin trumpet out of the window. The young warrior followed his instructions, which were attended with immediate success, for the highwayman took fright at what he thought was a blunderbuss and rode away, troubling them no more.

Children sent to school on the following dates it was believed would become good scholars:—

January 3 and 13, February 5 and 28, March 3, 22, 30, April 5, 23, 29, May 4, 28, June 3, 8, July 12, 13,

15, August 12, September 1, 7, 24, 28, October 4, 15, November 13, 19, December 23, 26. It might be interesting to learn the opinions of a boy who was told to go to school on December 26.

It is difficult to write of schools without mentioning pedagogues. Early schoolmasters were often slaves, indeed so were all trades and professions at one time.

The Roman schoolmasters possessed a more lucrative profession than the present day pedagogue, seeing that they received twelve times as much as the soldier or day labourer.

The earliest schoolmaster in England whom we know by name was John Cornwall.

Schoolmasters sometimes got into trouble. Sir John Bernard and William Brynge, Chaplains, on December 23, 1423, were summoned before John Hatfield, abbot of Walden, to show by what authority they taught small boys the alphabet, the graces, and higher books, without obtaining leave from the abbot, though they had been previously reproved for this.

Busby was the father of the English public school system. He was headmaster of Westminster through the reign of Charles I., the Civil War, the Protectorate, the reign of Charles II., and the Revolution of 1688. Under him Westminster became the first school in the kingdom. When Charles II. visited the school, Busby stalked before the King with his hat upon his head, whilst his most sacred majesty meekly followed him. In private Busby explained that his conduct was due to the fact that he could not allow, for discipline's sake, the boys to imagine there could be a greater man than himself alive.

Godinez, the schoolmaster of Gil Blas, bore the reputation of being the most expert flogger in Oviedo.

Thomas Beard, Puritan Minister at Huntingdon, was Oliver Cromwell's schoolmaster.

In the Coroners' Roll, December 19, 1300, to June 15, 1302, now preserved in the Bodleian Library, the following case is worthy of remark:—

"*Dec.* 7, 1301.—John de Newsham, clerk and schoolmaster, was found dead on the bank of the Cherwell. The jury declared on oath that John de Newsham went after dinner to find rods to whip the boys whom he taught, and that he climbed a willow to cut twigs near the millpool which is called Temple Hall, and by accident fell into the water. The jury on oath say that no one is to blame for his death."

Probably the ancient schoolmaster was not such a bad fellow in general, although flogging his pupils must have occupied nearly as much of his time as teaching. Certainly Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton in the sixteenth century, was accused of stealing the College plate. Whether guilty or not he was subsequently appointed headmaster of Westminster, where, owing to the proximity of the Houses of Parliament, perhaps they were not over particular.

Perhaps the most eminent of modern schoolmasters was Almond of Loretto, who from a private school of less than a dozen boys, manufactured the best school in the world. His success was due to his treating his boys intelligently, and obtaining the best from each, both in schoolwork and sport. In the year 1884 there were seven old boys playing in the Oxford Rugby team, and he had plenty of scholars too.

At first people thought Almond was cracked, but

when it became evident that a larger proportion of boys from Loretto were famous in scholarship and sport, than any other school, criticism lost its sting. There were very few schoolmasters in the early '80's who considered the necessities of any but those who were likely to obtain scholarships.

The modern English schoolmistress is in many cases the proper person in the proper place. It is one of the things peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon races, and which other countries will do well to copy. Space only allows me to mention one—Dorothea Beale, headmistress of Cheltenham Ladies' College, of whom all that is good in woman can be truthfully said. A wonderful old woman who continued her work to within a few weeks of her death at the advanced age of 75.—R.I.P.

Locke says:—

"How any being put into a mixed herd of boys and thus learning to wrangle at trap or rook, at span farthing, fits him for conversation or business I do not see."

Evil there is in plenty among the other subjects taught and learned in every school, and as in every other condition of life the pupil readily acquires a greater or less knowledge of sin. It is inevitable but that he will learn it sooner or later; the moral atmosphere of the school often tells tremendously in the later life of weak vessels.

Yet the knowledge and practice of schoolboy honour, the experience gained from, and the imitation of, the good conduct of older boys, the self-restraint necessary to do well in the school games, the spirit of

emulation, the gospel of give and take, and the social intercourse are advantages that cannot by any other means be obtained, and which far outweigh the unfortunate waste of time, and happily the moral and intellectual injury caused by the necessary methods of school education.

VITAI LAMPADA

By Sir Henry Newbolt

"There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

"The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

"This is the word that year by year
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'"

And this is what the Public Schools have taught in the past, and are now teaching. Not a bad education, if even somewhat incomplete.

Did the child escape the public school, he was

probably little better off in that severity was the order of the day whatever rank he might have held. When Madame de Genlis, the Hen-Rousseau, was appointed by Philipe Egalité governess and governeur to the young princesses and princes, no doubt the pupils thought they would have an easy time because the other tutors resigned in a body disgusted, but what a mistake! Diane de Poitiers and Mme. de Maintenon were both bad women, and bad servants, not so Félicité.

The children loved her, though she had them at work from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. She made them sleep on hard beds, and learn all kinds of manual trades, she cared neither for Latin nor Greek, but she made them learn foreign languages, hygiene and gymnastics. As for holidays, there were none. She was a pretty woman, and her morals were decidedly mixed; she was a mighty paradox, but as a guide, philosopher, and friend to her youthful charges, Félicité was perfection.

The subject of erring tutors we can hardly touch upon, but it is worth while to refer to Eugene Aram, the murderer, less well known as a scholar, and author of "Specimens of an Anglo-Celtic Lexicon"—a part of which work may be found at the end of a curious small book entitled, "The Life and Trial of Eugene Aram." As a schoolmaster Aram was a gentle soul. It is recorded in "The Gentlemen's Magazine" of 1837 that upon his arrest, when he was placed handcuffed in the chaise (alas! for the veracity of Tom Hood), his schoolboys burst into tears—he used to play with them.

As a rule the usher of the school at Lynn held the post of librarian at the Library there, peculiarly Eugene Aram did not.

Robert Irvine, who in 1717 was tutor to the two sons of Mr. Gordon, of Ellon, was a horrible creature. For telling tales of him he murdered the two boys. He was taken redhanded and hanged two or three days afterwards at Edinburgh, having his hands first struck off.

Camillus, the traitorous schoolmaster, betrayed the young nobles of Falisci.

Udall, to whom we have already referred, if not a thief, was by his own confession a most immoral person, and utterly unfitted for the position of schoolmaster in any age.

As a master he was a severe disciplinarian. Tusser says that he was merciless. Apart from his moral character Udall was a really great man. He was the author of the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," which was probably played by his own scholars, but of this we are not certain. During the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Udall was a Protestant, but in Queen Mary's reign he became a Roman Catholic, and a frequenter of the Court. He wrote plays which were performed for the amusement of the Queen. At the time of his death he was headmaster of Westminster.

The earliest school play of which we can find any mention was written by Ralph Radcliffe, and performed at Hitchen School in 1538. Unfortunately it is lost. The earliest school play extant in the British Museum is entitled, "'Apollo Shroving,' composed for

the schollars of the Free School, Hadleigh in Suffolke. And acted by them on Shroue Tuesday being the sixt of February, 1626." It is worth reading if only for the comments of one of the characters, a suffragette of the time. It requires extensive Bowdlerising. The name of the author is unknown (? Hawkins).

In January, 1711, the children of the Charity School at Clerkenwell performed "Timon of Athens." As to the merits of the performance history has ungraciously left no account, but the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was so angered that it severely censured John Hoveycroft, the master. Perhaps they thought the play too lively?

The following extract from *The Dublin Chronicle,* July 31, 1790, is interesting:—

"The public examinations at Mr. Whyte's School in Grafton Street closed on the 22nd instant with an uncommon degree of splendour.

"A Master Moore, a boy not more than ten years old, distinguished himself in a remarkable manner, and was deservedly the admiration of every auditor."

The Master Moore referred to was Thomas Moore, the poet.

As in every form of government in animal life, rebellion due to one or another cause was at times an incident in the School world. Harrow boys had in their contests against approved authority usually some slight excuse for their attempts to obtain by force what had been otherwise denied. In 1771 the boys rose in rebellion against the election of Heath as headmaster. They had a favourite candidate in Parr, at that time a junior master in the school, and they went to the length of smashing the coach of one

of the governors. The disturbance was quelled by dismissing the School for some days.

In 1805 Butler was chosen as headmaster by the governors, instead of Drury, who was favoured by the boys. Feeling ran very high, and a train of gunpowder was laid (it has been said by Byron) and fired with the design to further elevate the unpopular Butler, but without a satisfactory result. Later, in the year 1808, Butler had his revenge. He curtailed some of the privileges of the boys, and then there was trouble. The keys of the birch cupboard were annexed, and general disorder reigned for a few days, ending only in the expulsion of the ringleaders.

This period of Harrow's history is not a happy one. The boys were educated young men of sixteen to eighteen, and they were morally right in attempting to enforce their demands upon the governors, who were possibly advised by unworthy reasons, or were suffering from abnormal stupidity.

"Barring out" is conspicuous by its absence in the chronicles of Eton College. Rebellions however, serious enough in all faith, took place, and pretty frequently too at one period. The most serious happened in 1768. Dr. Foster, the headmaster, on the complaint (an act of spite) of one of the assistant masters, severely flogged one of the præposters, whose only offence was that he was doing his duty. The sixth form præposters resigned in a body, and vowed they would take no part in the ensuing Declamations. Dr. Foster retorted that they must either declaim or leave the school. A council of war was held, and joined by others, one hundred and

sixty boys marched to Eton, and spent the night there.

Then the rot set in, a few proved traitors, and the boys scattered, some to return to school to be flogged, some to their friends. Lord Harrington's son swore an oath that he would not submit, and went to his father's house; but could only obtain a hearing whilst outside the front door. His father insisting upon his immediate return to Eton—"Sir," said the son, "consider I shall be d——d if I do." "And I," replied the father, "will be d——d if you don't." This was the last straw to the young hopeful, who retorted: "My Lord, but you will be d——d whether I do or not."

The history of the Great Schools up to the past few years is not a happy one. In the eighteenth century the majority of the masters were poorly paid, and often great blackguards; in the nineteenth century they were mostly fools.

Miss Edgeworth founded one of her stories on a "barring-out." Barring-out was originally an innocent custom and a very ancient one to boot. The Statutes of Witton School, Cheshire, founded in 1558, ordained that "a week before Christmas and Easter according to the old custom the scholars bar and keep forth the schoolmaster, in such sort as other scholars do in great schools."

Often enough some daring little rascals, stung to the point of desperation by ill-usage of practically every form, took possession of the schoolroom or dormitory, barred, bolted, and locked the doors, and bid defiance to the authorities.

At Bromfield School barring-out was an annual custom which took place at the beginning of Lent, and was more innocent than the barring-outs in many other schools.

Withal it was a serious matter, for if the boys lost the battle the impositions were severe to a degree. The boys were armed with popguns to defend the fortress, and if they could manage by hook or by crook to keep out the besiegers for three days, the master offered terms of capitulation, which were the arrangement of the hours of study and play for the following twelve months.

On one occasion a forlorn hope in the shape of a dominie forced his way through a window, but the besieged were not to be trifled with, and sans ceremony he was bundled out neck and crop with his coat tails burned off.

Boys and men were equally cruel in those days, and in the case of defeat on the part of the boys the penalties were inhuman.

At Edinburgh in 1595 a barring-out ended in a fatality.

The town council refused to grant more than three holidays out of eight demanded by the scholars. The magistrates and patrons of the school tried to reason with the boys in vain; they refused, saying that they would treat with the Master only. An attempt was made to force an entrance into the school at night, and Baillie Macmoran was shot dead on the spot by a boy (Sinclair?).

No doubt but that barring-out was a pretty popular and exciting form of sport in the late "fifties." The

following is an abridged account of a "barring-out" which I received recently from one of the actors in the drama, Mr. C. C. Bell.

"In the fifties of last century I was a day scholar at Weir House Academy, Hickling, Notts, kept by a Yorkshireman named Featherstone. The school had been removed from Long Clawson, and a holiday was given to the boys on the annual feast day. When the school was established at Hickling, Mr. Featherstone altered the holiday to that of the Hickling feast. Some boarders who came from Long Clawson resented this, and resolved on a "barring-out" if they were not allowed a holiday for the Clawson feast too. A cousin of my own was the leader, and my brother and I were induced to join in the plot. On the fateful day we assembled in full force in the playground, and demanded a holiday. It was refused, and after dinner the boarders locked up the school and decamped. We Hickling boys joined them and went off in a body to Clawson. I have no doubt that we were thrashed, but we were thrashed so frequently that we cared little for it. The boarders, I believe, got a double dose, Mr. Featherstone entering their sleeping rooms one after the other, and giving them their dues when they were at a disadvantage. He would thoroughly enjoy himself."

I am indebted for an amusing account of a barring-out in which the writer took part to Mr. S. Fisher, who writes from Ramsgate:—

"In 1850-1855 I was at a Preparatory School of fifty or sixty boys at Brighton, kept by an elderly lady, Mrs. B., assisted by her daughter, two masters, and

a French governess. A biggish boy from Merchant Taylors' School joined us in 1853-4, and a few months after his arrival astonished us by saying, 'Why don't you fellows bar-out?' Five or six of the most daring spirits agreed to follow out his instructions, and accordingly for a week or so previous to the day on which the barring-out was to take place, hunches of bread were abstracted from the dining-hall, and with a few jugs of water were secreted in the schoolroom lockers. The night before the event a paper on which was written—'When the tiger crouches he springs,' was slipped under the door of Mrs. B.'s room. The next morning on the arrival of the assistant master about eight o'clock he found the schoolroom door locked, and was met with the cry: 'We have barred-out,' to which he replied by saying that if it was not opened within two or three minutes he should burst it open. During the two or three minutes the Merchant Taylors' boy prevailed on some of the others to tie him down to a form, in which position he was found on the door being opened, and he made it his excuse for his not opening the door immediately. The matter was, of course, reported to Mrs. B., who administered the usual whipping (on the hands) to all the barrers-out, and ordered that they should have no other food till the bread and water was all consumed."

But with the march of civilisation, barring-out died a lingering death; only leaving as a memento of the past the elementary schoolboys' "strike" of the passing day. Indeed, the last barring-out which happened in this happy land of ours took place in a board school at Dalston, in Cumberland, in the year

1887, where it had been the custom from time immemorial on December 21 in each year. The authorities were appealed to by the humane schoolmaster to close the school on that day, and so put an end to the ancient festival.

Without reference to gladiatorial combats no description of school life can be complete, and for boyish displays of fisticuffs Tom Brown's fight at Rugby is, perhaps, the best known and the one most frequently referred to, although it is not to be compared with the descriptions of pugilism to be found in the much maligned and long since dead periodicals, "Young Men of Great Britain" and "The Boys of England."

I don't suppose that one per thousand of the boys who devoured those entrancing novels, of which parental authority had nothing but evil to say, knew the name of one of the authors who so pleased him.

Apart from these glorious fights in which virtue was always victorious, the most interesting conflict that comes to my mind is that of Shelley, the poet, who, one morning in 1809, when a boy at Eton, received a challenge from a little insignificant chap, much smaller than himself, one Sir Thomas Styles. The ring was formed, seconds and bottle holders chosen. The weedy poet with his angelic locks stood like a giant about to devour a mannikin, and the first round was fought by the little 'un dodging the big 'un.

During the interval between the two rounds the miniature baronet sat quietly upon his second's knee, but Shelley, confident of victory, and scorning such assistance, stalked round the ring scowling upon his

little adversary. Round 11, time was called and the little baronet got one in on his opponent's chest, but the poet went in and knocked his enemy down, and whilst he lay there limp and motionless, the tall lean Shelley spouted Homeric defiances at him, to the huge delight of the youthful spectators.

Shelley's triumphant boasting was, however, short lived. In the following round the scion of the aristocracy smote the son of the muses in the bread-basket, which startled Shelley about as much as if he had come in contact with a live bomb. His nerves were shattered; he broke through the ring and flew, pursued by seconds, bottle holders and backers, from the field of battle, and (outdistancing all) arrived safely at his tutor's house.

Pugilistic encounters are very infrequent at Eton to-day, and the freshly green springing grass on "the milling ground" at Harrow is no longer nourished by blood drawn from the nostrils of the British aristocracy.

There has ever been a cat and mouse sympathy between certain publishers and authors, and how delighted must the latter have been at the catastrophe which befell the infamous, dauntless Curl, the publisher, when he pirated the Latin Oration pronounced by the Captain of the King's Scholars over the body of the learned and witty Robert South. Had Curl simply printed it, probably nothing more would have been heard about the matter, but alas! he misprinted it. Curl was lured on some pretext into Wesminster School, where he was treated with the greatest indignities, being tossed in a blanket, and afterwards

birched by as many of the boys as were lucky enough to get near the unfortunate publisher.

In the earlier part of the nineteenth century tokens were commonly employed in many schools, and as there is in existence a brass token of Cliff House School, St. Margaret's, dated 1858, and which was current coin in the village and bay, it is possible that there are still knocking about the world elderly boys whose memory is not so dim but that they can yet recollect exchanging these same tokens for hardbake, or parliament, at the local tuck shop.

Mrs. Pope and two other ladies at Birmingham issued a token.

Christ's Hospital tokens for 6d., 1d., and ½d. were current in the school, and a few neighbouring shops.

Other schools also issued tokens.

The great use of the token in school life was the facility with which it could be traced, a boy spending such a coin in an illegal manner had sorrow in store.

"God bless the man who first invented holidays," is the prayer of an old boy who, too many years for comfort at the grindstone, is looking forward to a holiday *next year*.

Anaxagoras is not a euphonious name to many English ears, sounding as it does like the cracking of nuts, nor is his name known to many little boys, not nearly so well known as is that blackguard Herod's. Hi! waiter, bring forth the sparkling goblet of ginger beer, and let us drink a health to the soul of St. Anaxagoras of Clazomene. To thee, most honourable philosopher, whose ashes should find no other resting-place but mingled with St. Lubbock.

Anaxagoras was a good man, and strange to say a popular one. It is not always so. Three years before his death he was asked whether he had any particular wish, and told that if he would only mention it, it should be fulfilled. "Certainly I have," said the good old man; "I wish to be remembered by all schoolboys, and I only ask that in memory of me they may always have a whole holiday on the anniversary of my death." Could any one desire a more pleasant remembrance? Holidays were, as a matter of fact, long known as Anaxagoreia. I am ashamed to confess that as far as I can recollect I did not know anything of Anaxagoras when a schoolboy; the immoral schoolmasters under whom we groaned, maliciously defrauded us of one holiday per annum.

The ancient schoolboy shout on the arrival of the holidays (but which I never heard) was "Let's singe old Rose, and burn libellos," is said to have meant, "Let us singe the master's wig and burn our books."

Another version is, "Let's sing old Rose, and burn the bellows," the meaning of which I do not know but judge it to be a corruption of the above, or a reference to St. Anthony.

Among my collection of schoolboy songs the following is unique. The youthful author, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth or early sixteenth century, was a poor classical scholar, and the verse, which is in bad mediæval Latin, presented so many difficulties that several eminent scholars, including the writer, shrank from the task of rendering the song in English. We are indebted to the courage of Dr. Rouse for the translation.

THE SONG OF THE SCHOOLBOY AT CHRISTMAS

(Latter part of the fifteenth or early part of the sixteenth century)

Anteffinem termini Baculus portamus,
Caput hustiarii ffrangere debemus;
Si preceptor nos petit quo debemus Ire,
Breiuter respondemus, "non est tibi scire,"
O pro nobilis docter, Now we youe pray,
Vt velitis concedere to gyff hus leff to play,
Nunc proponimus Ire, without any ney,
Scolam dissolvere; I telle itt youe in fey,
Dieut istud festum, merth-is for to make,
Accipimus nostram diem, owr leve for to take
Post natale festum full sor shall we qwake,
Quum nos Revenimus, latens for to make,
Ego nos Rogamus, hartly and holle,
Vt isto die possimus, to brek upe the scole.

TRANSLATION

Before the end of the term we carry sticks,
We must break the porter's* head.
If the master asks us where we should go,
We briefly answer, It is not yours to know,
O noble Doctor, now we you pray,
That you may grant to give us leave to play,
Now we propose to go without any nay,
So break up the school, I tell it you in faith
On this feast is to make mirth,
We take our day our leave to take
After the feast of the Birth (of Christ) full sore shall we quake
When we come back for to make Latin.
Therefore we ask heartily and wholly
That this day we may be able to break up the School.

* Probably the meaning is "usher"—see under "usher."

CHAPTER VIII

HIS SCHOOLING

"The Wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hewed, not yet destroyed.

COWPER.

VIII

HIS SCHOOLING

FROM the little one can gather of the methods of education among the Anglo-Saxons, they cared little for Latin or Greek, and their arithmetic was very elementary indeed, for the very practical reason that considered by the side of strength and courage they were not important subjects. It was the usual trial of a boy's courage to place him on a sloping building, and if without screaming, or terror, he held fast, he was styled a " stout herce," or brave boy.

The Druid Schools were held in caves—the most eminent academy is said to have been in the Isle of Anglesey.

British children were separated from their parents, and were under Druidical instruction until 14, and no one was capable of a public employment who had not been educated by a Druid.

The Druidical method of instruction was greatly improved by the Roman Invasion, and Julius Agricola was careful that the sons of the principal Britons should be taught the liberal sciences.

The word school was coined by some ancient wag from the Greek σχολη (schole), and it originally meant pleasant employment (amusement) after the actual day's work was done and finished with.

Between the Roman and English method of education there was a direct continuity. Amongst the Romans the elementary schools were usually held in a verandah partly open to the street, and the schoolroom was accordingly called pergula, taberna, or porticus. The practice of teaching in the porch of a church was, therefore, borrowed from the Romans, and is mentioned by Evelyn in his Memoirs, in which he says:—

"One Frier taught us in the church porch at Wotton."

At Hornsea, in East Yorkshire, school was held in the south aisle of the nave down to about 1850.

The usher was originally an ostiarius or door-keeper. He was so-called because, in addition to keeping the door of a church, he taught his pupils in the porch.

In the Middle Ages a youth of good family was not educated at a public school, or a University; but he entered the house of some knight or nobleman, where he was trained in the principles and practice of chivalry.

At first, in the position of a page, he waited on the ladies of the household, and learned the first principles of courtesy. What we should call in these days his "schooling," he learned from the chaplain or as much as was considered desirable in those days.

The chief minstrel taught him to sing a romance, and accompany himself upon a harp.

Then his education advanced; he became a squire. In his new condition he was taught to manage a horse and use his weapons by some old knight or squire.

In time of peace he attended upon his lord, carved

his meat, and filled his cup; carried his shield or helmet when on a journey; gave him a fresh lance in a tournament; remounted him when unhorsed, and acted as subaltern officer of the troop of men-at-arms.

If lucky enough to become a knight, he had a bath!

Probably in the fifteenth century the majority of the nobility and gentry could both read and write well; among other studies the henchmen of Edward IV. were taught grammar.

During the Tudor dynasty the children of the nobility left home at seven or nine years of age to be educated in other noblemen's houses—in other words to act as upper class servants, although they received some scholastic training. It was often their last home-leaving, as it was part of the bargain in most of these cases that the nobleman should act as guardian for the child, and endeavour to arrange a suitable marriage. Any disagreement resulting in the child being returned to his or her friends was a social disaster; in the case of a female absolutely ruinous to her moral character.

A serf could not send his child to school, nor could he be ordained without his lord's permission, serfs were *adscripti gloebe;* but in the thirteenth, and especially in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there are many examples of the serf paying a fine to his lord for permission to send his child to school. This was often given freely to a promising boy, and his freedom also.

From the records of the manor of Woolrichston, Warwickshire, we have the following instances:—

1361. Walter Martin paid 5s. for the privilege of putting his son to school *ad scholas.*

1371. William Potter fined 13s. 4d. that his son may go to school *ad scholas*, and take orders.

William Henekyn, fined 5s., to marry his daughter Alice.

Song schools were schools in which church singing (*ecclesiae carmina*) was taught. They were professional schools—Grammar schools were where classics, especially Latin and literature, were taught. As the ritual was in the Roman tongue for hundreds of years, the little English boy was compelled to learn the Latin grammar.

Some of the boys of the Song Schools became priests or choristers, others became minstrels.

The King's School, Canterbury, is without doubt entitled to its claim of being the oldest school in England. When the school was reorganised at the Reformation Cranmer opposed a number of the commissioners who wished to exclude all but the sons of gentry.

Fitzstephen, in his "Account of London," in the time of Henry II., mentions the three principal schools in London—St. Paul's, the Priory of the Trinity, and St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A school was founded at Rolliston, Staffs., by Robert Sherborne, Bishop of Chichester, in the year 1520.

Sherborne directed that among other things—the Master is to look after the boys' manners and dress, as well as learning, and particularly that "their bodies are free from worms, and their clothes whole." The clever boys he is to press on so that they may act as pupil teachers (*pedagogos*) to teach small boys, who may be brought to him, the alphabet and first rudiments. He is to take great care of the clever boys, while the stupid, the lazy and those in human judgment

incapable of learning he is to sharpen as far as he can by reading, writing and casting accounts, "lest they should seem to have come to this our school for nothing." The school was, owing to the inability of Sherborne to find land thereabouts to endow it with, aborted.

Robert Hardyng, Mayor of Bristol, ancestor of the Earls of Berkeley and Lord Fitzhardinge, established a school for the orphans of those Jews who were killed, or who fled from the outbreak against them at Bristol in 1146.

The endowed grammar schools were mainly founded for citizens' and townspeople's children. Before the Reformation the abbots received boys to educate, and we glean from Strype's "Annals of the Reformation," that after the dissolution of the monasteries there were many fewer schools in England.

From my notebook I take a curious old school account of 1547.

Allowance for A child named Ralfe Lyons that was gevyn our Latte Souerayne Lorde Kynge Henry viijth wyche was put to teache to Robartte Phyllypps of his graces chapell frome ye feste off Christmas in ye xxxviij yere of the Reynge of oure souereng Lorde Kynge Henry ye viij vnto our Ladye daye in Lentt then next following in the furst yere of the Reyng of our Soverynge Lord Kynge Edward the Syxte.

Item ij yarddes dim of clothe for a Coote pice the yarde	vjs
Item for lyning to ye same Cotte v yardes price the yarde	viijd iijs.iiiid
Item for making ye same Kott	xvjd
Item for ij Shurttes	vjs
Item for ij payre of hosse	vjs.viijd
Item for iij payre of showys	ijs.iijd

Item for a doblett	vs.iiijd
Item ij dossen poynntes	iijd
Item for a gyrdyll	viijd
Item for a Kappe	iijs
Item for a pursse	viijd
Item for a payre of knyvys	vd
Item for his boord wagys	xjs.viiid
summa iijli. vjs. vijd	

The elementary school owes its existence in the first place to Joseph Lancaster, 1808, "The British and Foreign Schools Society," "The National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church of England," while Andrew Bell assisted to make the work complete.

As early as the seventeenth century, Scotland was far in advance of England in attending to the education of children. There were parish schools, and bursaries (or scholarships) for the Universities were given to the clever pupils.

The first *factory school* was held in Price's candle works in 1849, where out of 600 employees there were at that date 400 children. The school, which was held in an old warehouse, had about 100 pupils. It was a most useful institution in its day.

At Domirey, near Clare, Ireland, a little school was kept in the hollow trunk of an ash tree.

The boy who lived before the latter part of the nineteenth century and enjoyed school work must, to say the least of it, have been out of the common. Indeed most of the schools up to thirty years ago were more than objectionable, as regards their purely educational systems, in fact they were depressing beyond words.

In these effeminate days when children, who have

seriously offended against the law, are for the further protection of their morals examined in a special police court, it is difficult to realise that the natural guardian of a child should dream of sending a boy to a public school of even fifty years ago. Without exception, one and all were grossly immoral.

Still to send a boy to school was agreed to by all fathers as being the first step towards making a man of him, and many little children wore their first pair of breeches on their first " Black Monday."

Sad to say, few modern schools fulfil the ideals of the paidologist. It appears impossible for the dominie to move into a new and more useful groove of learning, and at the same time obtain even a moderate income, although there are not wanting signs of changes of a most revolutionary character, but parents remain conservative to the backbone.

What was good enough for them in their schooldays they consider to be sufficient for their sons and daughters. So it happens that at the present time the average boy is often compelled to waste a great part of his life in acquiring a totally useless amount of unremunerative knowledge, because the father is too inert to interest himself in the matter.

The late Lord Salisbury remarked in one of his speeches that " people may learn what is said in parliament," and sarcastically added, " well, will that contribute to their education? "

James Mill carried his educational plan to excess, and left his son to mourn that he had had no boyhood. There is no doubt, besides the dangers arising from overwork, that the man who as a boy has not lived

the life of a boy cannot be said to be "an educated person."

The fourth Earl of Dudley was another child to whom play was the only subject he was not acquainted with—he became a very morbid and brilliant scholar and died a lunatic.

In spite of the pleasing whim of good old Anaxagoras, holidays were unknown to schoolboys until about the fifteenth century, and then only in very few schools.

Saints' days the boys had, but it was only to change from one kind of study to another, and it was not until 1644 that an appeal was made by the boys of Merchant Taylors' School for play-days instead of holydays.

Ever since the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" certain classes of ignorant persons have imagined the "Dotheboys Hall" was the only school of its date where holidays were conspicuous by their absence. On the other hand it was a very common arrangement not only in English boarding schools, but also among those on the Continent, and even in the United States. The distance from home and the expense of a long coach journey were items of great consideration in very many cases. No vacation was the rule on the Continent; and until the last fifty years the majority of the Roman Catholic Schools had no holidays, although St. Omer had its Blandyke, which is the name holidays go by to this day at Stoneyhurst College. Blandyke is a village a few miles from St. Omer, which the Jesuits bought in 1649, where the boys spent their holiday.

As late as March 23, 1894, the following advertisement appeared in *The Daily Telegraph.*

Home School for boys. £5 quarterly inclusive. Every comfort. Unlimited diet. Commercial education. Shorthand, French, German, etc. No holidays. Backward pupils rapidly improved.

What joyless lives the inmates of John Wesley's school, at Kingswood, Bristol, led, we can imagine from the following in the ascetic's own words:—

"As we have no play day, the school being taught every day in the year but Sunday, so neither do we allow any time for play on any day—He that plays when he is a child will play when he is a man."

Private schools were often mere burlesques of education. Everybody smiled at reading the home letter dictated by the Doctor to Mr. Bultitude, it was so good an imitation of the grandiloquent language of the Victorian pedagogue; yet Matthew Arnold capped it by producing a *Simon Pure* copy of a school letter —here it is:—

My Dear Parents,

The anticipation of our Christmas-vacation abounds in peculiar delights, not only that its festivities, its social gatherings, and its lively amusement crown the old year with happiness and mirth, but that I come a guest commended to your hospitable love by the performance of all you bade me remember when I left you in the glad season of sun and flowers, and time has sped fleetly since reluctant my departing step crossed the threshold of that home whose indulgence and endearments their temporary loss has taught me to value more and more. Yet that restraint is necessary, and that self-reliance is as easily learnt as it is laudable, the propriety of my conduct and readiness of my services shall ere long aptly illustrate. It is with confidence I prom-

ise that the close of every year shall find me advancing in your regard by constantly observing the precepts of my excellent tutors, and the example of my excellent parents. We break upon Thursday 11th of December instant, and my impatience of the short delay will assure my dear parents of the filial sentiments of

Theirs very sincerely, "N."

P.S.—Mr. and Mrs. P. present their respectful compliments.

In ancient Egypt all little boys were compelled to copy out "The hymn in praise of learning"—the above was evidently the master's idea of the same sort of thing.

The earliest schoolboy letter is too good to miss, here it is:—

"Theon to his father Theon greeting.

It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to Alexandria. I won't write you a letter or speak to you or say goodbye to you, and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand nor ever greet you again. That is what will happen if you won't take me . . . send me a lyre I implore you. If you don't I won't eat, I won't drink. There now!"

Eighteenth century education in France was little if any better than that of England at the same period.

Some of the schools were free, at others the masters were often very badly paid—Restif de la Bretonne's schoolmaster received three sous per month for those who did not learn writing, and five for those that did! The community added 30 bushels of wheat, and thirty bushels of barley p.a. to his income, which was but a very poor one.

Children were not sent to college until after being confirmed, which means the eleventh or twelfth year, before this they were either educated at home or at a preparatory school.

At college, as in England, the boys were badly fed, lodged, clothed, and often ill-treated, but there was no distinction in rank—any class being admitted. The food consisted of mouldy bread; the wine was teetotal in its alcoholic strength and flavour; the meals were never well cooked and consisted of the coarsest viands.

The place was very dirty and in appearance was more like a prison than a school or college.

The system of education was similar at all colleges and science and mathematics were utterly neglected.

The scholars were kept in subjection by the corrector, who wielded the birch with no unsparing hand until the expulsion of the Jesuits, when the office was abolished.

The Marquis de Dangeau founded a school for the sons of gentlemen in the Rue de Chavonne, Paris, where he educated at his own expense twenty young boys of noble birth. Some bourgeois were admitted by payment, and the latter it was said excelled their more highly connected schoolfellows. There were several schools of this description on the outskirts of Paris.

Quintillian, in "Institutes of Oratory," says that education should begin at three years of age, and that children should leave school when fit, but does not mention the age. He also tells us, which few boys will agree with, that grammar is a necessity to boys, and the only branch of study which is of more use than show. On the other hand Boyle states that at Eton he forgot most of his Latin conversation and prose in learning grammar.

The earliest knowledge of teaching in London

schools may be obtained from Fitzstephen the historian, and may be summed up in three subjects—writing, reading and flogging—few pupils were taught Latin, and very few mathematics. Ascham's "Scholemaster" is one of the most delightful books in the English language. His method of teaching Latin was borrowed from the younger Pliny, and he was an advocate of compulsory Greek.

In the early part of the sixteenth century nearly all the boys learnt by rote.

In remote parts of England and Ireland up to a century ago children were taught writing with the tip of the finger in sand sprinkled on a board. Earlier still skins of animals, membraneous tissues of plants, tablets of wood, the ink horn, and pen of leather formed but clumsy substitutes for "Gillott" and "The Swan." Levana is more indulgent to her charges in these days.

The earliest writing masters in England were French or Italians. The school slate is very old indeed; Joseph Lancaster has been credited with its introduction about 1801, although Chaucer mentions it in the line:—"Love hath my name y-strike out of his sclat." The first steel pen made in England was that of Samuel Harrison, the inventor of split-rings, for Dr. Priestley.

From the earliest Christian times the A B C was conspicuously headed by a cross, and the child's first spelling book was called: "Crist Crosse me spede." The first Protestant A B C (1553) was appointed to be used at Highgate Grammar School.

The Christ-cross-row, or cris-cross-row, was probably so-called because the superstitious had a mania for

writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, for a charm, not because a cross was prefixed to the alphabet in the old primers. It evolved into the progenitor of the counting machine, common now in the nursery, that is, a four-sided frame of wood with wires stretched across on which are mounted movable beads.

The author of "Tom Thumb's Alphabet"—"A was an archer and shot at a frog"—was Thos. White.

In the thirteenth century Donatus, or Donet (after Donatus, a Roman professor of the fourth century), was a synonym for a primer.

From the time of Anniquil there have been enough grammarians to quarrel over syntax, but one can hardly realise Ben Jonson writing "The English Grammar." Was it Bacon at it again?

The oldest educational work is "The Colloquy of Archbishop Alfric," in Anglo-Saxon and Latin, and is written in a dialogue between masters and boys.

In his catalogue of arithmetical books, Professor De Morgan designated Vyse as "the poet of arithmeticians," and assigns to him the authorship of the well-known lines:—

> "When first the marriage knot was tied
> Between my wife and me,
> My age did hers as far exceed
> As three times three does three," etc.

These lines, however, appeared more than sixty years before the first edition of Vyse's Arithmetic in 1771.

There is a good story of Littleton who, when compiling his Latin Dictionary, engaged an amanuensis. All went merry as a marriage bell until the ill-assorted

partners arrived at the word "concurro," when the scribe thought the time had arrived to distinguish himself, and officiously suggested "to concur" as a decent translation. Littleton, who was very testy, roared out, "Concur, sir? condog," and down it went, with the result that the first edition of Littleton's Dictionary actually appeared with that absurdity, "concurro, to condog."

The schoolboy scribbling on the fly leaves of school books in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is practically the same as the schoolboys of to-day. The following comes under the same category, and is well worth preserving; it was found in a Cæsar belonging to John Slie, 1589.

"My father to me—this booke did give;
And I will kep it as long as I live.
Whose booke it is if you will knowe,
By letters twaine—I will you showe.
The one is I in all men's sight,
The other S and full of might,
Joyne these to letters—presently
And you shall know—my name by and by.
John Slye—is my name,
And with my pen—I writ the same.
God that made both sea and sand
Give me grace—to mend my hand;
For I have neither hat nor cap.
He is a knave—that redes me that.
The Rose is redd—the leves—are grene,
God save—Elizabeth—our noble Quene."

This was not written on the fly leaf but on scattered pages in divisions as above.

The admonition to the light fingered in the well-known verse, "Steal not this book for fear of shame,"

etc., is as old as we can almost imagine. Perhaps the following is the earliest example from which boys have so persistently copied through generation after generation; it occurs on the tablets in the Royal Library at Nineveh.

"The Palace of Ashur-bani-pal, King of Hosts, King of Assyria, who putteth his trust in the gods Ashur and Belit on whom Nabu and Tashmetu have bestowed ears which hear, eyes which see. I have inscribed upon tablets the noble products of the work of the scribe, which none of the kings who have gone before me had learnt, together with the wisdom of Nabu in so far as it existeth [in writing]. I have arranged them in my palace that I, even I, the ruler who knoweth the light of Ashur, the King of the gods, may read them. Whosoever shall carry off this tablet, or shall inscribe his name upon it side by side with mine own, may Ashur and Belit overthrow him in wrath, and anger, and may they destroy his name and posterity in the land."

Christmas pieces were specimens of handwriting executed in schools at the close of the Christmas quarter, and were in general use from 1720 to the early part of the nineteenth century. They consisted of folio sheets of paper bordered by engravings, the central space being reserved for the writing. Their object was to inform parents of the progress made by the scholar.

The origin of the sampler is unknown. Skelton mentions it in one of his poems. It was introduced into England from the religious establishments in France.

The early long sampler consisted of lace work and embroidery, and was worked by the nobility and better classes. Eventually the sampler was introduced into schools, and this probably assisted its degeneration.

The alphabet did not occupy a prominent position in the early samplers, in the seventeenth century it held the chief position on the work, afterwards again holding a subordinate position.

The embroidery and lace were early neglected giving place to figures of animals, trees, plants, etc., and the border was only introduced when a craze came to put them in frames, the older samplers have no border at all.

One thing every careful parent endeavoured that his son should learn was a scrap of Latin, and good priests often taught criminals to repeat a verse or text by which the doomed one could plead "benefit of clergy" and in some convictions escape hanging. The criminal was expected to read aloud a verse of Scripture, usually the first verse of the fifty-first psalm (the fiftieth in the Vulgate version). If he could read it (or repeat, as must have been often the case), even if convicted of such a serious charge as that of manslaughter, he was burnt in the hand, and escaped the gallows. There is no record of a child having pleaded benefit of clergy at any period.

At times school children's education was indifferent if we may judge from the following scholastic bill discovered among the parochial accounts of St. Clement's parish:

"Reifed of Jon Godwin the som of ten shillings and aitpens for ye childrens skoelen, from November 10, 1739, to a Leaday daie, by me Tho. Phillips—£0 10s. 8d."

In the county of Sligo, in 1824, a child in a school sat reading a New Testament sitting between two

others, one of whom was supplied with "The Forty Thieves," and the other with "The Pleasant Art of Money Catching," while at a little distance another child was perusing "The Mutiny Act," and all were reading aloud their respective books at the same moment.

Perhaps spelling was at a low ebb in 1578 when the Corporation of Boston resolved

> "that a Dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the Free School; and the same boke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scoole."

> "Blamed be the man who first invented ink,
> And made it easier for to write than think."

To teach the Abecedarian to read handwriting, there is nothing perhaps better than "Alice's Adventures Underground," by Lewis Carroll. It was with the idea of inducing the young scholar to read that our forefathers nicknamed the horn book battledoor, probably not the toy but a word coined from battels, provisions. Thus giving the newly formed word the meaning of the door to something appetising, or it may be the door to life.

As regards poetry, every child is taught certain kinds, but often in a haphazard manner. Some verse is very easily acquired because children derive pleasure from its rhythmic character, not from the sense, nor is this trait confined to child-life.

There are other kinds of poetry valuable for sense, of which their name is legion, but it is no small undertaking to select a poem to suit every child. Poetry is a necessary subject in every child's curriculum—

putting aside its present intellectual uses and pleasures, it is worth learning if only for the fact that insomnia is frequently the bugbear in the decline of life, and many old people when lying awake in bed, obtain considerable comfort from repeating to themselves lines of poetry learned by heart in childhood, and surely we should educate children, not for the day, or the morrow, but for the needs of a lifetime, even old age.

Therefore, poetry wants teaching in a way so that the child shall not only learn the set piece, but at the same time acquire a liking for verse. Nor are all poets poetical at all times; Wordsworth's unhappy vandalism of that beautiful child's prayer, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," when he changed the lines into "Holy Jesus, meek and mild" is an instance of what awful things poets can do.

Music, "the only universal tongue," as Rogers calls it, is, perhaps, the most important school subject of all.

At home careful parents take precautions from the child's earliest days to allow it as far as possible to hear good music only.

The lesson for a young child of ten is harmful if it occupies more than fifteen minutes, and the time for daily practice should not exceed ten or fifteen minutes at the utmost—six hours a day comes later when there is an intelligent appreciation of the work.

> "Practising is good for a good little girl,
> It makes her nose straight, and makes her hair curl."

And it might be added, makes it a punishment, and spoils a musician.

As a rule the parents are at fault, they will have

their money's worth in solid time by the household clock, out of the music master's brain. Forgotten altogether is the fact of the child's welfare, and the poor master is compelled to struggle against the difficulty of interesting the pupil and the fatigue the pupil feels at a long lesson.

As in every other branch of teaching, music masters are often not the best musicians, and the best musicians are often very poor teachers.

Drawing finds an important and early position among the most necessary arts taught to children whose parents are sufficiently wise to look for results after school life.

From time immemorial no child has ever been able to resist the temptation of scribbling with a lead pencil or crayon on the family walls, even though it be the drawing-room, where the young artist's efforts meet with a minimum of popularity.

European art is cosmopolitan, but in the first few years of childhood it is expressive because it is not interfered with by change of life, and so after a preliminary stage of scribbling with anything that will make a mark, the Royal Academician in embryo invariably launches his artistic career by an attempt at what is a portrait of a man. However much it may be open to criticism, and it is most certainly not anatomically correct, still there it is—a representation of one of the draughtsman's own species, and a full-faced one too, never a side-faced.

Let him take heart, there are daring souls who have found fault with the Venus of Milo. They have said that she has only one joint to her ten fingers; that

her hands are too large; hips too small; her stature stunted; and horrors! her head but the size of an idiot's. One critic's soul has been greatly disturbed because her ears are pierced for ear-rings, and as for ourselves are there not many old and new masters whose pictures (if we were unaware of their repute and value) we would not have at a gift?

Go on, dear children, cover the drawing-room walls (so long as they are not mine) with your artistic efforts. Doubtless like the unknown sculptor of Madam Venus, you will suffer a certain amount of adverse criticism; it is the bitter portion of all artists, often enough in the case of able critics the quality of mercy is strained to the breaking point.

Then away with the ancient method, so familiar in my childhood, of executing uninteresting geometrical figures sufficient to make the goddess of art shudder out of her toga. Provide the artist with pencils, crayons, and modelling clay galore, and let him paint and model, if not wherever he likes, at least what he likes, and when old enough let him draw objects from memory—it is a capital exercise.

In every case where children show any exceptional talent it is the parents' duty to communicate with "The Royal Drawing Society." It is but a short time since that there appeared in *The Times* an article in which the writer stated that England was leading the world in artistic design as applied to industries and manufactures, so that even as a commercial investment drawing is a subject for consideration.

If however we leave, in the case of art, all teaching to the art master, we may with the greatest of luck

and after some years possess a child with an artistic temperament, but we are not likely to do so. The boy or girl may have some aptitude for drawing, may be able to shade, and copy colours, but even if he or she begins life with a genius for drawing, or painting, unless from the very time the child is able to distinguish figures the household paraphernalia is artistic, the child's earliest and most impressive time to learn has not only passed away, but it has also been supplanted by irremediable impressions. For those horribly grotesque German picture books, golliwog dolls, and other repulsive monstrosities—burn them; they are not only unbeautiful in themselves, but they, like all else that is evil, cannot be indulged in without an effect. "True art," says Hogarth, "can only be learned in one school, and that school is kept by Nature!"

Geography is more of a pleasant study than a useful one now-a-days, unless the pupil is to enter some walk of life where a special knowledge of the subject is required, and whether or no, the best way of teaching it is by visits to the picture shows. A tour round the world as a means of teaching the young idea how to shoot, suggested some years ago by Dr. Alexander Hill, is unfortunately beyond the pockets of most of us. It has been said that in a few years the cinematograph probably will be as common in schools as the blackboard. There is already a very good book published on its uses by Professor Otto Schultz, "The Kinematograph as a means of Educational Culture." The geography book of the man in the street is a Bradshaw, and if he wants to know more about a particular part

of the world he must buy the latest work on that part.

A boy must learn some general information about the world he lives in, but we cannot afford to allow him to waste too much time. As Huxley says, "Science does everything but pay," so that any idea of giving natural science a fair share in education cannot be thought of except in the cases of millionaires. We must teach mathematics because it is about the only science subject that pays financially.

Of all subjects arithmetic is by far the most difficult to get into the sensorium of the average child. It has caused more grief and pain than all the crimes of the world put together since the Flood; nor has any book suffered so much ill-treatment from the year 1660 when Hylles presented to an ungrateful world his "Art of Arithmetic," to the present year of our Lord, as the common or garden elementary book of arithmetic.

Little cares the swotting scholar that the very source of counting arose from the fact of our possessing five digits on each hand, ten on the two hands, and twenty on hands and feet together (the term *digit* is still used in mathematics); but we have been unable to obtain any satisfactory answer from several fairly decent mathematicians as to what would have happened to us had we been centipedes. Gladstone's mathematics at school were utterly hopeless, and yet he was Chancellor of the Exchequer again and again.

The young arithmetician may sympathise with those who maintain (quite justly) that eight is the most rational basis for an arithmetical series, and he may curse (quite respectably if he knew the comfort of

going without) the boots which cover our feet, and which by covering ten of our digits have caused us to use the inconvenient number ten as a basis. After all who wants to be born without thumbs, and are not great toes made for babies to put—among other things —in their mouths?

The unlearned urchin is probably more in sympathy with the Chiquitos of America who cannot count above one; the Tasmanians who could not count above two (a few years ago), the Damaras, and other savages—in many ways so like himself.

Again an idle youth might quote Halle's cook who dreamt of number seven on three occasions. She multiplied the numbers together, and made the product 23. She bought a lottery ticket with this number, and won a prize. So much for elementary mathematics as a useful science.

At any rate at least a smattering of French must be taught, if only for the gourmand's reason:—"Who can help loving the land that has taught us six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs."

In the sixteenth century one William Paget was accused of walking up and down outside his street door "teachyng a dogg frenche." Not only was it affirmed that he spoke "frenche" to the "dogg," but that the beast also returned the compliment, and spoke "frenche" to William Paget.

Now if a "dogg" can learn to speak "frenche," surely a boy can if he is taught by modern methods, and in fact the ordinary boy should know enough of French, German, and Spanish to be able to make sense of an ordinary simple book in those languages. We

cannot hope to make the child a finished scholar during school years; after that time the further study must remain in his own hands.

> "Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetishly,
> After the scole at-te Bowe,
> For frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe:"
>
> CHAUCER.

Greek was first taught in an English public school by Lillye, at St. Paul's, about the year 1500. Erasmus says that St. Paul's School was the best school in his time. St. Paul's was refounded by Colet for 157 boys (the number in the miraculous draught of fishes).

The English pronunciation of Latin began in Elizabeth's reign at the suggestion of Sir Henry Cheeke.

> "Is it passive, is it middle,
> Cursed Scott, and cursed Liddle.
> Is it future, is it not,
> Cursed Liddle, cursed Scott."

So *sang* the poet Cowper.

Of all means of robbing both boy and parent none can compare with the ancient and threadbare orthodox classical education. Now although we may grant that some Latin and Greek should form part of a basis for the future acquisition of modern languages, and as a means of recollecting scientific terms with ease, still it is ridiculous that the best part of school-life should be spent in what—considered in comparison with other subjects—is of little value; and is even detrimental in that classics occupy time which should be spent upon other subjects.

There is ample time—if it be necessary to learn the army of irregular Greek verbs, make Latin verses, and do Greek prose—after our boys and girls are familiar with Aristotle and Plato, without which, not to mention a fair knowledge of our own classics, the youth of sixteen is uneducated. I do not mean that a boy or girl should not know something of ancient authors—on the contrary they should be well read, but it should be by means of translations, and these well bowdlerised.

Arnold, the great Rugbeian, remarked that Shakespeare would be but a poor substitute for Homer, and was yet amazed at the want of poetry in the minds of boys under him whose knowledge consisted of practically nothing but so-called classics. Arnold's remark should be sufficient to damn classics beyond recovery, and some of us sympathise with those of his boys who, like Jack Ketch once did, struck. Even Arnold himself, although excellent at prose, could not write good verses—what a wasted life! The Archbishop of Cambray was severely flogged by angels for spending too much time on Cicero—or so we are told.

Of the youth of sixteen who can write Latin verses decently, it can well be said that "he has a great future behind him."

Cock-fighting is no longer included in the schoolmaster's accounts for education, and in the not very distant future, as parents become wiser, higher classics will share almost the same neglect. By the way, cock-fighting was continued in schools in Scotland, until at least 1828.

The best which has been written, said, and thought

in the world, and as much of it as it is possible for the pupil to obtain, should be the educational design of the tutor. When the boy leaves the schoolroom for the last time—then comes the reckoning.

The great warrior who remarked that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, omitted to mention the number of victories that have been lost through its class-rooms.

The following curious paper in the autograph of Frederick Prince of Wales relates to the study of the Princes George and Edward (afterwards George III. and the Duke of York).

"Cliffden, October the 14th, 1750—

The Hours for the two eldest Princes.

To get up at 7 o'clock.

At 8 to read with Mr. *Scott* till 9, and he to stay with 'em till the *Doctor* comes.

The *Doctor* to stay from 9 to eleven.

From Eleven to Twelve, Mr. *Fung*.

From Twelve to half an hour past Twelve, *Ruperti;* but Mr. *Fung* to remain there.

Then to be their play hour till 3 o'clock.

At 3 Dinner.

Three times a week, at half an hour past Four, *Demoyer* comes.

At 5 Mr. *Fung* till half an hour past 6.

At half an hour past 6 till 8, Mr. *Scott*.

At 8, Supper.

Between 9 and 10 in Bed."

* * * * *

In spite of this carefully compiled time-table the education of the Royal Princes was not altogether successful. Stone, at one time the sub-governor to the Prince of Wales, was brought before the Privy Council for having drunk the Pretender's health, and

Lord Harcourt resigned being governor to the Prince of Wales because the King would not dismiss Stone.

It is said that to such an extent had Jacobite principles been instilled into George III. that Lord Bute had formed a treasonable scheme in favour of the Chevalier and that George III. was an accomplice in the project for his own downfall.

THE OLD BOYS' DINNER.

"Old Boys," about the festive board collected,
With some distinguished dotard in the Chair,
From earth's obscurest corners resurrected,
Bound by fond mem'ries of the days that were,
By ties of past acquaintanceship connected,
Discuss the bill of fare.

Ah, woe is me! The eyes that erstwhile twinkled
Have lost their lustre, ne'er to be recalled!
The sturdy backs are bowed, the brows bewrinkled
Where Father Time his signature has scrawled!
With wintry snows full many a scalp is sprinkled,
And most of us are bald!

There's Jones, who's ninety-eight, or very nearly;
His deafness makes him hard to entertain.
And Brown, the bore, whom at this banquet yearly
I struggle to avoid, but all in vain!
And Robinson, whom I had hoped sincerely
Never to meet again!

But still, to-night we'll toast our Alma Mater,
Imbibing *Perrier Jouet* by the quart;
And though perchance we suffer for it later,
What matter? Life in any case is short
And second childhood fleeting! Now, then, Waiter,
Bring me a glass of port!

H. G.

CHAPTER IX

HIS DEVELOPMENT

"This is somebody's birthday—
Just as sure as fate,
Some little boy is six years old,
Some little girl is eight;
Some little boy is three to-day,
Some little girl thirteen;
Some little twins are exactly two—
Two apiece, I mean."

F. WEATHERLEY.

IX

HIS DEVELOPMENT

THE first person to investigate the rate of human growth was Buffon, the naturalist, who has had many followers. Much that is both useful and interesting has been brought to light, but in spite of modern discoveries the history of human development is still open for further investigation.

The unravelling of the development of the horse from a rat-like creature in appearance, and the early development from dissimilar types of many other animals is settled beyond dispute, but of pre-Adamite man practically nothing is certainly known. The Atlantosaurus of the Western American Jurassic beds is the very largest animal ever known to have inhabited this world. He stood 16 or 18 ft. without socks, and was apparently not at all the sort of creature a dainty young lady was likely to make a pet of; but in another geological period the Atlantosaurus was gathered to his forefathers, and the lizard species as regards size were nowhere. Instead of gigantic lizards, the prehistoric Izaak Walton (if he existed at that time) found sport with fish as big as houses.

In turn the fishes lost the lead, and another geological period introduced gigantic sloths, or Proboscidians, and now we boast of the Cetaceans.

"In those days there were giants." What days?

and when was this? May it not be literally true? When we compare the history of man with the history of other animals we are forced to the conclusion that man had probably a predecessor, and moreover it does certainly seem possible that man either was (or will be at some future period) the largest of all animals.

Adam is said to have been 123 ft. 9 in. in height, Eve 118 ft. high, Noah only 27 ft., and I am full 5 ft. 2 in. in my socks. It causes me a certain amount of modest pride when I have time to consider that I have even been less in stature.

Probably all the hideous stories of dragons told from generation to generation had their origin from dim memories passed on to us from the minds of our ancestors, of pterodactyles and similar primæval monsters.

To-day men over a certain height are by no means well developed as a rule, and this leads us to a consideration of the physical development of the child.

The weight of an infant at birth varies very greatly indeed, the average being from six to nine pounds, the mean average a trifle over seven pounds, but it is not very infrequent to find babies weighing as much as fourteen pounds, and some as little as five and a half pounds, do remarkably well.

Below that weight, however, there is practically always some mischief in the bud to grapple with, and the child is very rarely reared. The average weight of a newly-born baby is about one-twentieth the maximum weight to which in future years he will attain.

Monstrosities are exceedingly rare in all civilised

countries, and never more than five children are born at one birth. These always die, so there is no reason for the anxious mother to fear that she may unwillingly copy the example of the Countess of Henneberg, who is recorded to have given birth all at one swoop to as many babies as there were days in the year.

The weight increases so rapidly that when six months old the child is nearly double, and at the year's end nearly three times as heavy as at birth.

But there is very often from the fifth to the twelfth month a great decline in unhealthy children in the rate of growth owing to teething complications.

During the second year of life normal children only gain about six pounds, about four-and-a-half pounds the third year, and the fourth year about four pounds.

Why, we do not know, but children naturally increase more in weight during the winter months, or more correctly from August to April, the greatest increase in weight occurring from August to the middle of December. During the remainder of the year they usually put on very little weight, sometimes none at all, and yet they eat as much and live practically the same life during these two periods.

The reverse is the case with height, the greatest increase in height being from the beginning of April to the middle of August, but to rear strong animals, plants or children, or to run the 100 yards, it is the start which tells in the majority of cases.

Still, however irregular may be nature's course of development our object is from the very beginning to make it as regular as possible, and to keep the child steadily increasing in both weight and height, and so

long as we can fairly accomplish this, we can snap our fingers at the very name of disease; which is, under good circumstances, and with a certain amount of intelligence, the very milk and water of infernos up to school life when (as the senior wrangler would tell us) we have to compete with a variety of forces in strong opposition.

The normal length of a child at birth is about twenty inches. During the first year there is an increase of about eight inches, during the second an increase of three-and-a-half only, and afterwards an increase of from two to three inches yearly. A newly-born child is rather below one-third of the maximum length that he will attain when fully developed.

Until the child's eighth year the rate of growth usually proceeds with fair regularity; then for the following three years, that is up to the age of eleven, it seems to slow down, this being one of the periods when special care should be exercised in supplying the best growing conditions for the child. Up to this time both boys and girls gain about equally in weight, and then the girls, who become matured earlier than the boys, begin to grow much more rapidly, and by the thirteenth year, to the disgrace of the male sex, are three-quarters of an inch taller and four and a half pounds heavier on the average than the boys.

Why this difference obtains between the two sexes at this period of life is as yet a mystery, but it does not remain so long, for at the fifteenth year the boys are taller than the girls, but not so heavy, and the sixteenth year marks the crisis when boys are both heavier and taller than girls.

It is puzzling but true that the increase in muscular strength differs in proportion to the growth in both weight and height. A boy of six years has little more than, if as much as one-sixth of the strength of a boy of sixteen.

Again, the constitutional strength, or resistance to disease, is nearly always found as the inverse to the increase in height.

Nor have we any sufficient explanation to offer of why growth of strength should not proceed in a more equable manner.

The child's period of greatest growth is the first part of the first year, then from eleven to fourteen in girls, and from fourteen to seventeen in boys.

The growth of muscular strength is greatest from eleven to sixteen.

Why these things should be, and whether we can alter them if we desire, are the most important problems for us as child students to solve.

Again, statistics prove that the death-rate before five years of age is less among female children than among male; that it is equal between the ages of five and ten; higher than among males between ten and fifteen; and again equal between fifteen and twenty.

Why the rate should be less in females before the age of five is unaccounted for; it is easy enough to see why it is equal between five and ten because the rate of growth is practically equal in both sexes; whereas the age of ten to fifteen includes the age of puberty for the girls, and this probably is accountable for the increased death-rate; but one would certainly expect a higher death-rate among boys than girls be-

tween fifteen and twenty, as boys live a more venturesome life. The timid mother, therefore, may console herself with the consideration that, after all, football and cricket cannot be such very dangerous games, or the death-rate among boys would be higher.

But for the most part these variations are quite unaccountable, even though we burn the midnight oil and are up with the lark to make our practical and theoretical observations.

A point which requires the greatest attention is the relation between the intellectual and physical growth.

As the weight increase is inverse to the increase in height, the mental is inverse to both; in other words the intellectual growth is at its highest when the bodily growth is at its lowest, indeed it is a matter of common knowledge that the big boys as a rule are not remarkably clever—on the contrary one looks for the sharpest boys among the small ones, often finding in the ricketty child, in spite of malnutrition, astonishing intellect, but which as the child improves bodily does not develop accordingly.

Still it must be understood that *as a rule* the boys who do best at school are of better physique than the boys who do badly, and a stupid, small-for-his-age boy is really an anxious subject as to his future welfare. It may take years to develop him physically and mentally. A boy with good physique has lacked a good tutor if he becomes a wastrel.

Into consideration must also be taken the various meteorological conditions. A wet summer, a severe or prolonged winter, and other climatic eccentricities in our much abused (often unjustly abused) country,

have one and all their bearings on growth, health and intellect.

That children, like all young animals, grow better in light, moderate temperatures, and good weather, goes without saying, and it pays parents well to obtain these favourable conditions whatever may be the loss and inconvenience in obtaining them.

We cannot expect and we do not obtain from children living in large manufacturing towns the results obtained from children reared in the cleaner atmosphere of the country or seaside.

From the infant to the mature ephebus each year, nay, each month is a crisis, and to particularise one age as being more critical than another is a difficult matter. In fact so rapidly does the physical growth change about without accompanying alterations in bodily and mental vigour, that there is practically nothing left as line of demarcation between the so-called stages of childhood.

Neither does physical nor mental development make a full stop at twenty-one. In truth one has to wait a good many years often enough for some boys or girls to develop. The wild youth, the stupid lad, the empty headed hoyden, when another ten years have passed by, are as frequently as not persons of the most exemplary character. These changes are, in a milder form, perhaps, of constant occurrence in various stages of life, although in the majority of cases causing little attention; but there are also familiar to most of us the evidences of violent and sudden changes taking place in the habits and ideas of adult persons with whom we are intimately acquainted.

"Teens"—from teon (Anglo-Saxon) to kindle; provoke; afflict; vex—begins at the end of the twelfth year, and ends with the nineteenth.

Puberty is generally considered the most serious change which takes place during childhood, and that (during the whole period) girls give more cause for anxiety than boys—is due to the fact that the physiological changes are as a rule more abrupt and violent in the female sex.

However, in the majority of cases we find that there is considerable neglect of the natural functions of the body which, associated with the rapid growth of the child in the earlier stages, leads often enough to very serious troubles in girls. The most frequent (often unrecognised until too late) being scoliosis (curvature of the spine), with its accompanying deformity of the chest, and green sickness, or anæmia.

Sometimes in boys the voice cracks, or breaks, quite suddenly and becomes harsh and unmanageable, often causing considerable amusement to an unsympathetic family audience. Probably this condition is due to the swollen and congested state of the mucous membrane of the vocal cords, and the great development of the larynx as a whole. It is now time to take extreme care of the voice; under no circumstances should it be used for singing until puberty is well over, when the boy should be at once placed under a good master.

We must bear in mind that diphtheria in puberty is really a dangerous disease.

It is especially at this crisis of life that parental con-

trol meets with its greatest difficulty. A young man of one-and-twenty may often be easily advised, not so a lad of sixteen; the former has had some experience, the latter is wanting it. There is no time in the life of a father requiring so much self-restraint as when dealing with the man that almost is, and too often either an excess of parental leniency, or severity, either makes or mars the man.

The only hope as a rule lies in the father; the mother at this stage is practically a nonentity to the sons as the father has ever been to the daughters. It is natural, the sexes being even more separate in their views of the world, its necessities, vices and follies, than in their merely anatomical and physiological differences.

However much more the stripling may love the mother than the father, and there is usually a sentimental bias towards "the mater," yet the father is a man, who has had experience. Perhaps the boys think him a bit of a humbug at times, not always fair, often bad-tempered and possessed of a thousand other faults, but when all is said nothing will alter the fact that the father is a man, and can talk about manly affairs in a masculine manner, which try as she may the mother cannot do.

There are, we allow, some women with masculine, and men with feminine characteristics, but between even the highest masculine and the highest feminine character there is an indefinable distinction; and in those cases where men declare that their success in life was due to the maternal influence, it is where the

mother was an exceptional character, or where the father was perhaps a ladylike gentleman, or in some other way, a nonentity.

In the event of the daughter attributing her success to paternal influence, it is even more unjustifiable; the father having far less influence with pubertal girls than the mother has with boys, and when the daughter takes the father as a prototype, she is, or becomes, peculiarly masculine in her habits.

Taking it as a rule, no mother should enter lightly upon the office of adviser to her son, nor the father to his daughter—it is the blind leading the blind with a vengeance.

It has been remarked that man is not a rational animal in his parental capacity.

Puberty—cacophonous term! Why cannot some spring poet find for us a more musical name for this delightful period of existence—is the age of platonic love. Here comes the boy with his bosom friend, the girl with hers, and the boy or girl at this age without a chum is—to say the least of it—peculiar.

It is extremely doubtful if we ever meet again with such pure and devoted cronies, it is the last stage of innocence before leaving our garden of Eden. A few years later there comes gaps caused by death, migration, rise and fall in social standing, pressure of work, and development of mature individuality.

Happily some of our old school and college chums continue their friendship, and of others one might say with Praed:—

> "Some lie beneath the churchyard's stone,
> And some before the Speaker."

Alas! we cannot expect the wisdom of Solon in early life, and as a rule schoolboy friendship is brief. It is too late when we awake to the realisation of what we have so heedlessly thrown away.

Dr. Stanley Hall asserts that girls at puberty are irreligious—on what authority I know not, nor did I know they were, or are; on the contrary my experience, and the experience of most people I know who have had to do with girls, is the opposite.

Puberty is the time of the greatest change that is to take place in our physical and intellectual lives, the time when development is more rapid than at any other, the time when the girl goes to bed at night to wake a woman in the morning. And though the stage of puberty is longer in the boy, it is often not less violent, so it is the period when resistance to disease is (especially in girls) at its minimum, and the actual strength below par.

> "Too old for birch and lines
> But not too old for gates and fines."

Many of the higher ecclesiastical officers and dignities were given to young children, the sons of kings and princes.

Prosper Colonna was made Archdeacon (not Archbishop) of Canterbury in his fourteenth year.

William Wotton, Bentley's friend, was admitted to St. Catherine's Hall, Cambridge, before he was ten years of age, and actually graduated as B.A. when only twelve years and nine months.

Several of the Archbishops of Canterbury were the children of poor parents:—

William of Corbeuil—parentage unknown;
Becket—son of a London tradesman;
Baldwin—of humble parents at Exeter;
Edmund Rich—son of a merchant at Abingdon.

On the other hand Cardinals were usually the sons of the nobility and often were children:—

Pope Leo X., Giovanni di Medici, received his hat when only twelve years of age;

Ferdinand of Austria, son of Philip III. of Spain, was only ten at the time of his promotion;

Don Luis de Bourbon, son of Philip V., was younger still, being but eight years of age;

Alexander Peretti, nephew of Sixtus V., was fourteen years old; and Maurice of Savoy (Paul V.) the same age when he became a cardinal.

Both Latimer and Luther were the sons of very poor parents; and Nicholas Breakspear (Adrian IV.) was a beggar, and the son of a beggar.

The never-to-be-forgotten Judge Jefferies was only fifteen years of age in 1663 when he entered the Middle Temple.

In his "Fragmenta Regalia," Sir Robert Naunton mentions boys of sixteen who were members of Parliament (he was probably incorrect, the youngest M.P., I believe, was eighteen at that time), and James I. made some very unpleasant remarks anent the youthful M.P.'s.

In the Mexican Army, at the late revolution, we learn that serving as private soldiers there were boys of eleven years of age. All that was childish had disappeared in them, and it is said that, when marched out to be shot, they behaved as callously as their older com-

rades. They were horribly cruel and in no way less bestial than the Indians, and their only drawback to adult soldiers was that they could not shoot for toffee.

In the *Weekly Journal,* October 13, 1722, the Governor of Massachusetts Bay offered £100 for scalps of Indians over twelve years of age. It all seems very horrible to us who are only conversant with the European child of to-day.

The story of the little girl who was compelled to stand upon the family Bible to light the lamps of the Longships Lighthouse near Land's End is said to be authentic—her father, the lighthouse keeper, having been kidnapped by wreckers.

We know that the William Tell story is untrue, a false libel on boyhood. The true and only authentic version happened in Finland, where the courageous boy shot and the father was the one shot at!

The number of children who followed the Pied Piper was one hundred and thirty—this, as we all have been taught, happened at Hamelin. The people of Lorch were harder nuts and suffered accordingly. The first year, a hermit appeared at Lorch and drew all the insects to him and led them on to the lake where they were all drowned. Of course he was refused payment, and in revenge he beguiled the pigs to a watery grave.

The second year appeared a charcoal burner who piped away the crickets. The Lorch people again refused to complete the bargain by paying up, and the charcoal burner piped away all the sheep.

Yet these wretched Lorchites persisted in trying their luck still further, and the third year an old man

of the mountain piped away the children, and then the Lorch people thought that he must have been a person wholly devoid of any moral principles.

In all classes of society marriages of children of tender years were of common occurrence in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

According to Swinburne's "Treatise of Spousals or Matrimonial Contracts," 1686 (Swinburne died in 1624):—

> "They, therefore, which are not 7 years old cannot contract spousals" . . .
>
> "Spousals contracted during infancy are utterly void whether the infants themselves or their parents for them do make the contract" . . . and Swinburne goes on to say: "As Infants cannot contract spousals, so they cannot contract matrimony because they which cannot do the lesser, cannot do the greater."

However, on reaching the age of seven (the age at which infants become children), the ratification of an espousal could be made in a spiritual court, or a legal separation obtained.

All these good intentions were however made naught by a limitation which allowed child-marriage under seven years of age, or perhaps we should more correctly describe it as infant marriage, if the infants were of understanding beyond their years. To be exact, a child marriage happened when the girl was above seven but under twelve years, and the boy above seven but under fourteen years.

Yet there were not wanting those who severely criticised the custom. Philip Stubbes remarks in his "Anatomie of Abuses in Ailgna" (Anglia), 1593:—

"And besydes this, you shall haue evry sawcy boy of x . . . yeres of age catch up a woman and marie her without any feare of God at all, or respecte had to her religion. . . . No, no; it maketh no matter for these things; so he haue his pretie pusie to huggle withall, it forceth not, for that is the only thing he desireth."

If, however, the parties were above the age of seven years, and the boy under fourteen, and the girl under twelve, then upon the boy reaching the age of fourteen, and the girl that of twelve, either might object to the contract and avoid it—unless it had been previously ratified—or agree to continue together and need not then be married again.

In Queen Mary's reign a girl under the age of sixteen could not be married without the consent of her parents. The penalty for so doing was "long imprisonment without baile, or with a grievous fine."—4 and 5 Ph. and M. par. Women 7, 8.

With all its objections there were, however, solid reasons in all cases for infant and child marriage, although at times they were unscrupulous to a degree —men being no more virtuous in feudal times than to-day, and in the majority of cases where an infant, or child, became heir to property through the decease of the parent, there were not lacking jackals.

When Henry III. reigned, the custody of the heir or heiress was in the hands of the king, who either retained the wardship himself, or sold it. Now as the guardian of the estates was not accountable for any profits arising therefrom he naturally kept them for his own use, and unless the father had taken the precaution of marrying the child the guardian had in

addition the opportunity of giving the child in marriage to the highest bidder, and securing thereby a dot for himself without considering the child's interest in any way. This custom continued many years to the great benefit of the Babes-in-the-Wood class of wicked guardians.

Good Queen Bess, the sorely abused, was without question a good, honest guardian to her wards, and prevented many a poor orphan being ruined both body and soul—which, let us hope, is remembered elsewhere.

The English law of marriage remains the same as the Roman law in that the age for girls still is twelve years, boys fourteen; but whereas in England parental consent is necessary, in Scotland children may marry, *without* the parents' consent, at the same ages.

With reference to Biblical characters:

Ahaz was not more than eleven when his son Ezechias was born; Josiah was but fourteen at the time of Eliakim's birth; Solomon no more than eleven at the birth of Rehoboam; and the B. V. Mary is said to have been but fifteen years of age when Our Lord was born.

Of royal persons married early in life we have the case of Richard II., who married Isabella of Valois in the year 1396, the bride was but eight years old. Richard, Duke of York, was married at the age of four or six to Anne Mowbray, a young lady of three or six years, according to different historians' calculations. The young prince was murdered in the Tower by Richard III., three years later, and Sandford, somewhat unnecessarily, adds, " died without issue."

In 1518 Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., was married to the Dauphin of France, son of King Francis I. —she was but two years old, and the younger still bridegroom not yet nine months. Admiral Bonnivet, the proxy for the bridegroom, placed on the bride's finger the smallest wedding ring ever known, although, perhaps, valuable enough, as it contained a costly diamond—the metal was gold.

Louis, son of the Emperor Rupert, Elector Palatine, married, in 1401, Blanche, daughter of Henry IV. (of England), who was only ten years old.

In 1641 William, son of the Prince of Orange, was married to Mary, daughter of Charles I., aged nine-and-a-half years. She was married to him again when she was thirteen.

So much for royalty, now for our old nobility. Maurice, the fourth Lord Berkeley, was married to Eve, daughter of Lord Zouch, at eight years of age, and his eldest son, Thomas, was born before either his mother or father had reached the fourteenth year. Thomas, the fifth Lord Berkeley, restrained himself nobly until his fourteenth year, when he espoused Margaret, daughter of Lord de Lisle, who could only boast of having seen seven summers.

In the fifteenth century, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Clifford, at six years of age was married to Sir Robert Plumpton. This marriage was a short one, the bridegroom only surviving five years of domestic bliss. In the interim the widow had the opportunity of more advanced judgment, and at the mature age of twelve years gave her hand and heart to her brother-in-law, William.

Miss Margaret Lynne, a young lady of under fourteen years of age, was married in 1541; she afterwards alleged compulsion and obtained her freedom. Her experience of matrimony must have been much envied by spinsters of an uncertain age, as she entered the matrimonial market three times after her divorce, and, therefore, had four husbands.

That notorious woman, Elizabeth (Baroness Percy), Duchess of Somerset, was married three times, and was twice a widow before the age of sixteen, and was implicated in the murder of one husband.

Not so successful was the marriage of Joan Chaderton (the daughter of a bishop and distinguished scholar in Queen Elizabeth's reign), who was married at nine years of age to Richard Brooke, aged eleven.

Although the marriage was ratified four years later, the young couple did not get along well together, and eventually separated.

Ann, daughter of Sir John Cunningham, at the mature age of twelve years—a forward young minx—ran away from a boarding-school with, and married, the Rev. Andrew Hamilton. It would be impossible to paint the head-mistress's feelings at her devotions in church the following Sunday—the presiding clergyman must have felt the delicateness of his position.

Child marriage was not the perquisite of the rich alone, it was quite common among the lower classes whenever there was a chance of any of the parties concerned making a good thing out of it. The parents, perhaps, thought it a good match—the father mortgaged his child, the sum to be repaid if the mar-

riage was not agreed to when the children came to years of discretion.

In the case of the marriage turning out unsatisfactorily the boy, when he arrived at the age of fourteen, or the girl at the age of twelve, instead of objecting then, had to wait until he or she could earn enough money to pay the court fees.

After the marriage as a rule the children separated, and went to their parents' homes—the boy to school, or to an adjoining town as an apprentice, or servant, depending on the circumstances of the parents.

There are several instances of children two, three, four, five and six years carried or partly carried to Church, and portions of the service repeated for them. John Rigmarden was only three years of age when he was married to his elderly bride of five summers. The bridegroom was held in the arms of a clergyman who coaxed him to repeat part of the service—being an unaccustomed task the bridegroom complained of being too tired to talk any more, and refused "to learn any more lessons that day." It has been remarked that John Rigmarden had an intellect beyond his years.

In 1538 Robert Parre, of Backford, was married at the age of three to Elizabeth Rogerson—

"he was hired for an apple bie his uncle to goe to church . . . at which time the said Robert colde scare speke."

Curiously this is not the only case of a boy (no reference to Adam and Eve) being seduced into matrimony by England's national fruit, although one might have expected the temptation, as in the following case, to have come from the opposite sex.

At Clitheroe, in the year 1560, dwelt a "bigge damsel," Jane, or it may be Anne, Holden—for different depositions call her by both names—who was smitten with the desire to espouse one James Ballard, a young gentleman of ten to eleven short summers. Perhaps with a doubt as to his future prospects she bought him for two apples—variety and size not mentioned. Perhaps she was generous, and might have secured a husband at the price of one apple only—at any rate she knocked the curate up, and at 10 p.m. that very night James Ballard led Anne, or Jane, to the hymeneal altar and endowed her with all his worldly goods. There was no wedding breakfast to speak of, but there was apparently an awful row when Jim's "Vncle" knew the facts of the case, and doubtless Jim had one of those painful experiences so inseparable with early boyhood. The curate who solemnized this unfortunate match "was ponished by the Archbishop of York," and sarve him right.

Marriage without a mother-in-law would be, so far as I am aware, an impossibility, and an agreeable mother-in-law would be contrary to all such characters as I have witnessed on the stage, and so it comes about that even here I am obliged to drag her in, and a bad example she probably was. In 1550 Thomas Stanley, fourteen to fifteen years of age, married Margaret, but Thomas had a mother and father, and these wretches starved the unfortunate bride, and when her father sent her food the old woman took it away. At length the father took his daughter home again, and a case for restitution of conjugal rights ensued.

When John Bridge sacrificed himself to Venus in

the Parish Church of Bury he very nearly extinguished the torch of Hymen with his tears. John was between the ages of eleven and twelve when he took Elizabeth Ramsbotham, aged thirteen or fourteen, to wife. It was a miserable jeremiad. Before the wedding John cried, and told another little boy that he wished he could go to the mill with him instead of the altar. After the ceremony he refused to touch the wedding supper, and cried to go home with his father. The cause of this wretched piece of work was the debt owed by John's father to Elizabeth's, and the boy was sacrificed. It is a sordid story in extenso. At length Elizabeth, unable to gain John's affections, "delt shrewdlie with hym," until one propitious day she brought a case for divorce in the spiritual court (perhaps she had another and more suitable match in her mind), and obtained her suit, doubtless to the delight of John Bridge, who, I hope, never forgot his late squaw. All this happened so long ago as the year 1559!

In the Sheldon register is the following curious entry:—

6th January, 1753. The man about 14 years of age. Marrd. —Cornelius White and Ellen Dale. The woman 70 . . . of Sheldon." The wife was a cripple, but managed to dance (?) at the wedding feast. The husband was left a disconsolate widower within a week.

In a Hindu full caste marriage (shádé) the following ceremonies take place:—

(1) Pílí Chithi—the yellow letter. A proposal for the date of marriage sent by the girl's father to the boy's.

(2) Lagan—the date. A letter containing notice of the date agreed upon sent to the boy's father.

(3) Tel bán—the cleansing ceremony. The boy and girl are rubbed all over with a mixture of oil, turmeric, and flour to purify them.

(4) Barál—the marriage procession. The boy and his friends proceed to the girl's village where they have refreshments.

(5) Bárothi—the threshold ceremony. The boy is taken to the threshold of the girl's house, whose female relatives wave a tray containing butter, etc., round his head.

(6) Phere—the turns round the fire. This is the most important and binding ceremony. It takes place under an awning in the courtyard at night, and when the sacred fire has been properly prepared the boy and girl go round the fire seven times—while the Brahmins repeat the marriage vows and perform other ceremonies. The boy and girl then sit down, and the girl's father gives the girl away by placing her hand, with a coin, a little water, and some rice, in the boy's.

(7) The Badhár—the marriage feast. This takes place the following day, and then the procession returns, taking the bride, who remains for a few days in the father's house, and then returns to her own father's until both parties are a little more advanced in years.

My excuse for inserting the following little tale of love in a history of childhood lies in the reason that in all probability one if not both of the principal actors concerned were of both tender hearts and tender years. If it were needful to further excuse, I might plead

that the account is the earliest we have in our history of a love-match—children rarely being consulted as to their personal affection for intended future partners. The story itself is short but sweet; the scene is laid in Stoughton in Surrey. Hugh confirmed to Agnes, daughter of Thurbet de Stoctun, and her issue their freedom "ut sint liberi in perpetuum ab omni Fatuitate"—an old legal term for slavery. This Agnes afterwards married Peter de Stoctun, Hugh's son. The long and the short of the matter is, that the young "heir" fell in love with the "villein's" daughter, and the Lord of the Manor, to gratify his son's wishes, raised the lowly maiden to the level of the freeborn. A pretty little love story untouched by the novelist as yet.

The love story of Sir Edward Osborne is another pretty little amour. When a little lad he served his time as an apprentice to Sir William Hewitt. One fine day, when the nurse was engaged in the pleasant occupation of neglecting her duty, his master's child fell from the window into the Thames—the apprentice, still a boy, jumped into the river, and rescued her. In later years he married her. It is good to learn that he was prosperous, became a great merchant, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and no doubt but that his wife was very proud of him.

Little girls, if troublesome, were easily got rid of by being placed in a convent. The history of "The Spanish Nun" by De Quincey is a celebrated case.

Children of the lower classes were in earlier times openly sold as slaves; they later met with the same fate under a different name, often a better fate than that

waiting at home for them. In the memory of many of us little maidens of nine or ten summers worked, and worked hard, as general servants. Dickens' Marchioness was but the type of a vast army of "Marchionesses."

It is difficult to realise that, until the Factory Act was passed in 1833, children of six years of age were frequently employed in factories. The Poor Law authorities of London actually carted children down to Lancashire by waggon loads for that purpose. These little children received the extravagant sum of a penny a day in wages.

In 1842 the Mines and Colliery Act was passed. Up to that time little children of six years of age were working in dark and unwholesome excavations.

Elihu Burritt raised a subscription from children in America for the purpose of clothing, and sending to school, a small deformed English boy who worked at his father's anvil as a nail-maker.

In the time of Henry VI. children were pressed—taken by force from their parents—for choristers for the Chapel Royal.

A child who had been a labourer on a farm, in the year 1388, was compelled to follow that occupation, and was not allowed to be apprenticed to any trade.

The last child sold in England was a little negress aged about fifteen, in the year 1761 or '2 (see *Public Register,* December 31, 1761). A negro girl aged eleven or twelve was advertised for sale in the *Dublin Mercury,* on August 16, 1768. In 1764 there were 20,000 slaves in London alone, many of them children.

In 1772 Lord Mansfield affirmed the principle that

as soon as a slave sets his foot on English ground he is free.

In 1579 an act dealing with beggars was passed in Scotland. One of the clauses dealt with was if a beggar's "bairne" between the ages of five and fourteen was "liked" by a subject of the realm of honest estate, he was to have the "bairne" for service; in the case of a girl until she was eighteen, and of a boy till he was twenty-four.

The last recorded case of an Englishman and his family being sold as slaves took place in the eighth year of the reign of Richard II., when the wife of Sir Thomas D'Engayne sold for a sum of money to the Earl of Devon "my born thrall (nativum meum) of Schaldewell, with all his goods and chattels wheresoever they be found together with all his posterity and progeny (sequela et progenie) by him begotten," etc.

This man could not have been a serf (adscriptus glebæ, or a villein regardant) but a villein in gross who was sold like an ox or a sheep. A hundred and fifty years later Sir Thomas Smith says that there was not a villein in gross in all England.

This is incorrect, because an inquisition was held at "Westwalton in the parties of marshland," December 7, 18 Elizabeth (A.D. 1575), in which certain men and women were found bondmen in blood of the Queen's Manors of Terington and Walpole.

The Act for the abolition of bondage was not passed till Charles II.'s time.

The gap between the position of a slave and a royal prince is too small to be noticeable. Including the

present owner of the title there have been fourteen Princes of Wales, of whom only seven have come to the throne.

Edward the first Prince of Wales was at least eighteen years of age before he received his title. It has been suggested that the motto "Ich Dien" is actually "Eich dyn"—"Your man!" the words used by Edward I. in presenting the young prince.

Those inquisitive people who frequent the districts where the Penny Gaff still lingers may often meet with monstrosities in varying degrees of deterioration. Usually they are taking a siesta in a glass jar containing spirit, or formalin. There may be even a living missing link, or a giant baby, but I think it will be impossible for the curiosity searcher to discover in these days a freak with words written on the pupil of the eye. Still such caprices of nature have been exhibited. According to Evelyn's Diary a child was exhibited in London in the year 1701 with "Deus Meus" on the iris of the eye.

Again in 1828 a similar fraud appeared, and a child was exhibited with "Emperor Napoleon," distinctly visible, so it was asserted, in the iris of each eye. An account of the case was given by C. W. Bingham, who saw this child. He says that it had light blue eyes with dark striæ in the iris, but that no amount of imagination could decipher the words. Many years ago I saw a good many eye patients, and giving full play to one's imagination it was possible to discover a very rough and incomplete representation of some written word. Of course "the mind's eye" of the

observer had more to do with all these cases than the patient's eye.

A very nice little tale is the following:—In the year 1100 Eliza and Mary Chuckhurst, or Chalkhurst, were born at Biddenden, in Kent. These little children were joined together by their shoulders and hips. One died suddenly at the age of thirty-four years, the other sister refused to be separated, and also died. They left land which brings in £40 p.a., which is spent in bread and cheese for the poor. After the afternoon service on Easter Sunday a little oblong biscuit is given away, to each member of the congregation, with the name and date of the birth of the maids marked upon it. Ireland says: "The whole thing is an idle tradition," and certainly none of the historians mention it. The charity was actually left by two maiden ladies called Preston—while a similar yarn is told of two females whose figures appear on the pavement of Norton St. Philip Church, Somerset."

In the Museum of the College of Surgeons is the double skull of a child, the upper head being placed upon, and inserted into, the lower one. The label on the head states that the child was born of native parents in Bengal in 1783 and that curiously enough it died from the bite of a cobra, and not from natural causes as one would expect.

Boys are not what boys were in their social aspect, they have altered considerably even since the days when I was a puny little lad at school. The age of childhood is longer; the elementary schoolboy is a schoolboy until his fourteenth birthday, and slavery,

for it was often nothing less, for children, is dead, or dying.

But the time is not far removed since English boys of fourteen entered the Army, and even earlier still the Navy, and not only saw active service, but in cases either killed, or were killed by, their opponents. At the battle of Waterloo there were on the French side a number of boys of fourteen and fifteen engaged; and it is said that upon one or two occasions they were greatly terrified by charges of the enemy's cavalry.

Ellers in his *Memories* mentions a lad named Boys, who left school for two or three months to go to sea, and joined as a "mid" *The Queen Charlotte* just before Lord Howe's victory on June 1. He got his leg shot off in action, and immediately he got well returned to school to finish his education, accompanied by a wooden leg. He afterwards attained the position of post captain in the Navy.

The Duke of Kingston nominated his daughter (Lady Mary Wortley Montague) then a child of eight years, as "The Toast" for the year of the Kit-Kat Club, on the ground that she was "prettier than any lady on the list." The members demurred because the rules of the club forbade them to select a lady whom they had never seen. The Duke sent for her—she was received with acclamation—her claim allowed—her health drunk by all, and her name was engraved on the club glasses.

The Duchess of Marlborough, in a letter to Lord Stair, states that Molly Lepel had had a cornetcy given her by her father as soon as she was born, continued to receive pay long after she was a Maid of Honour,

and was at last pensioned off by George I. at the instance of Lord Sunderland.

In 1682 one Hugh McGie "gave in a bill to the Privy Council representing that by the practice of other nations, any tradesman having seven sons together without the intervention of a daughter is declared free of all public taxes and burdens and has other encouragements bestowed upon him to bring up the said children for the use and benefit of the commonwealth, and claiming a similar privilege on the strength of his having that qualification. The Council recommended the magistrates (of Edinburgh) to take Hugh's seven sons into consideration when they laid their 'stents' (trade taxes) upon him." They were more kindly then than now, I guess.

The Sanson family held the repugnant office of hereditary executioners from 1685 to 1847.

The father of Charles Jean Baptiste Sanson died in 1726, when the son was only six years of age; Parliament took pity on the little orphan, and allowed him to employ a substitute, exacting, however, that the unfortunate child should be present at all executions.*

The tale of the last of the Sansons dissecting the bodies after death, and writing a work on physiology, is all fiction.

It can hardly escape the notice of the careful child student that in the portraits of children of bygone times the features are older and graver in appearance than those of the children of to-day, doubtless due to the insecurity of life and fortune in addition to the hardships suffered by children in those bygone days.

During the popular demonstrations against the Test Act in 1681, the boys of Heriot's Hospital, finding that the dog which kept the yards of that hospital had a public charge and office, ordained him to take the test, and offered him a paper which he refused. They then rubbed it with butter which they called an Explication of the Test, in imitation of Argyle—the dog licked off the butter but rejected the paper; for which the boys tried him, found him guilty of treason, sentenced him, and the dog was actually hanged.

Beating the bounds still continues in some of the Metropolitan parishes, where the Charity Boys, carrying wands in their hands, walk two by two, headed by the parish clerk. After attending a special service in the church they proceed to beat the bounds.

In some cases the procession is marched through houses and factories, where on being told that such a spot divides the parishes, the boys strike their wands on the ground, and repeat after the clerk, "This is the boundary."

A curious ceremony in which boys are concerned takes place at Leighton Buzzard. The trustees of the Charity of Edward Wilkes beat the boundaries on Rogation Monday, accompanied by the Town Crier and a band of boys. Halting at various properties, from which the Almshouse obtains its endowment, as required by the founder, the will of Mr. Wilkes is read, during which time one of the boys stands upon his head!

The Boys' Bailiff, an ancient custom at Wenlock in Shropshire, died out in the year 1773. It was one of the various ways taken of beating the bounds. Boys

and men were mounted on horseback, and the boys wore wooden swords which were girded on the right side, so that the wearer had to use his left hand when he wanted to unsheath his trusty blade.

The old customs at Eton of catching the ram, and the Montem have long disappeared. The Montem was the last of the old customs to go. On Gaudy Day the chaplain with his clerk used to proceed to Salt Hill and read prayers. So far all was proper, but then the chaplain started to kick his clerk down the hill! This proceeding disgusted the late Queen Victoria so much that it was stopped in the year 1847.

The Franks adopted the judicial duel in the reign of Otho the Great (967), and neither women, old men, invalids, or young children were exempted. They could, however, employ a substitute.

Trial by combat dropped into disusage after the sixteenth century, but to the astonishment of the inhabitants of the Green Isle, a man named Clancy demanded the right of trial by battle in 1815. More interesting, however, was the case of Abraham Thornton, accused of the murder of Mary Ashford. Thornton was acquitted at the Warwick Assizes in 1817, but the friends of the dead girl were so intent upon a conviction that they obtained a writ of appeal, and the case being heard in Westminster, Thornton flung down a glove as a challenge to William Ashford, a mere boy. Thornton escaped, and finding their fees in jeopardy under the old law, the lawyers soon managed to get it altered.

CHAPTER X

HIS PLAY

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

ZECHARIAH VIII. 5

X

HIS PLAY

ALL animals, as far as human experience goes, play during some period of their lifetime, but none are so persistent as man, who begins by playing with his fingers, in many cases continues the same form of amusement to his later years, and even ends with the same form of relaxation.

Of the toys and games of children, many of them have been traced almost to the days of the original Noah's Ark. Francis Quarles in his *Emblems* mentions babies' bells, *i.e.* rattles.

Among toys of peculiar interest to boys and girls of the present moment, one known as the bull roarer, boomer and many other local names, is practically universal, although not always utilized as a toy; for it holds to this day an important place in the religious ceremonies among some primitive tribes, which was probably its original employment. Tip-cat is played in Persia and India; the ancient Egyptians and Venetians also played it; Diabolo was played in Japan in 1279.

Another toy, the cats, scratch, or cratch cradle (originally cratch, or manger, the manger wherein the Holy Infant was laid), is a game known and played in every habitable part of the world. Curiously enough, although it is doubtless very much older than the

Christian religion and has nothing but what has been above said connected with it, yet an expert knowledge of its play is a *sine qua non* in the education of the missionary. Otherwise he has a difficulty in satisfying the natives of these out-of-the-way places that he is a person of any intelligence, as they themselves are most proficient in playing the game. It is but recently that a volume was published, large for such an apparently insignificant matter.

It is, in fact, comparatively easy to trace in nearly all children's games and toys, either imitations of the daily occupations of men and women, the work-a-day life of their primitive ancestors, or their origin from some old forgotten religious ceremony.

Bo-peep, hide and seek, king of the castle, chivy, etc., originated in no amusement; there was no fun in the daily occupations of our ancient forefathers when they engaged in real ambush, pursuit, rescue, attack and other warlike tactics. Even some of the ring games of civilised children are analogous to the dances of the primitive tribes of to-day, and very similar imitations are played by the baby savages themselves.

Boys' games have always been warlike, girls' games always domestic. Children's games are divided into singing and non-singing. The singing games represent the ceremonial dances and old Folk-Drama to ensure good crops at sowing and harvest, cattle dealing, contest for wives, marriages, birth, death and other matters concerning the doings and welfare of the community.

Kitchee-Kitchee! Kutchee-Kutchee, etc., are simply corruptions of "Catch you! Catch you!"

Probably few of the Sedgemoor children who make use of the word "Soho" in their games are aware that it is an interesting survival of the password of Monmouth's men—Soho was the name of the Duke's residence.

The Durham byword "Run away, Dr. Bokanki," is equivalent to calling an individual a coward, and is yet in use among the younger population.

The ignominious term arose from the sometime Dean of Durham running away from the city because he thought the Scots were coming. Alas! for the reputation of the Church—all the clergy, on this occasion, showed obedience to their superiors, and accompanied the flying prelate.

"St. George" was the name of the well known play which mummers (during the last century, mostly youthful performers) acted on Christmas Eve in nearly every town and village throughout England. In Scotland on January 1, there were Guisards, i.e., boys dressed in fantastical costumes who acted a play, the hero of which was one "Goloskin."

It was the custom in Scotland on Candlemas Day (February 2) to bring offerings to the schoolmaster, and the boy and girl who brought the richest gifts were elected King and Queen and carried by way of triumph in a King's Chair, i.e., the hands of two persons so crossed as to form a seat.

Kings were not at all times majestic. There is a painting of George III. playing at ball with the

Princess Amelia, and another painting, by Bonnington, representing Henri IV. (of France) carrying his children pick-a-back, to the intense horror of the Spanish Ambassador.

Plutarch says that Agesilaos was one day discovered riding a cock-horse on his walking-stick for the purpose of amusing his children.

From my breakfast-room I look into the garden, and there behold the scrubbiest of my younger children busily employed in the uncleanly occupation of mud-pie making.

All the world over children always have and I expect always will manufacture dirty and unpalatable imitations of that table luxury in which we delight. I can honestly say that I never even remember tasting one, and have every expectation, owing to a delicate stomach, of it being highly improbable that I shall be enlightened in the near future as to the flavour of the most delicate mud pie—never mind, the loss is mine —I could never make a decent number of converts.

Perhaps it might be different if I lived in Africa, where the benighted heathen picanniny, lacking mud, make sand-pies, but something within me tells me that I should have to be extremely hungry.

Homer's children built castles on the sands just as our children do to this day. The Greek and Roman little girls had their skipping ropes, the boys their hobby horses. They had kites, balls, tops, and rattles. They played knucklebones, pitch and toss, hop scotch, tug of war, blind man's buff, and hide and seek.

Many of the little playthings described in the British Museum, as used by the young barbarians of thou-

sands of years ago, might have been sepulchral objects, votive offerings, or even workmen's models. Yet if this is so, as in the case of a diminutive suite of furniture (which we would rather believe made some little Roman maiden happy), still there are sets of miniature jugs painted with scenes of children at play, and we are quite sure that some little brown-eyed puella must have been the happy recipient, perhaps on her birthday, or on some festival, probably in honour of Venus.

What member of the Peace Society can find us a healthy, decent boy who delights not in toy soldiers and mimic wars, preach we never so much that murder on a large scale is as reprehensible as on a small one. Quote for him as much as you like the famous lines of Hosea Biglow:—

> "Ef you take a sword and dror it
> An' go an' stick a feller thru,
> Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
> God'll send the bill to you."

The barbarism in the twentieth century boy may not be as strong as it was in his tenth century prototype, but it is there still. Toy swords, guns, bows and arrows, tell their own story, happily idealised. The little boy in the middle ages had toy knights on horseback, jousting, to play with.

I am sorry to say that I have seen the attempt made to bring up children without allowing them to indulge in such toys. The idea was all right, workable perhaps a few thousand years hence, but only disappointing now.

The parent who starts by trying to make a child

see, hear, and understand as a man would do, is doing more mischief than he can ever undo.

Let us give "hop o' my thumb" gaily painted soldiers, as well as the more peaceful toys, the little sixpenny box of carpenter's tools, which never would and never will do anything but make a mess; the little sailing boat, the little toy engine, and the other devices which one and all demonstrate the imitativeness of play. The very name toy itself is derived from tuig —tools, implements.

Anything that will make a noise makes a good toy and the Jew's, or jaw's harp, or Jews' trump as it is called in Lincolnshire, is a venerable instrument still to be obtained at the smaller toy shops, and in penny bazaars, but is not probably so fashionable an instrument as in the 1820's when Eulenstein combined sixteen Jew's harps, and performed on them at the Royal Institution. Probably from the fact of its being known in France as jeu trompe (toy trumpet) that volatile nation has the honour of its origin.

Some toys the urchin has to manufacture for himself, notably bird calls. One curious instrument used by poachers is a tailor's thimble with a piece of parchment stretched over one end. This is perforated with a waxed horsehair run through it. When skilfully jerked it gives sound like the call of a partridge. A corncrake caller is made of two flat bones, one notched like a saw, the other when rubbed upon it makes a very fair imitation of the bird's cry. The disagreeable noises of these unmusical instruments occasion great comfort to innocent children.

As playthings, animals of any description are wel-

comed by most children, and, like all other playthings, have their time and place. But a very close companionship between the boy and the dog or cat results in the animal becoming partly humanised; which as it stops there as far as the cat or dog is concerned and in cases begins to react on its playmate, is certainly not desirable.

The history of Mary and her little lamb was a favourite one for little girls in my younger day—my preference was for stories of monkeys, dogs, and other more spirited animals. No one doubts but that there was both a Mary and a lamb, yet Mary had sisters, and it is undecided to this day whether Mary or Sarah Sawyer, or who, was the heroine of the lamb story. Nay, indeed the authorship of the verse has been a matter of dispute, but is generally supposed to lie to the account either of Sarah Josepha Hall, or a young spring poet named Rawlston who died early. What must always be a regrettable feature in the lamb's case is that it never knew the flavour of mint sauce. Alas! the poor lamb met with a fatal accident. What became of its flesh we know not, but its wool was spun, and made into stockings. Many years afterwards when the story became famous, Sarah, or Mary —I know not which—unravelled these same stockings, and stuck pieces of the yarn on cards which were sold to save the old South Church of Boston from destruction.

Whether a boy keeps rabbits or not, he must on the first day of the month say "rabbits" if he wants to be lucky that month.

Little girls, lick your lips when you hear or read of

the nice Christmas box poor Marie Antoinette sent to Maria Theresa when a little girl. It was a golden toy kitchen in a glass case about 18 inches square. It contained every imaginable utensil in pure gold, including a bottle jack with machinery, a hearth, and saucepans, tables, cupboards, kettles, cullenders, basins, glasses, spoons, plates, pails, a stool, a well, a clock, etc. The cook, cat, fowls, joints and vegetables were in china. Marie Antoinette was not so generous with her own children, on one Christmas Eve, when she took them into a room where a collection of toys was set out, and told them that they might look at them but could not have them as she had given all the money she possessed to the poor.

The Cluny Museum, Paris, contains an interesting collection of children's toys in bronze or pewter, dating from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century.

Where is the little girl of whatever colour or race, or in what age she lived or lives, to whom a doll was or is not the most beautiful and never-to-be-nursed-and-loved-too-much an object? Although the word "doll" is of very recent date, dolls being called "children's babies" in the middle ages, and its modern name being derived either from Dorothy, "idol," or more probably the Norse daul—"a woman"—still the doll is a very old toy indeed.

Lilly in his "True History of King Charles the First," when writing of Bishop Wren, of Ely, says:

"This wretched Wrenn, a fellow whose father sold *Babies*, and such pedlary ware in Cheapside."

Earlier than this, Roger Edgeworth, Prebendary of Bristol Cathedral, a volume of whose sermons were printed in 1557, complains that the images were taken from churches, and given to the children as "pretty idols" or "dolls."

It was the custom before the Reformation to give children dolls from the altar. At the Reformation the statues of the Virgin Mary were sold to storekeepers, who exhibited them at their shop doors, whence arose the old sign of a black doll at the marine store shops in my boyhood's days. The black images of the Virgin I believe are not to be found out of the South of Europe, except at Einsiedeln in Switzerland. The origin of the marine store doll is also said to have arisen from a bundle of rags left at an honest dealer's, and which were hung outside the shop to attract the attention of a poor woman who had forgotten to take her money for the sale of them.

To return to our muttons.

In Lancashire, at Christmas time, a doll is called "Dickey Chree," and was no doubt originally given in memory of Our Saviour.

The name of "doll" was not at any rate widely used in 1656, for in the Excise Act of that date they are mentioned as under:

"Babies, heads of earth, the dozen ool. 09s. ood."
SCOBELL'S ACTS AND ORDNANCES II. 458.

It is as well to mention here that the following toys and children's belongings were not allowed to be imported in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: "Children's

cappes—daggers for children, children rattels—puppits."

Dolls have been found in catacombs. They have been discovered in all ages, in all countries, and made of almost everything of which a doll could be made. The Eskimo little girl, and the African maiden, the Red Indian, and the little Jap all play with dolls, but nowhere in the world but in Paris can a toy-shop boast of providing fashionable mourning for dolls.

Ancient Egyptian dolls have been discovered with real movable, jointed arms, just as the ordinary doll of to-day. Nay, more, there is a little Egyptian doll in the British Museum who has a glorious head of hair, made from mud beads. The Mohammedans prohibit the *manufacture* of figures in human shape—hence for little girls whose parents hold strict opinions, a bundle of flannel or rags, just as our rag dolls, has to serve. Still, dolls seem to be pretty much in evidence in Mohammedan countries. In fact, it is somewhere stated, I forget where, that Mohammed himself played with his wife's doll, and Macaulay's schoolboy would no doubt inform us of the fact, if he were here, that Cortez found Montezuma and his Court playing with dolls.

Plutarch's little daughter Timoxena, who died in early life, would frequently beg of her nurse to give the breast to her babies, or dolls (χορη), as well as to the other children. On her seventh birthday the small Greek maiden offered her dolls at the altar of Venus.

Perhaps the little English girl is fondest of dolls about her eighth or ninth year, but this is not always so by any means. At times she is very peculiar in her

loves. What more human sight is there than that of the child wheeling her best beloved in a pram, whilst we know quite well (whether the unfortunate puppet has met with divers serious accidents or not) that her first bloom of beauty is a thing of the past, and there are other and fairer dolls lying neglected at home. It is the same sort of love a woman has for the man after he has broken his Grecian nose, and acquired a pathological Roman one.

Now just as we can foresee the future character of a boy from his attraction to certain toys, in a like manner we can also deal with girls, and the little girl who loves the same old broken-nosed, one-eyed and otherwise mutilated copy of herself as well if not better than she did the first day the dolly came from the toyshop in all her youth and beauty, is on the right road to make a good staunch wife and mother.

> "Folks say she is horribly changed, dears,
> And her paint is all washed away;
> And her arm, trodden off by the cows, dears,
> And her hair not the least bit curled;
> But for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
> The prettiest doll in the world."

One cannot pass over the subject of toys without referring to the Christmas Tree, which is said to have been introduced into England by, among others, the good Queen Caroline—peace to her ashes. It has brought simple, unalloyed happiness to thousands of little English children.* The boys' gratitude is also due to Pope Julius I., who dogmatically fixed December 25 as Christmas Day.

* A Christmas tree, so-called, stood at the top of Cornhill in the fifteenth century.

After the best has been said of toys, it is true that in every case the child prefers the real article, and let us understand at once that Hop-o'-my-thumb's choice is real swords and pistols, real carpenter's and gardener's tools, and as a rule little Bo-peep will leave her best doll to mourn in solitude for a real baby, and if not carefully watched, her dolly's saucepan for the ordinary kitchen utensil.

The parent whose longing is for peace in the nursery, procures real tools, real swords, real saucepans. After all both boys and girls like to imitate as nearly as possible, and do not over appreciate toy imitations being found for them. Especially, perhaps, does this apply to swords and pistols of all kinds. With the ordinary sword or pistol the boy recognises a weapon, "the real thing," and likes it ever so much better. The child, like many of his elders, imagines the toy weapon as a harmless imitation only, and here lies trouble. I would neither give, nor advise any one else to give, a toy weapon of any description to a boy, it is too dangerous.

I have mended several little bodies that have been wounded by toy weapons on various occasions, but never one that has been hurt by a real one. Of course pistols and revolvers when handed to children should be incapable of firing even a blank cartridge, or a cap.

The art of fishing is a sport much beloved by children, especially boys, and is intimately connected with unauthorised holidays. Early in life the future sportsman opens his career by fishing, with the aid of a bent pin, for whales in his mother's water butt—sometimes he falls in, rarely indeed does he catch a whale, unless

it be from his own voice. Boys in certain out-of-the-way villages get to know the haunts and habits of the finny tribe, and with inferior tackle meet with success where anglers of repute fail ignominiously. For this youthful success, inconsiderate mothers who object to boys drowning themselves, anathematise the shade of Izaak Walton, when we know quite well that if there is mischief abroad a woman is the culprit. The first book written on the piscatorial art was by Dame Juliana Berners, and was printed by Wynkyn de Word, and moreover, no doubt but that it was the cause of Izaak's downfall, and that of many innocent generations of boys.

> "Hail, cricket! glorious, manly, British game!
> First of all sports, be first alike in fame."

The first mention of cricket is in the sixteenth century; it was, of course, little like the game that is played now, and until quite modern times it was only known to the gentry of England as a villagers' game, but it appears to be one of the very few sports, or customs "made in England."

Cricket (like everything at present in existence) had its forefathers, rounders, stool ball, stump cricket, etc., an offshoot crossing the Atlantic under the name of baseball, which is probably much more like the original game than cricket is itself. In "Where Three Empires Meet," the author states that he saw at Leh some small Ladaki boys playing cricket with two wickets, polo sticks for bats, and a polo ball, but it is more probable that it was introduced by Moravian missionaries than that it is an ancient Thibetan game.

At present cricket does not hold anything like the position it should do among the majority of boys, although in every good preparatory school it is made a special study of. The sharp schoolmaster recognises that if not taught in early days, it is hopeless to rear decent bats and bowlers, and he recognises as does the public schoolmaster that organised games among other virtues keep boys out of mischief.

The Scots are not smitten to any great extent with the game, but what there is of it is in great part due to the late Almond of Loretto, and Scotland can put a really first-class all round eleven in the field.

Cricket is quite as useful as any other school subject, but requires a great deal more practice and knowledge of the game, as well as certain physical advantages, to play it decently than does football. Both, however, are such very good games that no parent should consider the claims of any preparatory school which does not fully recognise them. Perhaps it is necessary that something should be done for those boys who do not like cricket, but there must be very few, and tennis (which is suggested as a substitute), unless the player is taught to use both hands, is hardly likely to prove a fair *quid pro quo*.

If we take cricket and football from schoolboy life, then not only is the enjoyment of these games lost, but also the health and necessary discipline they enforce upon the players.

Often enough the peaceful as well as the warlike arts, and even branches of sport, run in families. The Clasper family made up a four-oared crew, cox. and all. In 1845-6 the Colman family of eleven brothers

formed a cricket team of their own, but the most famous family eleven was that of the Lyttelton family.

I have interned the following lines in my little book because I do not know where else the reader can find them except in an old copy of the Hagley Parish Magazine.

Lines by the late Lord Lyttelton on the "Great Match," at Hagley, played on Monday, August 26, 1867:—

Sing the song of Hagley cricket,
When the peer and all his clan
Grasped the bat to guard the wicket
As no other household can.

Fair the dawn and bright the morning
When the great eleven rose,
Toil and heat and danger scorning
Till the day's triumphant close.

But the peer and marshal courtly
Yielded not one single notch;
Nor, alas! did parson portly
Fail alike his game to botch.

Yet the peer, to mend his glory,
One and eke another caught;
While the parson—mournful story,
Miss'd the two his hands that sought.

Charles and Albert, broad and lanky,
Well maintained the old renown;
Yelled the field to bowler, "thank ye,"
When at length their stumps came down.

Nevy, pride of England's army,
Kept the wicket, hit out free;
Spencer shouts, "'Tis I shall harm ye,"
Reached the top of goodly tree.

Arthur and the sober Bobbin
  Gird them to the task sublime;
Vain the attempts to drop the lob in,
  Vain the fielding—for a time.

But the small undaunted heroes,
  Trained in Walker's school to fame,
Scorned papa's and uncle's zeros,
  Swelled the score and graced the name.

Collis and his crack eleven,
  Good to bat, to bowl, to fag,
Vanquished in the strife uneven,
  Strike the ancient Bromsgrove flag.

Ne'er again in mingled labours
  Shall we willow weapon wield;
Ne'er again such thronging neighbours
  Shall surround the famous field.

Sing the song of Hagley cricket,
  "Come whate'er eleven may,"
Quoth the peer, "my boys shall lick it,
  My eight boys shall win the day."

To the disappointment and mortification of generations of cricketers the Royal family have been the despair of the most eminent coaches. Enemies of the game alleged that Frederick, Prince of Wales, died from the blow of a cricket ball; as a matter of fact, the actual cause of his death was from what is technically known as an empyœma.

There are peculiar-minded people who dispute the value of athletics at all. Others object to sport because very few first-rate athletes become brilliant men in after life, which might just as well be applied to the second, third and to the fourth-rate athlete. Admirable Crichtons are indeed few and far between,

but it is far more exceptional to find a brilliant or even ordinary man with a weakly body in early life, than otherwise, and athletics make sound flesh and bone and brain.

Gymnastic exercises and drills, although they have their place and value, and when properly applied can hardly be over-rated, can never satisfactorily take the place of the ordinary boy's games.

Natural, spontaneous and instinctive exercise subordinated to an educational drill, quite a pleasant exercise maybe, but when the best is said of it an exercise still, and too much like school. Swedish drill or other exercises should of course form a part of the child's schooling.

May I relate a couple of good cricket stories which come from Marlborough?

It was the pleasant privilege of the school organist to select the hymns for evensong in the college chapel which on the occasion of a match was usually attended by the members of the visiting team. It could have been small comfort to the great W.G., who in his prime was bowled first ball by a Marlborough boy, to listen to his opponents sing with gusto a hymn containing the well-known line: "The scanty triumphs *grace* hath won."

At one time Marlborough boasted of two redoubtable bowlers named Wood and Stone. On the occasion of a match with Cheltenham, in which the two bowlers played "old gooseberry" with the Cheltenham wickets, the chosen hymn included the apt couplet:—

"The heathen in their blindness
Bow down to *wood and stone.*"

The choir giving a meaning to the lines brand new to theologians of every denomination.

How many boys are there, I wonder, when they first view themselves in all the glory of a school blazer, who could tell us when and where it was first used? Well, its introduction has been claimed by Magdalen, Oxford, and St. John's, Cambridge. The colours of the first are scarlet trimmed with blue. St. John's scarlet only. Magdalen's blazer was first worn in the late 1860's. St. John's in 1854. The boy should know this if he is a sportsman, and he should also know, if he is a "bargee," "water bob" or follows the sport under any other name, that in the Long Vacation of 1845, F. J. Furnivall (but recently gone from us, alas!) built the first narrow boat.

German pioneering work in education, from Froebel to the present time, from infancy to manhood, is beyond praise; but many Germanities are liable to be carried to excess, and the German idea of providing (under an inspector of games) a couple of hours a day for physical exercise, can never make up for the loss of free play.

Even in England, until quite recent years, girls were tabooed from organised games, but luckily for them, parents are beginning to discover that after all there is not so much difference between boys and girls as there was formerly supposed to be in our grandmothers' days, and those persons who assert that they want their "daughters to be young ladies (odious description) not tom-boys," are in the minority, and now any half-holiday, girls may be seen playing

hockey and lacrosse so much to their benefit that the bugbears of spinal curvature, green sickness and constipation, the frequent companions of girlhood, have enormously diminished.

Rowing, running, jumping, fives, wrestling, boxing and fencing hardly need mentioning for their sundry virtues, with the exceptions that boxing and wrestling are totally unfitted for girls.

Nor must we expect the little Wendies to invariably escape minor injuries, as play, like all affairs of life, has its drawbacks. We must use an open mind, and reflect that it is not only in play that accidents happen, and consider whether the benefit accruing from the gain in health does not reduce the frown of fortune to microscopic dimensions.

Children's games in Henry VIII.'s reign had curious enough names, though I could never find out what some of them were like. I have collected the following:—bokyll pyt, chyrystone, cobnutte or quaytyng (quoiting), marybone, spurne point.

Shuttlecock was a fashionable game when James I. came to the crown.

Football was known in old England as balloon, or balowne. The modern game is too well-known to require further notice here.

During the twelfth century the following sports were played by schoolboys in London:—

On Shrove Tuesday each boy brought a cock, and there were cock-fights all the morning in the schoolroom.

After dinner they played football.

Every Sunday in Lent there was a sham fight—some of the combatants being on horseback, some on foot.

At Easter, water quintain—if they missed the target they fell into the river.

On holidays, in the summer time, they engaged in archery, running, wrestling, stone throwing and bucklers.

In Sicily on the Eve of All Saints, when the church bell rings out the nine strokes of the Ave Maria, the mother stops the children's play for the recitation of the rosary for the dead, after which, in quite a motherly way she scares the children to bed and to sleep, by telling them that else the *morti* will tickle the soles of their feet with their cold hands—it is in fact a ghoulish kind of a Christmas Eve, and it is no Santa Claus who comes by night to fill the stockings with toys, but the Dead, who for the time quit their long last sleep, and wandering through the streets enter the toy-shops and confectioners, taking what they require to present to their young living relatives. The children believe that the Dead watch their behaviour, and if naughty will leave them no presents, unless disagreeable ones.

On Christmas Eve, in Scotland, children beg from the shopkeepers a couple of pins with which they play a curious game. A cup is placed on the table, and into this they drop their pins. The child who drops his pin across another one wins the pins, and the game. Curiously enough a similar game is played by children in Cornwall.

At least 345 versions of the pretty story of Cinder-

ella have been raked up from all the quarters of the world. In the majority of cases the lost shoe is a golden one. There is a sequel, however, to the fairy tale. It was commonly reported some years ago that Perrault in his version called it a fur slipper, fur being at one time the adornment of the rich only, and the compositor, more taken up with the story than the typing it, put *verre* for *vair,* and so changed the slipper of fur to one of glass.

This is generally supposed to be a tall story.

It is a century ago that the brothers Grimm first enchanted both children and adults with their collection of folk-lore tales; their giants, elves, magicians, fairy kings and princesses; children changed into frogs, birds, and other animals; and to this day, with the exception of the "unco guid," fairy tales are recognised as being as necessary to the child's welfare as is good food, good clothing, or good anything else. Nevertheless, few people a hundred years ago, as did the good brethren, thought of examining the fairy tale for evidence in the history of man, connecting it with ancient mythology or even with our own religion; still there are very strong links between them all.

Nor is it less interesting to discover that German, Indian, African, etc., fairy tales are all similar; Jack the Giant Killer, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, Brer Rabbit, etc., over and over again, varied to suit the taste, somewhat modified by the habits and surroundings of the story-teller, but our old hero, Jack the Giant Killer, and his fair companions none the less.

Little thinks many a gentle, unsophisticated mother, as she relates to her open-mouthed, wide-eyed, listen-

ing child some interesting tale of fairy wonder, that far away in Zululand, a rough copy of herself is telling the same soul-absorbing tale to some equally interested little nigger.

Playing at being fairies, dancing, and singing fairy songs and jingles, which for lack of better, any good mummy or daddy can easily compose, will brighten often what would otherwise be many a dull hour, saving a lot of temper, and preventing tears in little eyes. Little minds are prone to wander after a story has lasted more than a few minutes, and became terribly confused at too many trivial details, so that we must perforce cut our story to suit our hearers.

But dancing and singing are so natural for little girls that they take a lot of tiring. The cruel parent who deprives them of such simple joys is doing a mischief that cannot be readily repaired, yet, as I have had before now to intimate to my daughters, there is a close season sometimes, even for singing and dancing.

And is there no song and dance for little boys? Rather, but it is no fairy song they sing—no fairy dance they trip. Their songs breathe gunpowder and shot, their dances are those of the wildest Indians. The author of the following lines may never aspire to be made poet laureate, but I know small boys whose blood thrills whilst, rowing a small but seaworthy boat (The Crab-Catcher), they strike up with the whole power of their lungs this inspiriting chorus:—

"Oh! the black, black flag,
And the cross, cross bones,
And the fleshless skull on high.

And the women shriek,
And the sailors squeak,
As the Pirate Ship sails by."

Nor is story-telling a less amusement for boys than girls. It is quite as easy, too, unless one has a headache, and then girls' stories are easier to relate, or the girls are easier to please. The tyro who wishes to become a successful tale pitcher must remember that youth loves to go a-wallowing in gore. There must be a little shipwrecked boat containing the heroes cast on a desert island, and the heroes should be rescued by a pirate captain. The whole family must be worked in somehow, but the boys must always be the great cards, parental experience does not meet with just appreciation in juvenile yarns.

There must be no lack of exciting detail. Pirates must swing at the yard-arm and walk the plank; savages must take scalps; brigands ply their nefarious trade; and scenes must happen in every quarter of the globe of such splendid excitement as we can hardly invent, and such as (if they really did occur) would frighten us out of our wits. A whole menagerie of ferocious beasts, and a botanical museum have their place. Sharks, whales, sword-fish and giant kraken all must appear to fall beneath the unerring rifles, and a multitude of modern and ancient weapons, handled with skill and precision by the boys.

Dynamite and gunpowder! see them look up the maps to find where they have been, the natural history of it, etc., and then hide your diminished head when you find your knowledge does not correspond with the school book!

Boys who listen to tales of this description very quickly pick up a good idea of many subjects besides pirates.

We have seen that play has been and is the great business in the life of young children; even what cynics call work is pressed into service, and the child plays until he is too tired to play any more.

He plays because it pleases him, it gives the child a feeling of personal strength and authority, it provides an outlet for his superfluous energy, it exercises his lungs and other organs, it keeps his soul and body together; and as his body grows stronger, and his intellect increases, so it follows that he neglects the simpler, and takes pleasure in the more complicated and difficult games, exercising body, brain and lungs more and more until he ends with golf and cricket. As Dubois Raymond says: "Bodily exercise is not merely muscular exercise, but an exercise of the grey matter of the central nervous system.

> "Play, play, for your locks will grow grey;
> Even the marbles ye sport with are clay."

As a rule before the age of fifteen, rarely later than sixteen, the boy shows in various ways some special bent in the pursuit of what is commonly known as a hobby. This hobby may take any form—a passion for music or art, a fancy for natural history or a predilection for literature. Sometimes in badly bred children this takes the form of sexual love, a disaster often completed by an early marriage to a most unsuitable partner, and consequent misery for life. More happily placed is the boy who has a craze for

more profitable occupation, if only a craze for collecting postage stamps—which by the way is quite a modern hobby, the earliest literature on stamp collecting occurring in "Young England," Vol. I., 1862, while later in the same year the first book on that subject was published.

The age for crazes of all kinds may be very much earlier in life, as premature as six or seven years of age, even. In very many cases we can trace the fortunes of eminent men to their early enthusiasm for some particular hobby.

CHAPTER XI

HIS RELIGION

"Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils."

WELLINGTON.

XI

HIS RELIGION

THIS is not the place to discuss the merits of the various religions which have arisen from Jesus Christ to Mahomet; nor to express an opinion on Huxley's tenet that "a deep sense of religion is compatible with the entire absence of theology," but the intention of this chapter is to bring before the reader the past and present history of the child's religion.

We all agree that true religion does not wholly consist in church going, family prayers, and grace before meals, but unfortunately much of the most beautiful ritual, owing to the fear of heresy, and other causes, has been lost to one or another of the Christian faiths. For instance, we have nothing to compare with the Jewish Sabbath Eve when the father solemnly lays his hands upon the heads of his children, and blesses them.

At the same time we have either advanced in Christian charity, or become sufficiently civilised, to recognise that an agnostic is not of necessity a scoffer and blasphemer, and that on the other hand the apparent piety of some persons may be discounted by the expectation of a future reward. Moreover, some reasons for the severity towards the theological views of others have lessened in proportion to the decrease of the intimate relation between the religion and politics of a nation.

Henrietta Maria actually discarded her little son Gloucester on account of his refusal to embrace the Catholic religion. Hatton took the hungry child to his own lodging and fed him, and the little prince behaved like a little prince should in refusing Hatton's offer of residence, lest he should bring further trouble from the Cromwellian party on the head of his kind host.

The religion of the primitive boy was probably very similar to that of the lowest savage of to-day. He worshipped sun, moon, stars, plus any other natural phenomena, in short anything to which he took a particular fancy. Later on in the world's history his theology became a little mixed. He began to confound the characters of Noah, Adam, Janus, and Saturn, which we now understand were probably the names for one and the same person; Jupiter, Pluto, and Ham, were to the little semi-heathen identical; and, perhaps somewhat confused by the extraordinary costumes of the figures in his little prehistoric Noah's Ark, he confused Neptune with Japhet.

In other times, or in other countries, other little boys had dim ideas of the want of connection between Pluto and Shem; and some of them even mixed up Nimrod with Bacchus, Minerva with Naamah; Vulcan with Tubal Cain, and Typhon with Og.

To sum up, the whole of the heathen mythology is supposed to have been borrowed from Moses, and the legendary stories of the Brahmans and the historical events in the Old Testament are also curiously similar, and we may conclude that from the most ancient times there was a great deal of relationship in the different religions which were taught our forefathers.

Amicus here interrupts with a question as to whether those denaturalised people of whom one hears every now and then cropping up as believers in the ancient religions of Greece and Rome, etc., are suffering from the effects of atavistic mind cells still existing among them.

Yet there was a great likeness between the tenets held by the little Christian child, and other children. In the religions of China, Egypt, India, and Mexico and other nations thousands of years before the Christian era, the belief was held that a Saviour who was the Son of God, and who was also the son of a virgin, died for the salvation of mankind and rose again after his death.

Osiris, Mithras, Buddha, Krishna were all virgin-born redeemers of the world, though widely separated as regards time and place. They were all born on December 25, and they all died and rose again on the third day, which was commemorated during the season of spring.

The eating of the body and blood of a god in a symbolical manner was a common religious rite in all parts of the ancient world.

The Semitic feast Pesakh (paskha), the feast of the Passover, owing to its lunar reckoning, prevented its being united with any Roman pagan holiday, but when the Roman missionaries came into contact with Teutonic paganism then they absorbed the old Aryan customs, and the Roman name of Pascha was abandoned for the Teutonic name of Easter (Ostara, Eastre, the Queen of heaven?).

Christmas most probably is not the true anniversary

of the birth of Our Lord, and it was not until the fourth century that Julius I., Pope of Rome, agreed to celebrate the birth of Christ on December 25. More probably Christ was born during the last month of the Jewish year. After the Norman Conquest the name for "Midwinter," or that applied to the Pagan celebration of it, viz., "Yule," was generally applied to "Criste's mœsse."

Probably the Midwinter Day of the Saxon Chronicles was December 21; but as Christmastide and Yuletide both covered a similar space of twelve days, the two would to a great extent coincide.

After all this we can more easily understand how it came about that the little Christian boy or girl became so confused, and mixed up the deities, and other minor matters of the contending beliefs.

The picture of the crucifixion is the supposed work of a pagan schoolboy scratched on the wall of a narrow street crossing the Palatine Hill (Rome). The wall was closed in about the second or third century and has recently been exposed.

The object of Christian and Jewish worship was caricatured by the head of an ass.

Primarily the cross was probably symbolical of the Divine union of the sexes, and it has been from all time the most sacred of emblems.

At the beginning of Christianity the cross was not allowed to be honoured by the early fathers, because it was a pagan symbol, but three or four centuries after Christ the Christians almost exclusively used it as a symbol.

From the fact that the early Christians used the tau

cross (T) it is considered that it actually represented the form of the cross on which Jesus suffered.

It is the earliest, and most primitive form of a cross. I do not know any Protestant or Catholic priest, nor any Nonconformist minister who makes the tau on the child's forehead when baptising it.

ALEXAMENOS WORSHIPS GOD

Probably all the various deities of the ancient religions were but names for the different attributes of the Almighty One; and in the various images and paintings there appears to be a remarkable similarity between Devaki and Chrishna; Horus and Isis, Madonna and Child.

A strong link in the chain of a one universal religion is found in India, where the incarnate deity, Chrishna in the arms of Devaki, is *black with woolly hair*—a very curious thing in India.

In connection with this part of the subject it appears remarkable that a once celebrated architect described a church being well designed exactly in the proportion in which it resembled a heathen temple. Many of the decorations in churches were not solely for the purpose of pleasing the sight, but also for a protection against the evil eye.

In modern as in ancient times each race, whether Christian or pagan, idealises its own deity. The English painter portrays an English visage; the Italian, an Italian; the French, a French one; and the flat-nosed blackamoor bows only to an image which is the facsimile of himself.

The atavisms of man may possibly be in some measure responsible for his frequent transference from one faith to another, a remarkable case in point being the Newman brothers, one of whom became a cardinal, the other an agnostic.

But a boy of the present time learns his religion from his teachers up to a certain point, and no further. Beyond this his individuality begins to assert itself, and whereas he has been educated as a Roman Catholic, a high or low Churchman, or in one of the various nonconformist creeds, his bias may run perhaps in exactly the opposite direction. This often is only discovered too late by careful parents and as often neglected, and disaster follows; the child if a boy becoming satiated with the particular form of worship

to which he is accustomed, but which is uncongenial, and all ends in *odium theologicum.*

As far back in history as one can trace, the knowledge of the religious experience of children has been a Spartan one. In the earliest days little boys and girls were apt to be considered at times as the most acceptable of sacrifices to heathen gods. In the early Christian era they were torn to pieces by wild beasts, or burnt at the stake in company with their parents who had embraced a new and unpopular faith.

Happily these very dark days passed in civilised countries, and the children of another era were only persecuted by the scoffs, sneers, and sometimes blows of those holding contrary opinions, and also the severe religious discipline imposed upon them by their guardians, but alas! one can describe no chapter in the religious history of the child, from its beginning to (at any rate) quite recent years, as a particularly joyful one.

Every good thing must be accompanied by a greater or less amount of evil, and although there may be two opinions on the blessings to children arising from a too regular attendance at Sunday School, I think we should recognise that had it not been for the Sunday School, we might have had to reckon with the efforts of the Salvation Army, and "The Young Soldier" engaged in a modern children's crusade. Although it might not have been so intense as the children's crusades of 1212, it probably would have been unsuitable enough, even, perhaps, dangerous to a large number of its followers.

The children's crusades of the thirteenth century

were the disastrous outcome of the misplaced enthusiasm of Innocent III. The whole affair was a gigantic epidemic of religious mania which spread through France and Germany, and in which the victims were children. Whether Stephen (the leader), a shepherd boy, was a dreamer, or a schemer, none will ever know, but with or without the consent of their parents thousands of children followed him to Marseilles, relying on the promise that he would lead them dry-shod to the Holy Land. The unfortunate children were kidnapped by slave dealers and sold into Egypt. What became of Stephen no one knows.

The other "Children's Crusade" was the inspiration of one Nicholas, a boy of Cologne, who led into Italy an army, so it is said, of 20,000 children. Again we are at a loss to determine whether the boy was a dreamer or a schemer. It was generally surmised that Nicholas *père* had a considerable interest in the matter, in that he had arranged to sell the children into slavery. For this crime he was executed at Cologne. Nicholas' army disappeared, and its fate is no more than a matter of conjecture.

St. Nicholas was the patron and helper of all young maidens, when nine years old, in the choice of husbands.

St. Nicholas was well esteemed by boys and girls because on his day he was supposed to bring them presents, just as Santa Claus is now.

Although the Boy-Bishop was elected on St. Nicholas' day, Gregory the Great, who was also a patron of schoolboys, was the person honoured in some cases. The ceremony can be traced back to 867.

The election took place either on St. Nicholas' day, St. Clement's, St. Katharine's, or Holy Innocents' Day, or even in some districts on all these days. The proceedings were farcical—all the officers and ceremonies, in some cases Mass, were performed by the Boy-Bishop and his youthful companions. The ceremony lasted from St. Nicholas' Day (December 6) to Innocents' Day (December 28) as a rule. During his reign the Boy-Bishop was often not an unimportant person. At Heton, near Newcastle, a Boy-Bishop said vespers before Edward I. In some parts of the country if an ecclesiastical office became vacant during the Boy-Bishop's reign he had the power of electing some person to it. If he died in harness he was buried with all the pomp and ceremonies accorded to an ordinary bishop. In Salisbury Cathedral, close to the tomb of William Longspée, son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond, is the effigy of a Boy-Bishop who died during his term of office.

As a matter of fact probably these are effigies of adults, and not children. The best proofs that diminutive effigies do not indicate children exist in the effigy of Joan, Countess of Dreux, and that of Blanche d'Artois.

The ceremony, after being abandoned, was revived by Queen Mary in 1542, and was finally abolished in Elizabeth's reign.

There is in existence, among the Cottonian MSS., a sermon written in 1558 by Richard Ramsey (Rector of Shenington, Gloucs.) for the Boy-Bishop, "John Stubs, Querester," who preached it in Gloucester Cathedral.

Cardinal Salviati, nephew of Leo X., and Bishop of St. Papoul, was too young to have a hair on his chin. The Bishop of Clermont had a long and beautiful beard of which he was very proud, but unfortunately his congregation took exception to his beard, and feeling ran as high as it does in these days when a clergyman has too many candlesticks on the altar. The climax was reached when the mob tried to shave him, and the Bishop fled, subsequently changing seats with the Bishop of St. Papoul. So that we have here a case of a Boy-Bishop holding two benefices.

In the thirteenth century, in the Benedictine nunnery at Godstowe, Oxford, on Innocents' Day, little girls were wont to imitate the boys at other places, and sing vespers and recite prayers.

On the day of St. Katharine, the girls' patroness, girls had a special Saturnalia.

In the Church learning was at a low ebb during its early history.

Henry VIII. in his speech to Parliament in 1545 referred to an ignorant priest who made for himself an everlasting name for conservative stupidity, because he read the word *sumpsimus* as *mumpsimus,* because he had a thirteenth century missal in which "s" and "m" are much alike, and refused to alter his error when it was pointed out to him.

Pastors and masters in the bygone days seemed wholly to have lost sight of the fact that the original meaning of the word "Deus"—"God"—is "bright," nor could they take into consideration the child's tender years, and speak much of the love of God, and but little of His wrath.

To our forefathers the devil was not, as Dean Buckland describes him, "a ruminating graminivorous animal," and they dearly loved terrifying their unfortunate little victims with the most blood-curdling representations of his dreadful personality and terrible powers, until little skins crept and little heads of hair stood on end. At times under this ferocious doctrine the young urchin would become desperate, and seeing no hope of anything but eternal punishment, would take to evil ways with the resultant whippings, disgrace, imprisonment, vagabondage and even hanging.

Before sympathising too deeply with the little Jew through centuries of persecution and social losses, we must consider that it was much easier and pleasanter for the little Ichabod to learn the Jewish faith, because he was taught to look upon the Old Testament as the history of his own nation; moreover, the Jewish boy is more bound up in the Jewish ceremonials than the Protestant or Roman Catholic boy in the ceremonies of his own Church. At the present time the Jews are also overcoming the difficulty of dealing with girls.

"Sunday was a heavy day to me when I was a boy," said Dr. Johnson, and the same has been said by a great many others who have mentioned their youthful experiences of so-called religion. One learned don, I really forget who it was, actually went so far as to remark that for forty years he had attended the University Sermon, and thanked God that he was still a Christian.

Yet even to a boy, however careless, some churches or services must have had at times a charm. Many children must have been accustomed to see the chained

Bibles, and other sacred books, but in "The Life of Archbishop Benson" there is mention made of the *Curate* of a Church in Cornwall who was chained to the altar during divine service. What lucky boys!

> "A Sunday well spent
> Brings a week of content,
> And health for the toils of the morrow;
> But a Sabbath profaned,
> Whatsoe'er may be gained,
> Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

Sir Matthew Hale's golden maxim means that nothing should be read, spoken, or thought of but religion on that one day of the week; an impossibility for normal children. So full of piety was a boy or a man (I do not know which) that in the year 1839 he prosecuted his own mother for not attending church.

In some little dirty old room, separated by a modern door from the church, the resting-place of brooms, mops and dusters when not on active duty, or even where coals are kept, we scrape a little of the accumulated whitewash from the walls, and lay bare the remains of a most beautiful picture, beneath which in days gone by some devout child has bent the little head, and lifted the tiny hands to its God in fervid prayer.

In many an old church tower there yet remains a fireplace as old as the church itself, but which has held no fire within the memory of man, and the sexton is unable to give any reason for its peculiar situation, nor has he any idea of its uses.

Until good Queen Bess reigned for a very long time

Baptism was always performed in England by complete immersion whether it was in winter or summertime, in fact Elizabeth was the last monarch to be baptised by complete immersion. The seasons were probably much the same as they are now, and it necessarily followed that there should be a fire before which to dry and dress the child during the cold weather, and if the parents lived some distance from the church, it could also be nursed. The fireplace was usually placed in the western tower because it was near the font, which is always by the church door. The fireplace also heated water for the godsibs to wash their hands with as they were instructed by the rubric to do before leaving the church. The tower was also used as a Sunday School, and was, therefore, the first and the last familiar spot of the church known to the child as a child.

The ancient practice of the English Church was the confirmation and communion of infants either at the time of baptism or shortly after, and this custom still continues throughout Eastern Christendom. John Wesley, if not actually in favour of infant communion, certainly defended it.

The practice of administering the Sacrament by aspersion was allowed if the child happened to be weak, but during Elizabeth's reign it was gradually introduced as an ordinary method of baptism. The earliest form of baptism in England was by aspersion.

In Edward VI.'s time, the child was immersed three times—to the right, to the left, and lastly the head was dipped.

In one of the carvings on an ancient stone font in West Lynn the child is being immersed head downwards.

In some parts of Ireland the baby is christened at the first mass after it is born, and called after the name of the saint whose day is nearest.

The following extract from the "Voiage to Azores," 1589, is curious and interesting:

"Their manner of baptising differeth something from ours, part of their service belonging thereto is repeated in Latin, and part in Irish. The Minister taketh the child in his hand, and first dippeth it backwards, and then forwards over head and ears into the cold water in the midst of winter, whereby also may appear their natural hardnesse."

It was at one time a general custom in the north of England not to wash the right arm of the newly born infant, so that it could better obtain riches. Even after the introduction of Christianity it was customary on the Scottish border to keep the right arms of the boys unchristened in order that they might strike more deadly blows!

The will of Brian Batty, 1515, contains the following:

"Item I will that every child that I christyned have vjd. that will ask it of my executors."

The sponsors of Edward VI. were Queen Mary, the young prince's godmother—the godfathers being Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and Cranmer. The last act of Henry VIII. was to sign the Duke's death warrant, and Mary sent Cranmer to the stake.

In England in olden days many a poor mother was doubtless put to her wits' end to provide the necessary

cude, cude-cloth, chrysom or christening sheet as it was called, which consisted of a linen cloth in which the child to be baptised was wrapped, and which was bound around its forehead after the ceremony. The balm and oil with which the child was anointed was called the chrism, and the child itself, a chrysomer. It was also important that the christening sheet should be burnt within a year of the child's birth, or the little unfortunate would be unable to keep a secret.

In the register of Westminster Abbey under the year 1687, occurs the following entry: "The Princess Ann's child, a Chrisome, bur. 22 Oct." This requires some explanation as the word "chrisom" was expunged from the prayer book of 1552; yet, for some reason, children who died within a month after baptism were styled "chrisoms" in the bills of mortality and parish registers down to the eighteenth century.

Chrysom is also a term applied to the Roman Catholic sacrament of confirmation.

Except in the Channel Islands every baby was expected to cry when baptised, as it was lucky so to do, and unless this was a voluntary act on the child's part, the nurse pinched him until he was glad to compromise matters, and save himself from being unlucky through life by considering the proceedings in too cheerful a manner. Tyndale was wrong in saying that the old word "volow" to baptise, came from the Latin "volo." It is true Anglo-Saxon, and derived from "Folewen."

Doubtless in the ages of spells, charms, and witchery, it was at times difficult for the officiating minister to wholly control his feelings. An ingenious method

of showing his displeasure was exhibited in the case of Robert Brown, founder of the Brownists, and incumbent of Achurch (Northants), when he wrote in his register: "No. 7th, 1630, a child of my ungracious Godsonne Robert Green baptised els were in schisme."

In the reign of George III. an act was passed (23 Geo. III.) imposing a duty of 3d. to be paid to the king upon the entry of every baptism in the register. The penalty for defaulters was £5. The act was repealed in 1794.

Brasses to children, vested in the chrysm or chrisome, are rather rare; examples are to be found in the following churches: Chesham Bois, Bucks; Blickling, Norfolk; Haughton-le-Skerne, Durham; Dartford, Kent; Clifford Chambers, Gloucestershire.

In the middle ages it was necessary that fonts should be kept under lock and key to hinder superstitious persons from using the water for magical purposes. The water from the font was considered, by some, an excellent remedy for ague and rheumatism. The Icelanders in the early days of Christianity went to the hot wells to be baptised, preferring hot to cold water for this rite.

The superstition that girls should be baptised before boys was general, the reason ascribed being that otherwise the girls would become masculine and have beards, and the boys effeminate.

In the early days of Christianity religious observances were very strictly enforced. By the laws of Ine, King of the West Saxons (688 A.D. to 725 A.D.), it was enacted: (2) that children be baptised within 30 days, under a penalty of 30s.; and if one dies un-

baptised, the father shall make bôt, i.e., compensation for it, with all he has.

(76) inflicts a special fine for slaying a godson, or godfather—if it be a bishop's son, half the amount. In these laws we find the earliest notice (in England) of the custom of having a confirmation god-parent, different from the baptismal sponsors, but apparently the sons of bishops were not in such good odour as they are to-day. Over the whole Christian world, at one time, Gossipred, the connection between god-parent and godchild, was held to be a bar to inter-marriage. It is now recognised as such only by the South Slavonians.

Horse godmother is a nickname for a coarse masculine woman.

The first Christian church erected in England was at Glastonbury about A.D. 60. The smallest (and a very curious church) in England is the parish church of Grove on the borders of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. Probably fewer boys have worshipped in this church than in most, as it will only seat about twenty-five to thirty people, and the parish does not contain twenty inhabitants.

A church bell or some other means of attracting the willing and unwilling to church was a necessity in the days when absence from Divine service was punishable by a fine, or even imprisonment.

If the weather were good the boy or man could find no excuse, but if wet he could plead that he was unable to see the time from his pocket sundial. So the clergyman's only resource was to make a noise of some sort just about church time.

Bells were of course the articles in use among genteel churches, just as to-day a fine peal of bells is an object devoutly to be wished by all churches. Some churches apparently had difficulty in finding the necessary cash, and they had to use their wits in those days probably as much as we do now if we want anything which is difficult to obtain.

Lenton Church, near Nottingham, boasted a peal of wooden bells—I wonder what they sounded like. A bell made of green glass, fourteen inches in diameter, was in the turret of the Chapel of the Grange, Borrowdale, in 1859—perhaps it is there now, and Bowden Church boasted of bells made of leather. Less opulent places depended for summoning their parishioners to church by waving a flag—or a man blew a horn, or even a conch shell—at others some happy little rascal beat a drum. At Fordon (East Riding), the parson walked up to the top of a hill in his surplice, and cracked his whip several times.

In the old churches there was certainly more to interest the idle boy than there is in the modern ones. In many of them attached to the pulpit was an hour-glass, by which the preacher regulated his sermon. The hour-glass was generally enclosed in a brass case; in rare instances it is found attached to the pulpit by a carved hand and arm.

This, at any uninteresting stage of the sermon, the boy could watch as a relief and calculate from the remaining sand how much longer he would have to wait before the sermon ended; perhaps have a pleasant little gamble on it with a neighbour.

Then there were the carvings on the seats and walls,

which were more interesting then than now because pictures of any sort were few and far between. But I doubt his ability to find a clue to every one.

The carvings are not all of sacred subjects, some dealing with the ordinary affairs of life; a man beating his wife; a woman beating her husband; a schoolmaster flogging his pupil; a butcher killing a pig; and other everyday matters of life—some of which according to our modern ideas are most indecent. These carvings are called "*misericords.*" Best off of all were the boys of Fawsley in Northamptonshire, as the ends of the church pews were decorated with representations of the various scenes in well known nursery rhymes.

In very remote times, according to Aubrey, "the holy mawle, which (they fancy) hung behind the church dore, which when the father was seaventie, the sonne might fetch to knock his father on the head as effete, and of no more use."

> "Young Willie, auld Willie,
> Willie amang the bairns;
> Ance we get another Willie
> We'll knock out auld Willie's hairns."

is still, I believe, a rhyme chanted by schoolboys in Berwickshire, "hairns" is the Scotch for "brains."

They were no model Sunday school scholars for whose special benefit a man crept up and down the aisles during prayers, and finding any heads raised, at once poked them down with a long forked stick which he carried in his brawny hand. Sometimes he poked an inattentive woman or a sleeping man, then arose joy in the ranks of the youthful worshippers.

At times in some churches it must have been difficult to determine whether a snoring noise was caused by a dissipated member of the congregation, or by the so-called snoring of young owlets, crying for food, who had made the church their nursery. This must have been on such auspicious occasions a source of great amusement to the juveniles when the man who kept order in the congregation failed to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the cause of the disturbance, and unsuccessfully searched to find a delinquent in the congregation.

In other churches the beadle went round the aisles during service carrying a long staff at one end of which was a fox's brush and at the other a knob. With the brush he gently tickled the faces of the female sleepers, but soundly rapped their male compeers on the head with the knob.

A better story is that in *The Sporting Magazine,* 1818, that the clergyman of a Welsh Church had a tame goat that attended service, and if it saw a drowsy Cambrian nodding, accepted it as a challenge, and made so effectual a butt at its supposed antagonist that he slept no more during that service. There seems to be much room for doubt in this statement.

In Sweden, a few years ago, pinches of strong snuff were offered to the sleepy in the congregation, in the hope that after a few hearty sneezes they might be in a more fitting condition to receive the admonitions of the minister.

At St. Peter's Church, Burnley, an ancient custom prevailed by which all persons who were married there were fined by the boys of the Grammar School.

The money thus obtained was sufficient to maintain the school library.

The devil used to perch on the tower of Ladrock Church, near Truro, and disturb the congregation, exciting the irreverent to laughter. The vicar, at his wits' end, remembered that the enemy of mankind had a great horror of innocent children, so he sent his clerk round to all the mothers of the parish who had unchristened children, asking them to bring the children to church to be christened the following Sunday. The following Sunday eight children arrived, but the mystical number is twelve, so the parson got four other children who had been recently christened. When the service was over the minister took and held the children up, one by one, for the demon to see; but the cunning one hid himself and would not look until one of the children began to cry, and all the others chimed in, and then the devil hopped out, and looked down to see what the hubbub was about. The sight of twelve innocent children crying was too much for the fiend; he gave an unearthly yell and disappeared from that part of the world for ever.

The list of Holy Wells in Great Britain is enormous, and they were famous for every conceivable complaint. Where children were concerned the victim was either dipped, sprinkled, or drank the water as a panacea. The well of St. Levan deserves special notice. The worthy saint supported himself wholly by fishing and caught only one fish a day. On one occasion his sister paid him a visit bringing her child with her. This time the saint caught a chad which he did not think good enough for his visitors, so threw it back

again. He caught the same fish, three times running, and at length cooked it. The child was choked by the first mouthful—which was a punishment for his dissatisfaction. The chad is still called "chack cheeld"—choke child.

I am informed that from time out of mind it has been a very anxious matter to Cornishmen as to where they were baptised, it being a confirmed belief that any person baptised with water from the well of St. Euny could not be hanged with a hempen rope. Unkind things have been said of some Cornishmen, and there are instances yet told of remarkable escapes.

In Ireland, in County Antrim, when children are brought to be baptised, a piece of bread and cheese is wrapped up in the infants' clothes. When there are several children present a male child is presented first, as is the custom in many other places.

Fonts, in which thousands of little Christians have been dipped, or sprinkled by the water from them, have for one reason or another been taken from the Church, and cast into the churchyard, or removed to the vicarage or rectory to serve as flower pots, etc. Several of these ancient fonts have been discovered under such humble circumstances, and restored, again serving their ancient purpose.

In the churchyard at Chollerton there is a large Roman altar, the top of which has been hollowed out and made use of as a font. There is also a Roman altar in the churchyard of St. John's, Lee, near Hexham.

Probably the Sunday School is an institution which existed, not in its present form, many centuries before the conversion of England to Christianity. It seems

quite modern to speak of Cardinal Borromeo's scheme of special instruction in religious subjects to children at Milan in the sixteenth century, or that of the Rev. Joseph Alleine at Bath about 1665, but before these dates our knowledge does not extend. After Alleine came Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester, in 1689, then a woman, Mrs. Boevey, of Flaxley Abbey, about 1717. In 1764 a Sunday school was started by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey at Catterick, which induced Mrs. Catherine Cappe to do the same for Bedale in 1765. Again a woman came to aid the movement when Miss Hannah Ball held a Sunday School at High Wycombe in 1769. In 1774 Mr. William King opened a Sunday School at Dursley, Gloucestershire; and in 1775 James Heys held another at Little Lever, Bolton, and so the useful work, more useful than we can perhaps at this time imagine, went rapidly on—undoubtedly helped by many more devout, interested men and women than our incomplete history of a now almost universal institution gives us any mention of.

It was, however, not until Robert Raikes inaugurated the Sunday School movement in 1764 that the scheme became so widely known and universally practised. The scholars had to submit to three simple rules:—"clean hands, clean face, combed hair." They were taught both reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the Sunday School for some years became the only place where such instruction could be obtained for the very poorest.

Strange as it may seem to us to-day it is nevertheless true that until about 1790, Sunday School teachers

were paid; the sum was 1s. to 1s. 6d. per week. At the period I am writing of there were no Sunday School buildings, the lessons were held in churches, chapels, or day schools.

The first Sunday School in America was founded by Ludwig Hacker between the years 1740 and 1747 at Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

The only case of a gipsy girl being buried within a church is in the Parish Church of Stretham, Cambridge. The entry in the register of burials of the year 1783 runs as follows—"Ashena, daughter of Edward, and Greenleaf Boswell, April 23."

In the commune of Ste. Bertrande de Commenge, in France, were found several sarcophagi—one containing the skeleton of a young Christian girl, as is supposed from the inscription which is: "Give, O Christ, to Thy servant Emmelina repose and eternal life."

A fourteenth century poem by an unknown English writer which was discovered in the Cottonian collection is due to the death of the writer's little daughter "Pearl," or "Perle" as he prefers to spell the name, who died when at the age of two years.

The author visits his child's grave, and falling asleep by the side of it, dreams that he meets her again, dressed in royal clothing, on the bank of a stream which divides earth from heaven.

He tells Pearl that he has done nothing but mourn her loss, and that his only wish is to cross the stream and stay with her for ever—for which speech the child rebukes him, and says that he must wait for death, which grieves the father. The child then describes the bliss of those who dwell in heaven. Pearl tells

her father that although she was only two years old when she died, that she could do nothing to please God whilst upon earth, and although she might have grown up, and married a count, or become some great lady, in heaven she is a queen.

I do not know a more dramatic poem; some of the lines are very pathetic and beautiful, and the verse is often of high quality.

Cyneburga, daughter of Penda, the Christian king of Mercia, married Alfred, a pagan king of Northumbria, and converted him, and bore him a son. According to Lambarde:—"As soon as he was born, he repeatedly cried with a loude voice, 'Christianus sum, Christianus sum' ('I am a Christian, I am a Christian'). And not ceasing thus, made forthwith plaine profession of his faith, desired to be baptised, chose his godfathers, named himself Rumwald, and with his fingers directed the standers by to fetch him a great hollow stone that hee would have to be used for a Fonte."

He was baptised, and died three days afterwards.

Limbus Puerorum was the name given to the child's paradise for unbaptised infants. Apropos, the Sicilians have a very pretty flight of fancy. They believe that the B.V. Mary sends an angel from heaven one day a week to play with the souls of unbaptised children, and that when he goes away he takes with him in a golden chalice all the tears which these little ones have shed during the week, and pours them into the sea, where they become pearls.

By the will of Dr. Robert Wilde, of St. Ives, who died in 1678, £50 was bequeathed, the interest of which was to be used for the purpose of buying Bibles,

not exceeding 7s. 6d. each, which should be "cast for by dice" on the Communion Table, every year by six boys and six girls of the town of St. Ives, Huntingdon. There was also a bequest of 10s. to the Vicar for preaching a sermon on the occasion.

In 1662 the dean of the Chapel Royal issued an order that any person on entering the Chapel with spurs on should pay to the choristers the accustomed fine; but that if he commanded the youngest chorister to repeat his gamut, and the chorister failed to do so, then the fine was remitted. The great Duke of Wellington was called upon to pay his fine for wearing spurs inside the Chapel; he called upon the chorister to repeat his gamut, and the lad failed, and the fine was therefore remitted. The same custom was observed at St. Paul's, Windsor, Peterborough, etc.

Whatever has been written, thought, or said of Satan himself, the Italians speak very well of his grandmother, and if what they say of her is correct then she is a deserving creature. She cooks and keeps house for her grandson who, with all his little backslidings, is really very fond of the old lady. When he is tired he lays his head in her lap and she sings him to sleep. By the way, the enemy of mankind, once met his match in a way he did not expect—he fell in love, and got married, but his wife proved such a terror, that he made an end of conjugal delights by divorcing her within the first week.

A cautious, enquiring mind will be able to draw from the clergyman of the parish a fair character of the people. The Presbyterians of Cranford were noted for their irreligion and stinginess, and in the return

made to the Presbytery of Lanark of the result of a collection at the kirk all that was found in the plate, after prayer, sermon, and a christening, were two bad shillings and a babie. Babie was the old name for a copper coin more recently known as a bawbee.

CHAPTER XII

HIS MENTAL CONDITION

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

SHAKESPEARE.

XII

HIS MENTAL CONDITION

UNLIKE Minerva, who was born with her mental faculties fully equipped (what an interesting child she must have been!), so far as we are able to determine, the state of the mental faculties in the infant is almost a blank. Mentally, the child differs infinitely more from the adult than does the Bushman from his civilised fellow. We know that during infancy children are credulous, fearful and amoral, and this is practically all we do know. To obtain any idea of what is the actual condition of their minds is entirely beyond the resources of mankind. The theory of heredity is, in the psychological conditions of infancy, at a loss—and, in spite of a long lineage of civilised ancestors, we must recognize that the newly-born infant lying in the cradle has no advantage over the little baby savage as regards intellect. Moreover, it is well-known that the children of savages reared and educated by Europeans are quite on a par with the ordinary European child; the Murray Islanders to wit, whose children are quite as proficient in arithmetic as their white brethren, although there are but few words in their original tongue to express numbers; whereas the white child, back to his Aryan ancestors, has always had the numbers from one to ten in his vocabulary.

In our care of children as regards morality, we must realise that we are dealing not with the incarnation of evil, but with an undeveloped and complex nervous system which we must weigh and value as carefully as an assayer of any precious metal.

A brain which at birth is comparatively six times the weight of the brain of the adult, and which during the first year of life doubles or even trebles its weight in that time, which also at the time of birth contains the not inconsiderable matter of six hundred million undeveloped cells!

When we add to the foregoing little sum the undeveloped cells of the spinal cord and nerves, we come to the conclusion that the child-student has a task of no little magnitude before him in order to bring to maturity these millions of bantlings of the nervous system.

But the brain, besides being a mass of grey and white nerve tissue, is now generally recognised as a muscle, and in order to strengthen it, as with ordinary muscular tissue, judicious exercise must be practised.

As a proof it has been found that the weights of the brains of scholars, professors, and first-class University men are greater than that of ordinary men; Byron's brain weighed 6 lbs., Cuvier's, 5 lbs., whereas the normal weight of a brain is 50 ounces—a great many other cases might be quoted.

"The quality of the brain and the nervous system is inherited from the mother while from the father is inherited the character and the will" (Schopenhauer). Perhaps this is true in cases (Goethe says something of the same kind, as do several other savants), but it

does not certainly appear the rule, for as often as not, the child in mental characteristics follows the mother in character and will, as often as it follows the father.

We may here mention that proportionately the eyes as well as the brain are very much larger in the babe than in the adult; and the skin is also proportionately greater, and in early life the spinal cord is the greater factor in the nervous system, the brain becoming so in later life.

According to some authors, the most rapid increase of the brain takes place between four and seven years of age, but in individual cases this must, like everything else, greatly depend upon environment.

The child-student will observe that the new-born child is extremely slow in mental development, much more so, perhaps, than if it were possible to obtain a knowledge of its exact mental condition and attempt assistance. He will find that newly-born infants bear light badly, and all care should be taken to shield them from too strong an illumination, the neglect of this is probably often the cause of more or less eye trouble in later years. At the end of a fortnight a normal child will follow with its eyes a moving light; whether this be instinctive or not we do not know.

There are many occasions during infancy when it becomes a matter of considerable difficulty to decide whether some act on the part of the child is one of reason or instinct.

We shall also, by carefully watching the baby, find that at the end of the second week the child is attracted by different sounds, as well as by light, and that about the ninth week it notices its hand for the first time;

and eventually it is somewhat astonished to find that it has a pair.

As the child gets older, the reflexes become more and more under control; but, as is truly said, rational thought depends as much upon the use of thought as muscular strength does upon the use of the muscles, and muscular development and rational judgment (except in an immature state) do not happen until the body itself is matured to an approximately equal extent. It has been stated that the dawn of real intelligence comes with laughter! This emotion we know is as variable in the time of its appearance as is the environment, constitution and disposition of the child.

When a young child notices an object we find that he is principally concerned as to its use, as in the case of a ball or a bicycle wheel: it is something that rolls when moved.

He is also attracted by colour, and when he is able to differentiate it, mostly prefers a red; then follows a yellow, a green, a blue. The latter colour is invariably last in the list with all children, and curiously enough there is among some primitive races actually no word for it, perhaps because blue is such a pervading colour in the sky in hot climates. Of course in testing a child's preference all the colours should be equally bright, and the objects the same shape and size. Sometimes it will be found that the baby from some inexplicable reason, actually dislikes a certain colour. In adult life one not infrequently meets people of either sex who have a decided objection to red colours of all shades.

They give as a rule, if they do give a reason at all, a

very natural one, in that they say that the colour recalls associations of blood. Perhaps the reason we never find babies objecting to red colours is because (being barbarians in thought and deed, as certainly some of them are) they care not a bit about blood. Sanderson, the blind professor of mathematics, explained his idea of the colour red, likening it to the sound of a trumpet. A deaf and dumb pupil also compared the sound of a trumpet to the colour red. It is said that if two pieces of water-colours, red and blue, were given to a child, and he was told to paint with them a boy and girl, the boy's garments would be red and the girl's blue.

Red ribbon is pinned to the boy's dress and blue ribbon to the girl's at a Roman baptism.

Very rarely a child looks at a picture as an adult does. Rarely he will hold it sideways. Almost invariably upside down. This can hardly be accidental; it is probably due to the following reasons:—

When an object is reflected upon the retina the image is inverted, and it is only by being conscious, through other senses, of the true position of the object that it appears to us as it actually is. It is purely a matter of experience which is lacking in the child, and he takes hold of the picture upside down because only in that position can he see the object as it really is.

Many animals show a preference for or aversion to a certain colour; red is as inflammable to an elephant as it is to a bull.

There are others also who have peculiar aversions to this or that colour, and from nearly always some definite associative reason.

The following list of emotions found in the child have not only appeared in animals but they appeared in the same order as in the child:—

Fear.	Emulation.	Benevolence.
Surprise.	Pride.	Revenge.
Affection.	Resentment.	Rage.
Pugnacity.	Emotion of the beautiful.	Shame.
Curiosity.	Grief.	Regret.
Jealousy.	Hate.	Deceitfulness.
Anger.	Cruelty.	Emotion of the ludicrous.
Play.		
Sympathy.		

"Ascent of Man," DRUMMOND.

During the latter part of the second or early part of the third week the child shows unmistakable evidences of fear.

At the sixth or seventh week he first shows a preference for a certain person or persons; jealousy and anger appear about the twelfth week; and at the fifth month the child shows sympathy; at the eighth month, pride and resentment; and at the fifteenth month we find shame, remorse, and sense of the ludicrous.

When hurt, children often cry, not on account of the pain of the bruise or wound, but because some ill-advised person sympathises with them to such an extent that they believe the hurt is too painful to be borne without crying.

I have frequently stitched slight wounds in children without making them cry at all—in fact healthy children, if not interfered with, bear pain exceedingly well.

The emotion of fear plays so large a part in all stages of life, and its consequences are so serious that

it is necessary not only to take particular precautions against arousing this feeling in the child—and when present to find out the exact cause—but if possible put an end to it at all costs; because one single real fright may change a lively, happy child to a lifelong neurotic, even if nothing worse.

Whether fear is innate in human nature, or acquired and intensified in each generation, and whether the degree of fear arises from ignorance, or intimidation, fright frequently causes a serious retardation in bodily and mental growth, and is the origin of various nerve disorders which become more difficult to eradicate as the child grows older, often, indeed, becoming permanently established.

It is always among the earliest of mental developments; the young child, a few weeks old, afraid of falling, must be a very common occurrence in the experience of most of us.

It is questionable whether the fear of darkness—very general in nervous children—arises from heredity or is simply caused by the child being unaccustomed to it in earlier life. It is very possibly owing to the fact that human enemies were in the olden times more liable to attack their adversaries during the night—another unfortunate atavism!

The child may be weaned from the fear of being left alone by having toys given to it to play with, etc., and other causes must be treated as their needs. The Chinese, to expel the sense of fear in a child, pass it several times over a charcoal fire.

It occasionally happens that a young child who has gone to bed to all appearance in ordinary health, and

who for a short time has been fast asleep, awakes suddenly with a loud and terrified cry. The child is usually found sitting up in bed, and crying out, "mother!" or "father!" At first the child does not appear to recognize its nurse, or its mother, who has rushed in alarm into the room, but seems wholly to contemplate the horrible phantom that has disturbed its repose. Consciousness gradually returns; the child tightly hugs the nurse, or mother, and usually bursts into a fit of passionate crying, and sobs itself to rest in the mother's arms.

There may be, there mostly is, but a single attack, but they may occur almost nightly for a considerable period, and, rarely, there may be several attacks in one night.

As a rule these attacks begin after the child has been asleep from half an hour to two hours, and are usually associated with some object, such as a dog or other animal, and the illusion continues until full consciousness returns.

The general cause of these symptoms is indigestion, teething, worms, or the relation of horrible stories, and but rarely arises from brain disease. In every case the assistance of the family doctor is necessary for diagnosis.

By all means allow the child a light in his bedroom at night, and he must have some one to sleep in the same room with him if necessary, if darkness or loneliness is the cause of his terror.

It is useless and cruel to try harshness. Compelling the child to sleep in the room without a light, or bullying him on account of his nervousness, will more likely

than not terminate in making a coward for life, and maybe a lunatic.

In many parts of the country the people still believe that if a child falls asleep in a beanfield when the bean is in flower, it awakens no more.

King Halvdan Svarte, father of Harold the Fair-haired, was advised to sleep in a pig-stye with the object of dreaming, and did so.

Nightmare, or ephialtes, is a complaint from which everybody has suffered at one time.

The nightmare demon in Germany takes the form of any animal from man to mouse, and the credulous frau is of opinion that it was brought to Germany from England by a pretty woman who floated in a sieve, and paddled with cow ribs. At times all animals suffer from nightmare, and one finds it guarded against in cow-houses by a charm hung up on the cow-house, often a round stone with a hole in it.

If fate should ever occasion you to pass a night in a Suffolk cottage, and you find a stone with a hole in it hung on the wall, you may rest assured that it is a charm for nightmare. Do not be greatly alarmed either at finding a carving knife underneath your bed; the simple people mean you no harm, it is only another charm for nightmare. Sometimes the carving knife is suspended over the baby's cradle.

In Lancashire, where the nightmare is supposed to take the form of a dog, the children (as a preventative) place their clogs, boots, or shoes, sole upwards under the bed.

When I was a small boy it was yet a custom to use as a means of terrifying children, the ghastly name of

Bogy. Happily this artifice is now almost wholly confined to the lower classes. Bogy seems, however, to have been a favourite means to an end in every country. Boh! so frequently used as an exclamation by mothers and nurses when playing with young children, is said to have been the name of one of the fiercest and most formidable of the Gothic generals, and the son of Odin—the mere mention of whose name was sufficient to spread an immediate panic among his enemies.

In England, at various periods, the majority of eminent persons have at one time or another been called into requisition as bogies. Napoleon, Saladin, Sir Thomas Lunsford (Hudibras), Gladstone, Jack-the-Ripper, the policeman, the doctor—Rawhead and Bloody Bones is a favourite bogy with both English and Irish mothers. The latter, if very excited, will call upon no other shade but that of Cromwell. John Cuthead, who cuts off children's heads and carries them in a sack, is the bogy of the West of England child, and Bucca-boo (the Cornish Neptune or sea-god) is the little Cornishman's bogy. The bogy which takes my fancy most is "Hush! the naked bear (bare) will hear you."

Narses is the bogy of the ancient Assyrians; Corvinus, the Hungarian, terrifies the little Turk; Sebastian is a name which frightens the little Moors into fits; and Tamerlane makes the hair stand up on the head of the little Persian à la Hamlet.

The tender mother of Innsbruck quietens her young ones by mentioning that Frau Hutt is an unpleasant representative of the powers of punishment.

The Roman children were very frightened at the names of Attila and Tarquin, but their little descendants in Italy only fear Le Befana when they are naughty—to good children she brings toys just like a fairy godmother.

The Italians seem to be somewhat uncertain as to who Befana really is. One party will inform you of the fact of her being Herod's grandmother; another is certain that she was an aunt of Barabbas; and others that she was an ancient female of light reputation—origin uncertain. Befana is actually derived from Epifania, and is as often written Befania as Befana. A name which conveys greater fear to the infantile mind than Befana, is Bocio, or Barbocio, or Barbone (Bourbon).

Richard I., Lamia, Lilith, Hunniades, have all been useful as terrifiers of young children. The name of Drake still lives in Central America, but it only frightens children now, and the Covenanters left to Kentucky, by way of a legacy, the hated name of Clavers (Claverhouse).

In Bengal Budah (not Buddah) is used colloquially as equivalent to our word Bogy.

Many years ago an old friend of the writer's sang to him a *lullaby* which he had learned from an old *bonne* in Boulogne, the following being a very free translation.

"Baby! Baby! naughty Baby!
Hush! you squalling thing, I say.
Peace this moment, or it may be
Wellington will pass this way.
Baby! Baby! he's a giant,
Tall and black as Rouen steeple;
Breakfasts, dines and sups, rely on't,
Every day on naughty people.

Baby! Baby! if he hears you
As he gallops past the house,
Limb from limb at once he'll tear you
Just as pussy tears a mouse;
And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you all to pap;
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
Gobble you, gobble you, snap! snap! snap!"

At whatever age, either in early infancy or in late adolescence, the child shows signs of anger, whether it is what the French call "en delicatesse," or "en froid," or more serious still, in all cases every endeavour should be made to engage the mind on some fresh and interesting subject differing *toto coelo*. All morbid and unsavoury discourse and sights should be rigorously avoided both by parents and instructors, and as rapidly as possible passed over when referred to by the children themselves. On the other hand, let every inducement be made to get the children to indulge in pleasant conversation, and to employ themselves in helping one another out of the little difficulties of childhood.

Of seven children in one family, why should each one show the various emotions (including that of anger) in a totally different manner? We can only understand by referring to atavisms, or traits from later ancestors, and deal with them scientifically if we know the character and environment of that particular ancestor whose emotions were shown in a similar manner.

There is to be found no better description of a neurotic child than that in Harriet Martineau's biography. Those to whom it is unfamiliar should read it at the earliest opportunity. Parents of the most unfavourable specimens of neurotic children will be

compelled after that to come to the conclusion that there is no hopeless case.

Professor James defined memory as "The knowledge of a former state of mind, after it has already dropped from consciousness." A clever person once upon a time delivered himself of the axiom, "The child's mind is of white paper." Hare, in "Guesses at Truth," adds, "for their strongest impressions are black ones."

From the Talmud we glean that "there are four kinds of pupils—the sponge, the funnel, the strainer, and the sieve; the sponge is he who spongeth up everything; the funnel is he that taketh in at this ear, and letteth out at that; the strainer is he that letteth go the wine, and retaineth the dross; the sieve is he that letteth go the bran, and retaineth the fine flour."

In infancy the memory is usually very bad, greatly to the disappointment of the immediate friends of the baby, and the child psychologists. It varies wonderfully in different children, and at different ages.

Now it is generally acknowledged that there are two ways by which we are enabled to recall past events—the one connected with sight—the other connected with sound; but there are, apparently, certain people who are unable to use either of these forms of memory, except in a slight degree, or are unconscious of doing so.

Whichever type of memory the child possesses it is generally found that that particular kind increases with age, there being perhaps a slight decline just before and sometimes during puberty, and then rising again.

It is, I believe, generally held that from the ages of nine to eleven girls remember words better than boys, and that boys, on the other hand, remember objects better than girls—with always the provision that children are individuals, and that what applies to the average does not necessarily apply to the unit.

With both sexes there is a great increase in all forms of memory about the twelfth year, and at puberty, as a rule, there is also in both sexes a decided forgetfulness of infantile reminiscences, added to a greatly increased memory for recent events.

Some philosophers tell us that after puberty both auditory and visual memory is better in boys than in girls, but generally speaking to the age of twelve years girls are much in advance of boys. Others say that in children over thirteen years of age they find the female sex slightly superior in immediate memory and sensibility.

It is impossible to decide whether Box or Cox is correct. The data have been collected from French, German, and American sources. But we may conclude that memory is in a great part a habit, a matter of training and method of classification which is strengthened by the learning of palatable, and weakened by the learning of distasteful knowledge. It is considered a questionable matter whether such a subject as the multiplication table (learned at the usual age) does not do more mental harm than good

Of the various artificial aids to memory, mnemonics, etc., not one that I am aware of is useful except in the abstract, if one may call that useful; moreover, although much may be learned by rote, in the way of

quantity, it is at the expense of the intellect. Let us take the cases of "lightning calculators," and "memorizers" of various capabilities, few have ever risen to a position of any intellectual standing.

There are of course exceptions, as in all else. Both Scott and Macaulay are well known examples of eminent people who possessed good memories. Many cases of abnormal memory came under my notice during my Cambridge and London days. How I used to envy those men! I can recall one man who learned by heart a book on statics, a subject which he did not understand, but by that means actually passed his examination. Another case was that of a medical student who learned his anatomy, surgery, and medicine, even his clinical work, in the same manner, but he never really understood any branch, and although he took his degree without difficulty, in practice he was very unsafe, purely owing to the manner in which he had relied upon artificial methods.

We have advanced in our methods of security of tenure since the days when, by the law of the Riparians, on the purchase of a piece of land boys were severely beaten in order that they should remember the exact boundaries of the purchase; no doubt it was very successful. My personal memory as a child was almost wholly a visual one, and in spite of many unpleasant passages with those that were nearest and dearest, and certain unliked school authorities, it remained *in statu quo* up to manhood.

But the only way to intelligently recollect any subject for a time is to organically register it in the brain, and this can only be accomplished by the aid of rea-

son. Mnemonics fail utterly after a short period, in that there is no intellectual connection, and there is no chance of happening what the pupil is striving for —that is, a spontaneous memory. Here I am again brought to book by Amicus, who chimes in with her usual persistency, and commands me to note that ages before she was born, children living in the north of England used to be sent regularly to have their hair cut as a charm for obtaining a good memory.

The Standardisation of Intelligence as applied to children requires an intimate knowledge of their temperaments both in and out of school, the latter especially, before we can come to a scientific conclusion as to their true position in the scale of intelligence and is therefore a very uncertain modus operandi.

For as every child has individual tastes, so it can only be a very rough method to examine all upon the same subject; and if this is done, as, for instance, in the case of writing a few simple essays, we find that each of three children, brothers, writes from a different point of view and with different success. Perhaps the subject suits one, but not the others, so A does well, B and C poorly.

The boy who described "Elephants" as, "sitting on a tree" and the other who in an essay on "God's good gifts to man" included "insects, reptiles, and clergymen," should be seriously talked to.

There is insufficient space in this little work to do more than mention the fact of children while labouring under great physical disadvantages making a name for themselves, but the lives of Helen Keller and Laura Bridgman are well worth the time occupied in reading.

CHAPTER XIII

HIS NAUGHTINESS

"'Tis not easy to be bad or good;
Vice plagues the mind, and virtue flesh and blood."

XIII

HIS NAUGHTINESS

"And what are sins?
Evils of which we hardly know the names.
There's vanity—a quaint fantastic vice,
Whereby a mortal takes much credit for
The beauty of his face and form, and claims
As much applause for loveliness as though
He had designed himself! Then jealousy—
A universal passion, one that claims
An absolute monopoly of love,
Based on the reasonable principle
That no one merits other people's love
So much as—every soul on earth by turns!
Envy that grieves at other men's success,
As though success, however placed, were not
A contribution to one common fund!
Ambition, too, the vice of clever men
Who seek to rise at others' cost, nor heed
Whose wings they cripple, so that they may soar.
Malice—the helpless vice of helpless fools,
Who as they cannot rise, hold others down,
That they by contrast may appear to soar.
Hatred and avarice, untruthfulness,
Murder and rapine, theft, profanity,
Sins so incredible, so mean, so vast,
Our nature stands appalled when it attempts
To grasp their terrible significance.
Such are the vices of that wicked world."

THE WICKED WORLD.

"BUT every schoolboy hath that famous treatment of Grunnius Caracatto Parcellus at his fingers' ends,"

is not only a quotation from Macaulay, but from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" as well.

The world has seen very many infant phenomena, few of whom lived to manhood, and those that did turned out to be very ordinary persons as a rule—with the exception of artists and musicians, who usually show their mettle very early in life, and win their spurs before adult age, it is generally late in life before the ordinary genius meets with public recognition. Christian Heinrich Heinken and Barratier are types of children who appear at infrequent intervals on this planet, but hardly stay long enough for us to appreciate them. Even Miss Crummles, of Thespian fame, daughter of the "one and only Crummles," had her health so disturbed by gin and water that after leaving for the United States, Dickens mentioned her no more.

Barratier, poor little chap, might have been living now, but that the King of Prussia, after interviewing the little fellow, advised him to study the law. The eminent child was a little disappointed, and probably would have wished it had been "Grimm's Fairy Tales" instead, had they then been written. In fifteen months little Barratier became an excellent lawyer —Oh! you idlers at the Inns!—but it killed him.

Whether true, or whether but wicked prejudice on the parts of informants, the majority of men who have attained worldwide recognition for their preeminence in one or another walk of life, barring jailbirdism, have in their early days reputedly borne the characters of being naughty boys.

The ordinary boy is in fact by no means the character represented in the Sunday school class of litera-

ture; he is like the curate's egg, "excellent in parts," and it therefore follows that he must be a source of considerable anxiety to his natural guardians. At the same time it is quite worth while to explore, and find out, all the good there is in the boy; to show our approval of that; and to turn a deaf ear to the nonsense of the old women of both sexes, even if he has had the misfortune to have had his finger nails cut during his first year—this being, as is well known, an infallible cause of crime.

In Scotland, which is a very good country indeed, ash sap is given to newly-born babies to keep away evil spirits. Alas! there often seems to have been a very minute dose of any antitoxic serum for naughtiness prescribed for some, for of bad boys there is an absolutely shocking list among those who in later life became, luckily for themselves, famous in other directions than gracelessness. Wellington, Napoleon, Darwin, Newton, and Nansen were young gentlemen bearing the characters of idle and inattentive young rascals.

Arnold, the schoolmaster, it is said, was a sluggard in his youth.

Lord Reading (Sir Rufus Isaacs) was so little appreciated by his tutor that the long-suffering pedagogue refused to accept the charge of any further members of the family. Of course Lord Reading could hardly hope to rise to the level of Chief Justices Roger Cholmeley and Popham, who had both been highwaymen.

According to Lydgate's description of himself in his "Testament," he was a boy of unlovely character.

He preferred play to work; dirty in his habits; shammed illness; ill-conducted; late for school; got up late; talked in class; mocked his master; told lies; and stole apples. He liked counting cherry stones much better than going to church. He confesses that he stood in awe of the rod.

Under extenuating circumstances—his father was a non-juror—Joseph Addison's youthful career was remarkable for insubordination. At his first school he ran away to escape being flogged, and took up his abode in a hollow tree, where he lived upon wild fruits, and such scanty fare, until the publication of a reward, when he was discovered. Later in his quest of knowledge, at Lichfield, he was the head of a barring-out.

Sir Peter Carew possessed a minimum of good conduct marks; he was such a limb that his affectionate relatives chained him in the Haccombe dog kennels until he ran away. He became a great favourite of Henry VIII.

Voltaire's professors declared that he would become a deist—he did.

Hugh Miller's schooldays were eventful. On one occasion he stabbed a schoolmate with his knife, and ended his scholastic career by fighting with the schoolmaster, whom he would have conquered had he not tripped over a form. Later he vanquished his adversary by a copy of satiric verses, in the local paper, entitled *The Pedagogue*.

Pharaoh nursed the infant Moses in his arms when the plague of Egypt suddenly plucked the monarch's beard in a very rough manner, which put the owner into such a passion that he ordered the culprit to im-

mediate execution. But Asia, his wife, representing to him that Moses was only a child too young to distinguish between a live coal and a ruby, Pharaoh ordered the experiment to be tried, with the result that Moses burnt his mouth and was forgiven—but suffered afterwards from an impediment in his speech. According to the auctioneer, the daughter of Rameses II. in mummified state was sold in London in 1900, for ten guineas. If this be true she may have been the very daughter of Pharaoh who found Moses. The auctioneer said that she was.

Judas was a naughty boy, and tried to poison his schoolmaster.

In Carlisle Cathedral there is a picture representing St. Cuthbert standing on his head, and another child rebuking him. It was an early mediæval idea that children ordained to be saints should put away childish things.

No case without an exception—St. Nicholas was a good little boy, a very devout child indeed, which seems to be curious when we consider that he was the patron saint of boys. Nevertheless, the future saint, while yet a baby in long clothes, abstained from more than one meal on Wednesdays and Fridays.

Pocklington Grammar School has for its seal St. Nicholas and the three little boys in the pickle tub.

More rarely one hears of naughty girls, perhaps they are not so interesting. "Catched once at eleven years old, at chuck farthing among the Boys," was the criminal proceeding of "Mr. Spectator's" daughter which resulted in her being sent forthwith to a boarding school. Here among other accomplishments she

learned to dance sufficiently to make "Mr. Spectator" remark that she danced herself into his esteem, and there is no further notice of "Mr. Spectator's" daughter being "catched" again.

In Hone's Diary for 1752-3, he informs us that upon April 1 one of his children, called Amelia, "either by drinking, or otherwise meddling with a bottle of rum, was within a hair's breadth of eternity." Apparently this indiscreet young lady became a total abstainer, as she lived to an advanced age, and was painted holding a cup of tea in her hand.

Whilst at the Louis-le-Grand College, the Marquis d'Argenson and the Duc de Boufflers distinguished themselves by shooting peas at their master, Father Lejay, whose feathers were so ruffled that the noble pair were well birched.

Of all inanimate objects which healthy boyhood abhors with horror is the schoolroom clock, the essence of procrastination during the hours of study, and making up for this unwarrantable conduct by racing all the other clocks in the town during playtime. Still a really clever boy, and daring one, may manage to alter the hands occasionally. True, many have been found out, and paid the penalty of genius—Marmontel suffered in the cause.

Rousseau, like many other men of note, was an awful duffer at "lessons," in fact school was so uncongenial that he took French leave, and ran away.

Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of thirty years ago, caused his schoolmistress to publicly lament that his conduct would most certainly kill her. Even a bishop, now living, was as a boy such an art-

ful little cuss, that when sent to bed for disobedience, he was in the habit of taking an entertaining book with him, and by that means turned his tribulations to good account. The truth is that boys' failings are much the same as those of men, perhaps more conspicuous because everybody is on the look-out for them, and the child is unsophisticated.

Gladstone said "selfishness is the greatest curse of the human race," and the child-student must not, therefore, be surprised to find that altruism is a difficult virtue to implant in youthful bosoms. It takes at least a lifetime for most boys to learn, and it has its special stumbling-blocks in teaching, but with a little help (boys and girls are sociable creatures) there is a good chance of making them fairly good Christians. Somebody once said, "You find plenty of people willing enough to act the good Samaritan without the oil and the twopence," and the child must have the bump of philanthropy developed to at least the size of an ostrich's egg if he does in truth love his neighbour as himself. Very few men and women can manage that, and the boy is from infancy an egoist.

It is well to remember that whilst we are criticising and scrutinising the child, the child is criticising and scrutinising us—perhaps unfavourably.

But apart from original, or spontaneous, sin as a cause of ill-behaviour, the more serious considerations of physical disability must be taken into account. It is estimated that from 15 per cent. to 30 per cent. of children in England suffer from deafness in one ear; from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. suffer from

defective eyesight; 4 per cent. suffer from colour blindness; and that in the children's hospitals of the country 50 per cent. of the patients under one year suffer from dyspepsia.

Add to this that 20 per cent. of the schools are unhealthy, and among the working and lower classes, at least 25 per cent. of the houses are insanitary, another 25 per cent. overcrowded, the total risk of child-life is actually about as great as a residence on the Gold Coast, and necessarily has its effect on the child's moral character.

From the child's point of view we must consider that, from his earliest years, he shows in himself unconsciously a knowledge of the struggle for existence, and to annihilate this (even in adult age) is extremely difficult. Of course "bachelors' wives and old maids' children" are always well taught.

Again, the standard of morality of adults is by no means the standard of morality of children. It is, therefore, essential that we should compare the schoolmaster's, the parent's, and the child's views of the most frequent faults of childhood. Now the teacher classes inattention and disorder as the most common faults. But the parents consider wilfulness and obstinacy as the most frequent.

On the other hand the children complain most of bullying, fighting, teasing. So that comparing the ideas of the three interested classes, we find that neither of them agree as to which is the commonest form of depravity in children.

Roughly speaking, it is said that boys are good at eleven, gradually losing in grace up to the age of fif-

teen, when their behaviour becomes increasingly polished up to the eighteenth year. This is of course not always the case. But perhaps the purest period of child-life in both boys and girls is in the few years preceding puberty.

Let us make no mistake—the child cannot help being a boy or a girl, neither can it help being boyish or girlish as the case may be, unless there is something very radically wrong. The above views of children, parents and guardians, added to the foregoing paragraph on physical disability, warn us against the danger of not reserving our judgment (in cases of childish failings) when we are not perfectly clear as to whether the cause cannot possibly be assigned to influences over which the child has little or no command. A child does not copy all its errors and sins; it is an individual and originates enough.

There are recorded cases of arrested mental growth, in plenty, but at the same time we must cautiously abstain from summing up a boy as mentally deficient, indolent, inert, because he either cannot, or will not, learn some amount of Greek, Latin, or other subject.

It may be the teacher's fault, or the subject is so repugnant to him that he is unable to overcome his disgust to it. Whatever he may appear to be on the surface, the boy may have ability, capacity, and talent, and eventually show it and make his mark when his time comes. "Nature," says Beaconsfield, "is more powerful than education; time will develop everything."

When one reads the class of literature written a century ago for the purpose of guiding the mother in

the education of her child (fathers in those days were regarded as altogether without the pale of knowledge in such affairs), it becomes a source of astonishment that our forefathers survived the many snares laid for body and mind.

Nor can much be said for the intelligence of those extraordinary people who imagined boys ever were of the Sandford and Merton type, of which book Burnand's version was no more a burlesque than Day's mythology. Day's adopted daughters were not a success.

Although we may class all boys and girls as being very much alike in many good, bad, and indifferent habits, still we do get very out-of-the-ordinary children under our notice at times. They are best described as extreme examples belonging to one or the other classes, as below:—

1. The Motor boy.
2. The Sensory boy.
3. The Inert boy.
4. The Idle boy.
5. The Mischievous boy.
6. The Mental boy.

When a boy is dubbed an evil-liver, often enough the real culprit is society, in its insistence upon the many detrimental and irritating conventions forced upon unhappy children; the absurd subjects taught in the majority of schools, and perhaps in a lesser degree, the method of teaching them.

Among difficult children to deal with are those precocious young ladies and gentlemen who hold honour-

able positions as contradictors. Contradiction is not always, as it was vulgarly supposed to be, a vicious habit in children; it depends on what it arises from. Let us see the different causes making a contradictor:—

1. Discrimination.
2. The love of Contention.
3. The Defiance of all authority.
4. Self-conceit.
5. Impertinence.
6. Excitability.
7. Ill-humour.

We therefore treat each case upon its merits.

Little number one is a sharp boy, and there is nothing to be done but to guide him from forming the habit of false and vicious reasoning.

For little number two—an amount of reasoning, and a diversion of his talent into another direction.

Little number three must be reduced to the ranks from his self-appointed promotion—fatigue duty, and other unpleasant ways and means must be his portion, unless he can be soothed from it altogether.

Number four is more likely to cause one to grin, and think what a little snob the fellow is. It is as well to reward him with an ample dose of healthy sarcasm.

Number five, if we do not ignore him, we may give a real treat during his playtime in writing an essay elaborating his opinions on the subject under discussion, which we insist shall be definite, equitable, and comprehensive—when this has been satisfactorily

brought to a close, he will probably have consumed enough of his playtime ("wasted" the boy will call it) in learning an amount of valuable knowledge which he previously lacked, and he is ready to say with the poet:—

> "Let the long contention cease!
> Geese are swans, and swans are geese."

Cool the excited one, and humour the ill-humoured.

The love of controversy in children is a powerful weapon which can be encouraged or discouraged for their good as the case may be.

It is often a nuisance, unless arising from discrimination, and there is no inconsistency in his argument. Very few people are pleased with this particular form of precocity, and many get as savage as old monkeys do when they are teased. That in itself is good enough reason why one should endeavour to cure the habit.

Without doubt children are what we make them, and unless taken in hand the disagreeable boy will remain disagreeable until "his golden locks time hath to silver turned."

There was a school kept in the church of Narham on the Tweed, and one of the scholars, a boy named Aldine, in order to avoid a flogging, threw the key of the church door into the Tweed, hoping thereby to escape punishment. At Vespers the priest found the key of the door missing and the flogging and divine service had both to be dispensed with. Good St. Cuthbert appeared to the weary priest that night, and ordered him to buy the first net of fish taken from the river the following morning. Needless to say the key

was found in the mouth of a fish. History does not record the boy's fate!

Excluding the earlier days of infancy, when from sheer inability to make himself a pattern for older people in the delicate art of "pitching a tale," the baby has but little respect for facts in the abstract. Lying in young children may take the form of an innocent tarradiddle, a story so-called, or a romance, and the proprietor may be a Machiavelli, a Tartuffe, or a Baron Munchausen in embryo. If the last, happily the commonest form, probably by the time he has reached seven or eight he will have survived the complaint; the former two are examples of really bad children, and Tartuffe junior, unless carefully trained, will come to a bad end.

Innocent as ordinary children's falsehoods are, arising as they do largely from imagination, yet we must teach them to speak the truth, a not very difficult matter, and one which can be managed without our pharisaically expressing horror at such youthful depravity which, if we know anything of children at all, we know to be natural.

The fact of the matter is that the child so mixes up what is, what might be, and what he wishes it was, in his little brain, that he fails utterly to separate truth from fiction, or he tells a downright whopper for the purpose of creating a sensation, or he may simply imagine a case. I remember one of my small boys not many years ago dreaming that he had lent me a penny. He reminded me of it as soon as he was awake. By some strange means, the penny, which I had not borrowed, amounted to sixpence before break-

fast time, and the virtuous child shed tears over his parent's dishonesty—either policy, or parental affection overcame strict justice—I was victimised, but to save the amount increasing "bang went sixpence," and the tears were dried. There is no shadow of doubt but that the boy had firmly persuaded himself that I owed him sixpence, as I am certain that it was but a coinage of his brain.

It is astonishing to find how many eminent men were as children addicted to the habit of lying. Sir Richard Burton makes a confession in his autobiography, but his is hardly a fair case—it is only a traveller's tale. In early youth however—sad it is to say—the greatest minds have been awful little liars. One exception perhaps we ought to make—Huxley; it does require an amount of imagination to honestly impeach him. But apart from him, if we heard an Archbishop boast of truthfulness in early youth, I am afraid we should think that he must have *forgotten* certain incidents of his childhood.

As for adults it is well to say little, certainly as a rule they do not show the best of examples—I think it was Dr. Arbuthnot who said, "All political parties die at last from swallowing their own lies."

In the Midlands it was the custom for boys who wished to bind each other to an engagement, to link the little fingers of the right hand, and say:

"Ring finger, blue bell,
Tell a lie, go to hell."

Polliceri—to promise; engage, owes its derivation [illegible] **pollex**—the thumb. Licking the thumb has been

regarded as a solemn pledge, existing from the Goths, Iberians, and Moors down to our own time. When pressed on wax, it was a seal of good faith. Yet in the nineteenth, if not the twentieth century, small, crooked-conscienced, mendacious boys are found daring enough to upset the old order of things.

Biting the thumb was probably a gesture of insult, or mortal revenge.

From time immemorial boys were held in little esteem by their superiors—Richard de Bury, who lived in the fourteenth century, and was a great lover of books, says in his "Philobiblion," that boys' fingers are always dirty, and they smudge and dog-ear the books. They also stick straws between the pages as book-marks, and leave fragments of fruit and cheese to sully the leaves. Apparently the fourteenth century boy had a likeness to the twentieth, as he was in the habit of pressing flowers and leaves in books, and drawing frivolous figures on the blank margins thereof.

Boys' fingers are not always kept in a state of immaculate purity—white as the driven snow—even although enjoying the benefits of such an enlightened age as that of the present. What they were like in the time of Richard de Bury, imagination fails to conceive!

Mischievous young beggars some boys are! One little rascal—a Westminster school-boy—actually stole the jawbone of Richard II. from Westminster Abbey.

"Here lie the remains of Richard III., 1485" was carved by William Kelly, F.S.A., when a boy, on a smooth piece of sandstone in the wall over the root of a tree (King Dick's Willow) on Little Bow Bridge, Leicester. This but a few years later was actually

accounted a piece of antiquity, and the culprit himself, as a penalty, became a distinguished antiquary.

Rare are preternaturally good boys of the George Washington class. Fair play to George, because there are records to show that in later life he was summoned for allowing his chimney to catch fire.

Doubtless George never cut down a cherry tree in his life, or, as a future eminent politician, refused to tell a lie—the historical account of the President of the United States in his youth, the cherry or apple tree, and the hatchet, which subsequently caused so much trouble to embryo American millionaires, is of course a myth, and the fictitious invention of "Parson" Weems, one of Washington's biographers.

The Daily Advertiser, January 25, 1783, quoting from *The Dublin Register,* acquaints us with the amazing intelligence that George Washington was a WOMAN. Probably this is a Whashingtonian.

Notwithstanding the fact that his pedigree has been traced back to the Royal Family, there must have been something we don't quite understand in his career, and if we hear much more about him I am afraid we shall have serious considerations of placing him in the same category as Betsy Prigg put "Mrs. Harris."

A frequent childish wickedness is truancy. Children of all kinds and colours play the Charley Wag, or truant, at one time or another, and what can stop their peregrinations is still a mystery. It is certain that if a young child, from two to five years of age, is left alone to play in a garden having a convenient gate, that child will, before long, decamp and wander a surprising distance—to the distress of its mother.

The Japanese mother has a very good tip for recovering runaway babies. She fastens a little metal medal on the child's dress with his name and address on it, so that when found the treasure may be restored. In Sheffield years ago it was the custom to chalk the name and address of the lost child on the pavement.

Older children, usually boys, are at times suddenly taken with the desire to abandon the pleasures of philosophy as taught in schools, and seek the joys of truancy. Poor Charley Wag! there are so few who sympathise with him in his unlicensed holiday. Treat him gently, 'tis in the blood, another of those unfortunate "atavisms" with which he is imbued. Scientists tell us that he is the heterogeneous mongrel of many peoples, and has the trait of migration more strongly implanted in him, even though it be on Shanks' mare, than fear of the wholesome cane. Therefore, imitate Hamlet on this occasion only, and though you speak daggers, pray use none. Probably he will want a hearty tea—give it him.

Even Herbert Spencer, on one occasion when a boy, played the truant. The very uncle who wished him punished, had in his youth committed the same awful crime, and we might add in a silent chorus, "and so say all of us." Moreover, answering for my fellow-countrymen, I must confess that instead of being drowned, or tossed by mad bulls, or meeting some equally horrible fate, we once at any rate caught a big jarful of "Tommy Parsees," and had a most enjoyable time of it, the necessary sacrifice to Orthia which followed being insufficient to obliterate the remembrance of the stolen joy.

Winnington, a Minister of State and Paymaster of the Forces under the Pelham administration, while a boy at Westminster, ran away from school with two companions. The three truants engaged themselves as mason's boys to some builders at Blenheim, then in course of erection (1710). One of them was discovered by a friend who accidentally visited the works, which led to the detection of the others.

Another truant from Westminster School was Edward Wortley Montague, who ran away to sea, and served as a cabin boy. After he had been at sea some time he got very uncomfortable, and one day told the captain (Joseph Kemp) who he was. On arriving at Malta, Captain Kemp reported the affair to the Admiral, and the runaway was restored to his friends.

According to Forster, who was requested by the parents of young Montague to use every possible means for the discovery of the fugitive, the truant decamped at Oporto, and although ignorant of the language, obtained a post in a vineyard. One day he went to the factory to do some interpreting. The English Consul, and Capt. Kemp, both of whom knew him, were there, and the discovery was complete. Mr. Forster afterwards acted as his tutor. The truant's manhood fulfilled the promise of his youth, for Mr. Montague died in 1776, having lived a Mahometan by profession.

Like many other incidents of child life some cases of truancy are historical.

"A tre from Mr. Speaker concerning 2 boyes prisoners at Tarvin.

"Sr,

"Whereas Willm. St. Lawrence and John Gandy twoe yonge boyes at Bury in Suffolk ran away from schoole to Prince

Rupert about twoe yeares agoe, and to the intollerable griefe of theyr parents were nev' heard of since till now very lately that they heare they are prisoners at Tarvin or thereabouts. If yo^{r} pious endeavo^{rs} will be pleased to second this bearer in findinge out the twoe lost sheep and helping their sad parents to them againe, you will doe a most charitable deede and thereby engage

"Yo^{r} very lovinge ffriend,
"W^{m}. Lenthall,
"Speaker."

London, Nov. 6, 1645.

From the Correspondence of Sir Wm. Brereton.

THE TRUANT OF 1500 A. D.

Nay! nay! by this day!
What avayleth it me thowgh I say nay?

I wold ffayn be a clarke;
but yet hit is a strange werke;
the byrchyn twyggis be so sharpe
hit maketh me have a faynt harte.
what avaylith me thowgh I say nay?

On Monday in the mornyng whan I shall rise
At vj. of the clok, hyt is the gise
to go to skole without avise
I had lever go xxti (*a*) myle twyse! (*b*)
What avayleth it me thowgh I say nay?

My master lokith as he were madde;
"wher hast thou be, thow sory ladde?"
"Milked dukkis (*c*), my mother badde:"
hit was no mervayle thow I were sadde.
what avaylith it me thowgh I say nay?

My master pepered with well good spede:
hit was worse than ffynkll sede;
he wold not leve till it did blede,
Myche sorow haue be for his dede!
what vaylith it me thowgh I say nay?

I wold my master were a watt (*d*)
& my boke a wyld catt,
& a brase of grehowndi's in his toppe;
I wold be glade for to se that!
What vayleth it me thowgh I say nay?

I wold my master were an hare,
& all his bokis howndis were,
& I myself a Ioly hontere;
to blowe my horn I wold not spare!
ffor if he were dede I wold not care.
What vaylith me thowgh I say nay?
Explicit.

(*a*) Twenty. (*b*) Twice.
(*c*) Milking Ducks. (*d*) Hare.

Where our old boyhood's acquaintance, Dr. Watts (who, by the way, was a bachelor), got the notion from that it is unnatural for boys and girls to fight, is among those things we have still to learn. I do not think he was what we might call in these days a serious child student, but treated the study of children from an ideal standpoint, and, like many even of the present day, persuaded himself that children, in spite of his belief in original sin, should be too good.

"Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, then turn the other cheek;
It is not written what a man shall do
If the rude caitiff smite the other too."

It was often remarked by the late Bobus Smith, "I was the Duke of Wellington's first victory!" "How?" people asked him. "Why," would reply the humourist, "one day at Eton Arthur Wellesley and I had a fight, and he beat me soundly."

Wellington was thrashed by a little Welsh girl for cheating her younger brother at marbles. Welling-

ton's brother stood by and saw fair play. "That was the only pounding I ever had, and I deserved it," was the remark of the hero of Waterloo, when he told the story afterwards.

Of all practical joking, rough horseplay appeals more than any other form of that class of amusement to schoolboys, and whatever opinion we may have of such "joking," yet we know that there can be nothing more natural to the young savage than the joke of the Magdalen choristers (as late as the early 1830's), when on May mornings, directly after singing the Magdalen hymn, they hastened to throw rotten eggs down upon the heads of the listeners at the foot of the tower.

"Scolding and quarrelling," says Lamb, "have something of familiarity and a community of interest." Antagonism is natural to all normal children, who at one time or another, whether boys or girls, will show their savage origin in fighting. Even some writers, in whom the barbarism of childhood has apparently but little diminished, seem to advise encouraging rather than restraining the ardour of the young warriors. But if we, as child-students, agree that fighting is the remains of barbarism in us, and, therefore, that it is well to eliminate it as far as possible, surely we should endeavour by all possible means to prevent its appearance, instead of lending our support. If the boy is too militant in his methods let him copy the motto on the helmets of the soldiers of the Bishop of Hildesheim:— "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

Certainly the boy who makes no attempt to defend himself when attacked is a poor savage and unnatural boy; but there is the provocation to be taken into ac-

count. Even in France it is illegal to fight a duel on any question which cannot be assessed at the value of tuppence ha'penny! So far we may go, and in certain cases further still; for instance, I once compelled two small boys, brothers, to fight a pitched battle because they were constantly patting one another, and I thought that if I made them fight until they had had more than enough of fighting, they would hardly be so ready to use their fists again. The experiment was attended with the best results, for the two boys never attacked one another afterwards. Ugh! it was sickening. Conciliation is at times a difficult art, for the bottle holder.

In many children, apart from ordinary attacks of temper, there happens at some period of childhood, it may be only on one occasion, very rarely in many, a hysterical paroxysm of rage. Occasionally one hears of a little Tisiphone committing suicide under the influence of one of these attacks of fury. In these ungovernable outbreaks the child is beyond any amount of reasoning, calm or otherwise; corporal punishment in any form is worse than useless, and even a dose of cold water, although effectual at other times, is of no avail as a rule in this extremity.

The child is quite insane for the time, and there is but one way of dealing with these cases, and that is to totally ignore them at the moment. After the attack, measures may be taken to discover the cause, practically always to be found in the general health, but sometimes from some out-of-the-way source of intense excitement, and when it comes to light, lay out plans so as to prevent a recurrence.

It is a condition to be treated by no means lightly. The attack of almost maniacal frenzy is sometimes the forerunner of epilepsy, or confirmed hysteria, and we must always treat it *suaviter in modo,* for if we continue to irritate the already infuriated brain we are only helping to precipitate matters.

As it is necessary in early life to reward, it is equally necessary at times to punish.

> "Afflictive birch cursed by
> Unlettered idle youth."

The methods of impressing the results of evil-doing on little children not so many years ago were almost farcical. In Mrs. Sherwood's "History of the Fairchild Family," the following incident occurs:—Mr. Fairchild, the father, takes three small children to a place called Blackwood "to show them something there which I think they will remember as long as they live, that they may love each other with perfect and heavenly love." The father then shows them a gibbet with the murderer inside, and reads the frightened children a lecture on theft and murder.

In the development of the child we mark as one of the climacterics of the mind the desire to play no longer by himself, but with companions; a second stage where the child becomes more boyish, or girlish, as the case may be, which should happen about the sixth year. Any delay in the transition from the one stage to another requires sharply attending to, as it is most certainly due to a lack of development proceeding from either some mental or bodily defect, often so apparently slight that it would otherwise be overlooked, but which,

if allowed to continue, will be followed by more or less serious drawbacks for years, it may be for life.

Among the boys in a large school we find one or two uncompanionable, melancholy children, who care not whether they win or lose in or out of school, they are like May cats who will not catch mice—useless!

Boys of this class, if not mentally defective, either become utter dolts, or excel later in life in some out-of-the-way subject. School is no place for them, they are really little old men who have skipped childhood, and developed before their time. They never have a very joyful experience, and rarely in later life refer to any pleasant memories of their schooldays. The only way to treat them is to send them to a private tutor, who is the father of a family. The boys are probably descendants of the man who in the reign of James II. was hanged with his pardon carefully preserved in his pocket.

The girlish boy, and the boy who has been kept too long in the nursery in the company of much younger children, have a lot to learn, and a world of trouble to face. Some of them turn out all right, some don't, but it is the first year at school which tries the boy.

At first no one, from the masters down, like him, and he has to make a choice of his future behaviour; he becomes either friendly, morose, servile, or cowardly. If the first, he will soon get along all right with his companions; if the second and third, it will take some little time; if the last, he is doomed to an unhappy childhood, not only in, but also out of school. Nothing preys more on a boy's mind than the knowl-

edge that he is apart from his fellows who shun him as though he had the evil eye.

Another unfortunate boy is the one who does not shout at his play. Shouting and noises of all kinds are as natural to children as they are to the savage tribes of to-day, and unless a boy shouts well he is either not developing, or is prematurely developed from his natural savage self; neither is he giving his lungs that exercise which is necessary for their welfare.

We do not wonder at the ricketty child being often more than on a par with his healthier mates, he is but following a natural law—that is, when the growth is greatest the mental development is least; they are like the Magadoe who were born old and grew younger daily.

It seems quite likely that the manners of children of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries required as much attention as those of the twentieth, if we may be guided by the literature of the day.

"The Boke of Curtasye," printed about 1430, warns the youngster against wiping the eyes or teeth upon the tablecloth.

Another book of manners in those happy-go-lucky days of spelling as you like, also printed about 1430, and called "The Book of Curtesie. That is Eclepid Stans Puer ad Mensam," impresses upon its youthful readers that it is "better to bow than burst," and another sensible admonition is:—"Don't stroke a cat or dog at meals."

This sapient little book fairly eclipses itself when it tells us that "children soon get angry and are easily appeased by a piece of apple."

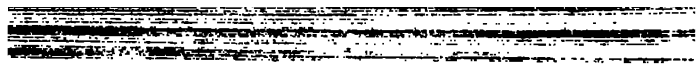
In the sixteenth century boys were evidently in the habit of playing in the streets, a proceeding which is duly commented upon by "The Schoole of Vertue," printed in 1557, and which implores its youthful readers to "walk two and two orderly on your way home from school, not running as a swarm or whooping or hallowing as in a foxhunt."

CHAPTER XIV

HIS AFFLICTIONS

"And even if sorrow through life should remain,
We may meet with peace in heaven again;
And every tear of dark distress
Shall be dried by the Sun of Righteousness."

MARYANNE BROWNE.



XIV

HIS AFFLICTIONS

"CHEER, boys, cheer," you hold the proud position of having been assaulted by a greater variety of weapons than any other animal.

Boys were flogged by their parents before the altars of Diana, from which we may infer that hunting was not a favourite subject with them. The ancient philosophers often gave their pupils a jolly good whacking, and the beautiful story of Abélard and Heloïse is sadly marred by the fact that Abélard larrupped that fallen angel Heloïse, and gave her more black eyes than was her natural share.

In Germany, the college pupils were birched by a masked man.

Flogging was always popular. The tears of Ethelred who wept at the murder of his half brother Edward the Martyr so enraged Elfrida, that the afflicted mother nearly thrashed him to death with a wax taper. Marvel not that the candle has played a part in the history of flagellation, as it commonly served that purpose at one time among the priesthood.

How popular it was to purify the soul by stripes we may determine from the case of a baker who in 1816 brought an action against the Lord Mayor for not ordering him to be flogged, which should have been

part of the sentence he received upon conviction for some misdemeanour. The baker came off victorious, with one farthing damages.

From the dawn of history the rod, or whip, was looked upon almost as sacred. It was the emblem of power, and even now persists in its altered form as the sceptre of kings. Alas! so little was the birch reverenced in the fifteenth century, I do not mean to say that it was not feared, that it became known by the nickname of "makepeace."

The tawse was a leathern thong fringed at the end; it is a native of Scotland. Two Campbells got into disgrace and changed their names—one to Tawse, the other to Burns. The former became a pedagogue and introduced the leathern thong, as a sleeping partner; the latter was the progenitor of the poet.

According to Forby's "Vocabulary of East Anglia," a layer-over is described as a gentle term for some instrument of chastisement. In Surrey no sane person dare strike a child with a branch of green broom, because the youngster would never grow any more.

The ferule was a wooden pallet, or slice very much like a battledore. It was also called a hand clapper or pallet.

At the sale of some Dutch school relics fifty years ago, the following lots were offered:—

A ferula in the shape of a bird,
An iron comb for unruly hair,
Fool's cap, bells, and asses ears,
A wooden block for penitence.

A painted piece of board on which is painted an ass's head to hang over the chest.

In spite of De Quincey's statement, birch rods were commonly kept and sold in the small grocers' and general dealers' shops in Manchester as late as the year 1870.

Longchamps, Bishop of Ely, an unpopular chancellor to Richard I., pricked his servants (who were but children) with a goad if they misbehaved. He was a dreadful tyrant, and the boys used to say that the bishop copied his methods of punishment from his father, who was a poor labourer in Beauvais, and who used a goad to hurry up his oxen at plough.

That saying so unpleasant to children's ears, "Spare the rod and spoil the child" made its first appearance in a little book entitled "Bibliotheca Scholastica," 1633.

Davies of Hereford, in his "Scourge of Folly," 1611, relieves himself of the following beautiful lines:

> "I must
> Whippe you for lying, now you lie untrust:
> I have tane you with the manner (too vilde).
> Untrusse; to spare the Rodd's to spill the child."
>
> EPIGRAM 212.

In Dr. Dibdin's "Bibliomania," 1811, is the following curious calculation:—

> "One of the ushers had calculated that in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was farther calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod."

He was a busy man, and we should be astonished to learn that he had any time left for teaching.

How many there must be who have wished that their schoolmasters would copy Artaxerxes Longimanus, who considered it degrading to have the great men of his empire beaten, and ordered that the beating should be given to their clothes instead.

Tradition says that when Elizabeth asked Bacon, at the time he was a scholar in Westminster School, how many times he had been flogged, he replied, "Infandum, regina."

In most Christian countries children were whipped on Innocents' Day to make them remember Herod, not because he lived to a good old age—he lived to see sixty summers at least—but because he did not kill them.

Elderly gentlemen, of fifty years ago, were accustomed to speak of their schooldays as "*Educatus erat sub ferula.*" "He was educated under the rod," or "when I was under the rod."

In the eighteenth century, hanging days and saints' days rivalled each other as popular holidays. The boys of the Bluecoat school (Hertford) were taken to see an execution as a moral lesson.

As late as 1820 Westminster schoolboys had a special holiday to see the Cato Street conspirators executed.

Rogers mentions seeing a cart load of girls being taken to Tyburn to be hanged, but he made a mistake, they were only out for a holiday—to see a man swing.

During the eighteenth century it was customary in France and in most other countries, when an execution took place, for parents to bring their boys to view it, and well thrash them in order to impress upon their

minds the fate of evil doers. In some countries the fathers performed, in others the mothers, in other countries where they were not so particular so long as the child was well flogged it was a matter of taste as to which parent was selected.

John Wesley's mother believed strongly in the efficacy of corporal punishment, to the great discomfort of the unhappy boy. Harriet Martineau also had a very unpleasant experience in her childhood. What happened to Dr. Keate, the great flogging master of Westminster, in his youth, history does not tell us, but among other stories related of him is, that upon one occasion he flogged eighty boys in succession. Perhaps the story of Keate most likely to raise a smile is that once he had the confirmation list handed to him by mistake for the punishment list, and although informed of the error, insisted upon flogging the catechumens. Unfortunately posterity is left in the dark as to whether they were in any way spiritually benefited by it.

In the early days of the nineteenth century a modeller named Edwards manufactured statuettes of Keate, which were purchased by Eton boys for the pleasure of throwing stones at. Thistlewood denounced this man as "the contriver, instigator, and entrapper" of the Cato Street Conspiracy.

Several of the seals of English schools possess an instrument of flagellation. The rod is held in the hands of the master in the seals of Macclesfield, Rivington, Louth, and Kirkby Lonsdale; on Oakham, and St. Saviour's, Southwark, it is laid before him.

In the Tewkesbury seal the master holds a ferule.

But a perfect genius in his way was one Bennett, a schoolmaster of St. Ives, about a century ago, who when he had a particularly difficult subject to deal with, proceeded to tie a rope around the refractory one's ankles, and haul him, face downwards, up to the ceiling. An empty tub was then placed beneath the culprit, and Bennett, having put on a butcher's apron, with a most ferocious expression, approached his victim holding a large carving knife in one hand, and a steel in the other. The moral effect was great, and it is said, invariably resulted in a cure.

There were however, even in those remote times, some who managed children without having recourse to corporal punishment. De Quincey says that at Manchester Grammar School during his time there was no corporal punishment. On the whole, however, we may say that if a man thrashed a horse or a dog now, as severely as children were thrashed fifty years ago, he would be summoned for cruelty to animals—and fined. Indeed he would be lucky if he escaped imprisonment.

Still at Manchester things did not always go as one could wish. A lively time had the Rev. Joshua Brooks, who about 1780 was a master at the Grammar School. He was rather unpopular, and was often forcibly ejected by the scholars, though fighting like a Trojan warrior. Upon one joyous occasion the reverend gentleman was only saved from being pitched over the school wall into the river, by the appearance of the headmaster on the scene.

Another pedagogue, Hunter of Lichfield, was celebrated for having flogged seven boys who afterwards

sat, at the same time, as judges in the superior courts of Westminster. As a matter of fact the number is exaggerated; I believe there were only three.

The terrible Dr. Asterisks, who used to thrash Coleridge at the Bluecoat School, upon one occasion when a lady looked in at his class room, and asked for a holiday for one of the boys, shouted in a dreadful voice, "Bring that woman to me! I'll flog her!" It has been said that the terrified lady did not wait to chop logic, but took to her heels so nimbly that to the everlasting disappointment of the class unfortunately she escaped, thus defrauding them of a most sportive scene.

The flogging of a whole school to discover the culprit is, happily for the present generation, only a subject of tradition.

Pepys in his "diary," April 24, 1663:—

"Up betimes, and with my salt eele went down in the parler, and there got my boy and did beat him til I was faine to take breath two or three times."

A salt eel is another name for a rope's end.

Lenient as was Sir Thomas More it is stated that he used to whip his grown-up daughters with a rod made of peacock's feathers—which no doubt stung the young ladies.

Writing of the North of Germany, Coleridge says in his "Friend," that on Christmas Eve, Santa Claus enters the room and if the children have been naughty during the year, instead of presents hands a rod to the parents, and advises them to use it frequently.

Very early in history Kings, Queens, and even

Emperors tasted the unpleasant medicine of the rod.—

"Hold your tongue, wretch, you are always quarrelling," said Henry II. to his son John, "if Fulk did anything but good to you it must have been by your own desert." Then he called his master and bade him beat him finely and well for complaining. This Fulk was Fulk Fitzwarine, probably more popularly known afterwards as Robin Hood (?).

Henry V. had as a guide, philosopher and friend, Dame Alice Boteler until 1428, after which the Earl of Warwick acted as governor. It appears that as the King increased in years he objected to the infliction of corporal punishment on his own person, which made the Earl of Warwick so nervous that he appealed to the council for advice.

The council agreed that the young king must be well chastised, and assured the Earl against his majesty's future displeasure for flogging him.

Mungo Murray held the position of whipping-boy to Charles I., and had a pretty rough time of it. His later life was happier, for he was created Baron Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart. Indeed the position of whipping-boy was actually a step towards honours and titles, often no doubt amply earned in youth. D'Ossat and Du Perron were whipping-boys to Henry IV. of France. They became cardinals, perhaps with leanings towards the flagellants?

The light of reason, after a while, fell upon royalty. George III. told Dr. Markham, the young princes' tutor, that if the young princes deserved it he was to mark them in no unmistakable manner. Perhaps they

escaped, or perhaps they might have been worse without the chastisement—history says not. Good Queen Caroline whipped her children personally, when she came to loggerheads with them.

There were indeed few believers in the opposite ranks, yet there were some who dared to say that a merciful man might be merciful to other animals as well as beasts, and Roger L'Estrange, in the year 1611, published a little book which he called " The Children's Petition," begging for more leniency from parents towards their children.

In the year 1698 was printed another little book called, " Lex Forcia, A sensible address to Parliament for an Act to Remedy the Foul Abuse of Children at Schools, London, 1698."

In this ancient work, the author holds forth upon the evil effects of corporal punishment in schools on both master and boy.

Anne Lady Belcarres, who in her youth married an old man, and had by him eleven children, was a model of her time. Upon one occasion when out walking she met her eleven children, the eldest boy bearing the baby on his back, going along the road with the intention of seeking their fortunes in happier quarters.

Vandyke when a schoolboy painted the portrait of his master on the breech of another boy who was about to be flogged. It was an excellent device, for the boy escaped punishment. How many times young Vandyke was called upon to repeat his efforts we don't know, but one can imagine that a considerable number of young gentlemen carried about with them a portrait of the pedagogue in a position not at all times

observable to the public eye, and I understand that none of those particular works of his survive.

From the Paston Letters we conclude that the home life of young men and women of that period was but a very unhappy one, especially for the latter. Poor Margaret Paston's condition was a most miserable one, as she had her head broken two or three times weekly, and was anxious to get married because she would then be removed from her parents' unkindness.

Poor Lady Jane Grey's home life was very unhappy, if her letter to Ascham is to be believed. She says that she was pinched and beaten by her parents, and that her only consolation was the times that she spent in her studies with her beloved tutor Elmer.

The discipline in schools for young ladies was not less severe than in those for boys. It appears very shocking that young women, sometimes within a few weeks of marriage, should be birched in public with all the accompanying indignities.

In " The Lives of the Lindsays," the governess was compelled to whip Lady Margaret, to whom she was greatly attached, a duty she found impossible to carry out.

Corporal punishment is conspicuous by its absence in French schools of to-day, but a century ago the French governess was incomparable in the art of flagellation. Nor were school girls the only class of females who underwent the discipline of the rod, its advantages being extended to female servants as well.

Apparently ancient Mexican children were little interfered with until the eighth year, when they were merely shown the instruments of punishment as a warning. At the tenth year, boys who were rebellious and disobedient were bound foot and hand, and pricked in different parts of the body with maguey thorns; girls were only pricked in the hands and wrists; if no improvement followed they were beaten with sticks. At eleven, naughty boys were held over a pile of burning chile, and compelled to inhale the smoke. Naughty girls were forced to rise in the middle of the night, and sweep the whole house.

Cruelty to children is, perhaps, more common nowadays than is usually imagined, but it is extinct in royal circles and the higher walks of life excepting in the case of lunacy.

James Annesley, son of the fourth Lord Altham, when a child of nine years, was the impediment in the grant of some leases, and was, therefore, removed from a public school, and sent to an obscure one, and his death reported. The inhuman father ceased to pay for his board at school, and his condition becoming unbearable, he ran away, and arrived at the capital, where he tried to find his father. After a long search, during which time he earned his bread by running errands, he found his uncle—among whose virtues compassion was wanting. This rascal actually managed to get the boy sold as a slave to an American planter. He attempted to escape, was retaken, and sold to another master, where the daughter and an Indian slave both fell in love with him—the end of the

amour being the Indian girl's suicide, and Annesley sold to another planter whose wife was the double of Potiphar's.

At length he escaped for good, and arrived in England. At the Irish Court of Exchequer he brought his case against his uncle, Richard, Earl of Anglesey, and won it; but although he recovered his estates he curiously never assumed the family titles.

He was twice married, and died in 1760.

It was from the earliest days a universal custom, when the foundations of any important building were laid, to bury beneath some living creature, and for this purpose, although men and women were at times, and in some places, the victims, yet a child was considered a very acceptable present to the earth spirits.

In Galam, Africa, the Grand Bassam, Yariba, among the Dyaks of Borneo, and in the island of Sambawa, not to mention other places, children are regularly buried alive beneath the doorposts of an important building, even to this day. Strack in "The Jew and Human Sacrifice," says that there is reason to believe that foundation sacrifice was practised in Germany as late as the end of the sixteenth century.

I am reminded that Fitz-Stephen, the historian, states that the mortar used for building the foundations of the Tower of London was mixed with blood in order to increase its strength.

From an ancient Servian ballad I have extracted the following lines:—

> "And these two—these two young twins so loving,
> They must be immured in the foundations.
> Thus alone will the foundation serve thee."

In Bulgaria and Transylvania a man is enticed to the building, and part of his body, or his shadow, measured, and the measurement buried beneath the foundations.

In Greece a lamb or ram is killed, and the blood sprinkled on the foundation-stone.

When the Siberian Railway was laid down, the Chinese were in mortal fear that a child would be buried under each sleeper! In 1887 or 1888 when the bridge was built over the Hoogly, and in 1880, when the harbour works were built at Calcutta, the natives were terrified by the same idea.

In the legend of the building of the castle of Hennenberg the mason sells his child. The child was placed in the foundation, and as the last stone was wedged in position, screamed, and the father fell from the ladder, and broke his neck.

In the legend of Liebenstein Castle the mother sells her child.

Of child foundation sacrifice in England I can find no trace up to the present—that it occurred is most probable. In 1742 the dried body of a boy about twelve years of age was found bricked up in a vault underneath St. Botolph's, Aldgate Old Church. He was found standing erect, with his clothes on, and was supposed to have been shut in the vault alive, intentionally or not, during the plague year, 1665. This, however, is very improbable.

Owing to the custom of burying the founder of a church in a vault made in the church wall, this has also given rise to empty stories of foundation sacrifice.

About the year 1876 the church of Brownsover in Warwickshire underwent great alterations. Beneath two of the walls skeletons were found buried in the clay with oak slabs over them that had apparently been used as benches, as they had holes in them for the legs. It is impossible that the skeletons could have been placed there after the erection of the walls, but as the church is surrounded by an ancient British camp it is probable that it was built on a foundation of very much earlier date. At any rate up to the present time we have no evidence of a child having been used as a foundation sacrifice of a church, but the popular superstition that the first child baptised in a new church, or font, will die is undoubtedly the remains of the once world-wide superstition that the earth spirit demands a sacrifice for the erection of a building.

Through the great kindness of a correspondent I am able to give the following account of what appears to have been a genuine case of foundation sacrifice. In 1913 an excavation was made on the site of an old Roman town (Kenchester) close to Credenhill Station, near Hereford.

In the centre of the town the excavators found a large kist made of stones, inside which was the skeleton of a young woman who had evidently been buried fully dressed, as there were the remains of clothes, brooches, and bone hairpins. As there was no sign of any other burials near, and as it was contrary to Roman custom to bury within their town walls, it appears very likely that the skeleton was the sacrifice when the town was founded. This is a digression, but

I cannot see my way clear to exclude it when touching upon this subject.

The popular form of foundation sacrifice in England is the burial of coins of the realm, and is an interesting survival. Undoubtedly in its early days it took the place of burying the shadow of, or the actual person, and so we have stooped to bury the image stamped on the metal.

Most curious and interesting is the following:—In the district of Sheopur, which was acquired by conquest from a Rajput Raja in 1809 by the Maratha chieftain Dowlar Rao Scindia, the Rajput family in 1760, or thereabouts constructed a massive stone-built fort, with four fine gateways.

One of the claimants to revenue-free land (about 1890), a man of low caste, produced a title deed, authentic beyond question, granting to the family about forty or fifty acres of land revenue free for ever in consideration for the surrender of four members to be buried alive under the foundations of the fort gateways then in course of construction, one for each gateway. The Marathas had never interfered with the grantee's possession.

Of bloodthirsty monsters Richard III. occupies a position little less abhorrent than that of Herod.

But he lived in the days when the life of one person often meant the demise of another, and much as there is pitiful in the fate of the young princes, probably had either lived he would have been as little reluctant to shed his blood; so that it is, perhaps, as well that we are able to combine their sad histories with that of little Prince Arthur, and remember them as innocent chil-

dren rather than men like those of the House of York.

The mention of the young princes in the Tower would be incomplete without some reference to the nursery story of the Babes in the Wood.

Like all respectable stories the tradition is accounted for in various ways, one being that the tale was a satire on Richard III.

More popularly, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was alleged to be a true account of a Papist uncle and his orphaned nephew and niece, whilst a third party declares it a myth, the idle coinage of some fertile brain. However, the story cannot be traced beyond the sixteenth century, and the incident is popularly supposed to have taken place at Wayland Wood, in Norfolk.

If ever auld Clootie existed in the heart of man, he certainly was never more comfortable than in the bosom of that murderous scoundrel, His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XI., who confined the two young sons of the Duc de Nemours in a filthy dungeon, ordered them to be birched twice a week, and to have a tooth extracted every three months.

Pope Leo XII. ordered a boy named, suggestively enough, Mortara, to be gilded all over with the object of taking part in a pageant—the boy necessarily died. From gold to lead is an easy transition. Poor little Hew, son of Lady Helen of Merryland town, enticed by an apple offered to him by a black-eyed Jewess, so says the legend, fell like Adam. Unhappily, the wicked Jewess stabbed him with a penknife, rolled the body in lead, and flung it into a well, whence the ghost cried, "The lead is wondrous heavy, mither."

That in England young children have been tortured and executed are undoubted facts, but the instances of torture are rare, and consisted of flogging only.

Some years ago horrible, and unfounded stories were in circulation touching the execution of children. One case I remember well—for many years it was printed and reprinted in a number of papers. It was that of a little boy of nine years of age who was hanged for arson at Chelmsford in 1831. Everybody believed that story.

According to Blackstone, up to the age of ten and a half years children were not punishable for any crime.

We may take this as being perhaps a legal fiction, as in those dear good old days of our forefathers neither judge nor jury paid any attention to what was and what was not legal when it so suited them. A reference to State Trials on this point is very instructive.

But in Archbold's "Criminal Pleadings," 1876, pp. 17, 18, there is an account of a little boy of twelve years of age named Abraham Charlesworth who was hanged, not for murder, but for rioting on June 11, 1812, at Lancaster. He is said at the foot of the scaffold to have cried for his mother. A most affecting story; and I have seen elderly ladies weep at the recital of it, but it is untrue, and there is no account of any Abraham Charlesworth, aged anything, having been hanged anywhere or anyhow at any time. The above account was copied from a respectable and trustworthy periodical, and the Editor was hardly to blame for its insertion—it bore the mark of truth.

Determining to sift the matter thoroughly, I sought

the assistance of Mr. Herman Cohen, a very learned lawyer, perhaps the greatest authority on the history of Criminal Law, who came very kindly to my assistance in helping me to decently inter the many extravagant fables of the barbarous cruelties inflicted upon children. The following cases are without question:

Hale 1 P. C. 25: "In my remembrance at Thetford," i.e. between 1609 and 1676 when Hale died, "boy of 16 executed."

In 1629 Abingdon Assizes, boy between 8 and 9 executed; note to Hale (above).

Earlier (date uncertain) a girl of 13 burned. Hale 1 P. C. 16. 1351 Year-Book 25 Edward III. 28. Judgment on boy under 14; Hale, *Ibid.*

About 1320 a boy of 10 hanged;—*Ibid.*

In much later times children have been sentenced to death. In July, 1896, a boy of fifteen was sentenced to death by Justice Cave at Lancaster. Of course he was reprieved.

Early in 1901 a Coroner's Jury at Edingthorpe, Norfolk, found a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against a boy of twelve.

As to torture—very few people were tortured and certainly no children.

It is true that at the time children were hanged they were afterwards anatomised, that was a matter of course.

The only references to examination by or infliction of torture on children are the following taken from "Jardine on Torture in England" (1837) p. 82.

In 1580 the Privy Council directed a boy guilty of robbery to be examined as to his accomplices, if necessary "by some slight kind of torture such as

may not touch the losse of any lymbe, as by whipping."

In 1581 Warrant from the Council to the Bishop of Chester to have a "young myden" who had "fayned visions to be seeverlie whipped."—*Ibid.* p. 86.

It is possible that the actual cause leading to the suicide of Chatterton was the fear of being hanged for the crime of forgery.

The Sicilian proverb, "Veni me patri? Appressu!" (Is my father coming? By and by!) originated in the pathetic story of a neglected little orphan boy, who, sick with loneliness and the sad remembrances of his father's love, in the desperation of despair went out in the night to the place where the spirits of the dead walk (a place of which all Sicilian children are terribly afraid) to ask of every ghost he met, "Veni me patri?" Many ghostly forms passed him by, and as he timidly put his question to each, the spirit answered: —"Appressu!" instead of doing him some terrible mischief as he fearfully expected. The night wore on, and the little laddie shivered with the cold as his tired and blistered feet dragged, and could hardly carry him upon his weary way.

As with tearful eye and quivering lip he was hopelessly faltering out his well worn query, he found himself tightly clasped to the bosom of a man by a pair of strong, warm, life-like arms, and with a joyous little cry he nestled on the breast of the object of his weary search.

* * * *

The lamp burns low, and the candle splutters and gutters in its brazen socket as with all its shortcomings

my little book is born into the world, and it is with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction that my task is drawing to its close. If there is anything omitted which in your judgment you consider of importance, or anything included which may hurt your tender sensibilities, forgive me, for such has been unintentional. Throughout it has been my endeavour to make the little book fit to be left on the table open at any page for either innocent boy or girl to read. With the sincere wish that you will find as much to interest you in the reading as I have done in the writing thereof, dear reader, I bid you a courteous adieu.

MAY 10 1920